Collier's

AUGUST 23, 1947 TEN CENTS

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BROTHER JAZZ—
from Ragtime to Riches
The story of Eddie Condon

•

VETS—STILL EXPENDABLE
By John Kord Lagemann

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Color Photograph by Wesley Bowman

World's finest Gift for Writing

SHEAFFER'S THREESOME—the only *complete* ensemble for all kinds of writing . . . and each instrument of the trio without equal in its field! Each matched to the others—beautifully cased as befits fine jewelry. Here's the kind of quality that keeps on shining through the years—that adds to pride of possession as time rolls on.

"TRIUMPH" pen for personalized character writing—for putting *you* on paper. 16 different 14-K gold points to select from.

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SHEAFFER'S THREESOME

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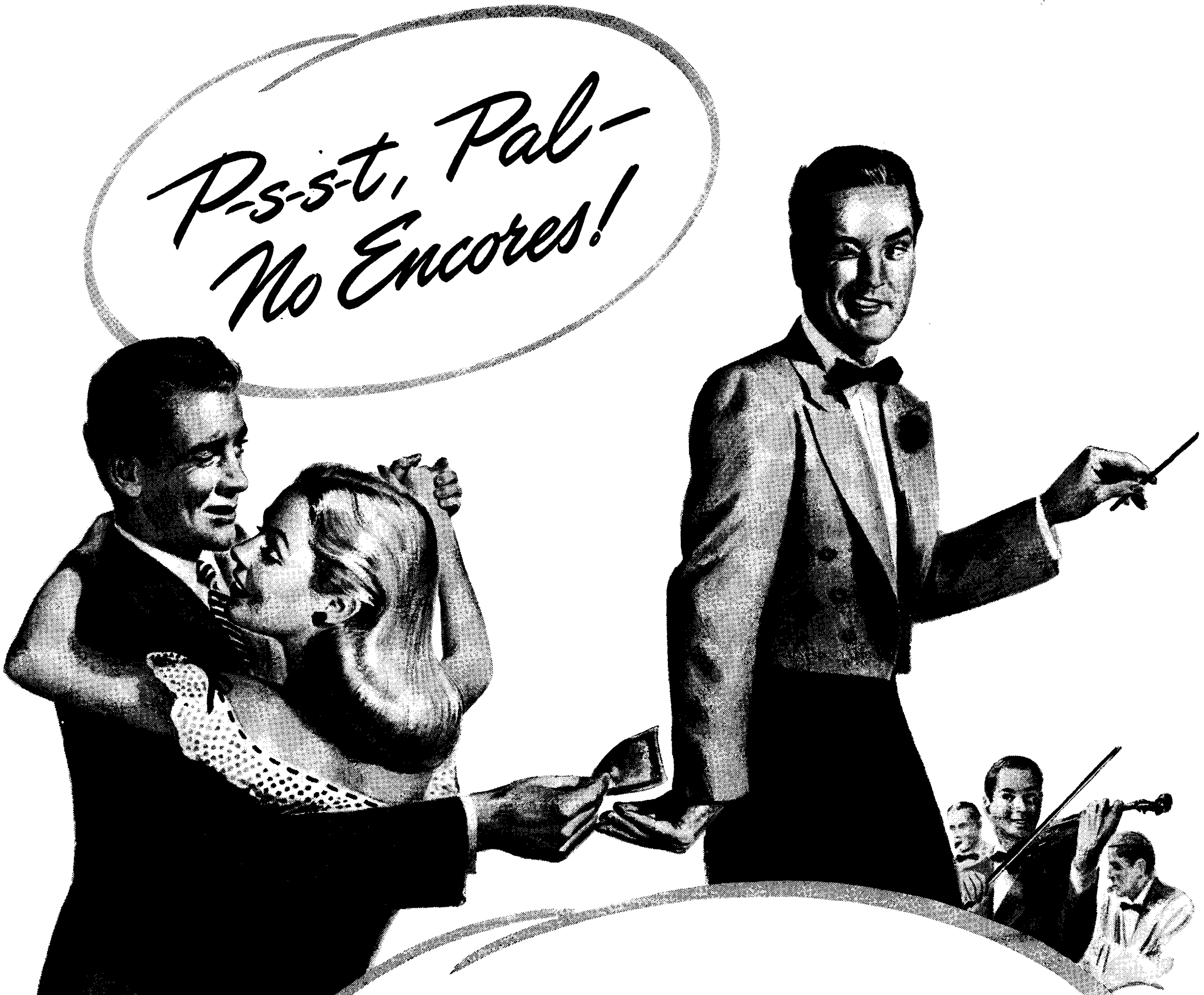
LISTEN EVERY SATURDAY to SHEAFFER'S ADVENTURERS CLUB—*CBS Complete Network:* 10:30 A.M. Eastern Standard Time; 11:30 A.M. Eastern Daylight Time


P-s-s-t, Pal—
No Encores!

HERE HE WAS, trying to get away from an attractive and popular girl whom he had spent half an evening trying to meet.

She, happy in his arms, was unconscious of it all until he led her to a seat, excused himself abruptly, and walked out of her life forever. She was hurt and puzzled; hurt because she was beginning to like him immensely; puzzled because she was not accustomed to being treated that way by any man.

And, ordinarily, she wouldn't have been so treated, but tonight it was a different matter . . . for a reason* that she would be the last to suspect.

It Could Be You

That's what often happens to a girl when she gets careless . . . *could happen to you.* Anybody—you included—can have halitosis (unpleasant breath)* at some time or other without realizing it. When you *do* offend this way you may find yourself on the social black-list. Bad news like this travels fast, and is hard to live down.

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Isn't it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a simple, wholly delightful precaution? Simply rinse the mouth with it before any date where you want to be at your best. Almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

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August 23, 1947

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THIS WEEK

FICTION PAGE

AFFAIR'S END By ERNEST HAYCOX 14
This new feeling was too big for Margaret to handle—alone.

FEVER By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR 20
Old Dresderlein had a gold mine, a wife—and a young partner.

THE FIVE DRESDEN ANGELS By ERNEST L. MEYER 24
The story of an unexpected feast, and of a humble miracle.

MAN RUNNING By SELWYN JEPSON 26
The Serial Story. The third of six parts.

A GOOD WHIPPING By JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS 50
The Short Short Story.

SMILING GIRL By PEGGY MANN 71
Those week ends in New York held a strange romance for Alice.

ARTICLES

BROTHER JAZZ By EDDIE CONDON and THOMAS SUGRUE 11
The first of three parts. A master of "swing" tells of the men who worked to create a new form of music.

HOW TO HAVE ANCESTORS By JAMES DUGAN 16
It's not too hard to acquire them—if you hire a genealogist.

THEY'RE STILL EXPENDABLE By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN 18
Survey of the veterans' economic status two years after V-J Day.

HE CLICKED FOR 50 YEARS By HARRY EDWARD NEAL 22
The career of a famous photographer—and some of his subjects.

DEMON FROM THE DOLDRUMS By FRANK L. HARVEY 28
Nature's most destructive force is the West Indian hurricane.

FALL GUISE By HENRY L. JACKSON 42
What college men will wear, on the campus and off, this autumn.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 8

EDITORIALS: *The Vital Stabilizer • Let's Have Brighter Banks • Taxes and the Urge to Work* 82

COVER By *JON WHITCOMB*
Dress designed by Dorothy Cox.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

WHAT OLYMPICS?

DEAR SIRS: It's all very well to forecast our chances in the 1948 Olympics, as Bill Davidson does in Olympic Fever (July 5th), but it seems to me the more important question is will there be any 1948 Olympics, and if so, what will be their nature?

The way things look now, does anyone know if Russia will veto the Olympics for herself and the teams of her "bush league" nations? If Russia does decide to attend, will the atmosphere resemble that of the last unhappy Olympic games held at Berlin in 1936?

Instead of foot races and field events the atmosphere might be more conducive to such events as Vaulting Iron Curtain, the Hop, Skip and Sidestep, the Armament Race, Swimming in Blood and Throwing the Atom Bomb. Obviously, the Russians will dominate the Walking Race.

In the past, the Olympic games, with their numerous battles on and off the playing fields, have often acted as a safety valve to let off international steam. Here's hoping the '48 games serve the same purpose, but I wouldn't want to be held responsible for what would happen if an American javelin thrower's spear should accidentally strike a Russian athlete in the shorts.

B. F. PHILLIPSON, Remsenburg, L. I.

PALESTINE

DEAR EDITOR: To solve the Palestine problem painlessly, let the Jews of the world subscribe $500,000,000 or $1,000,000,000 and *buy* part of Palestine from the Arabs. The United States bought Louisiana and Alaska. Let the Jews and Arabs bargain it out between them. No bloodshed necessary, just a bargain sale. My idea would keep Russia out of it.

F. NORTHRUP, Elmira, N. Y.

HYPNOTIC WAR

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Mannix's absorbing article on hypnotism (Do As You're Told, July 5th) could well be expanded to give at last an explanation of Communist influence. Surely the Germans, and their successors in ruthlessness, will not have overlooked the possibilities of such a subtle instrument. When people of intelligence and normal judgment can be given a crying jag on a drink of rather insipid water, and sometimes travel over several continents shouting they are pixilated—what other explanation?

And as action cannot be carried out against moral convictions, maybe some apparently sound and upstanding apples are a bit wormy after all.

W. K. HARDING, Toronto, Ontario.

(Continued on page 69)

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RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

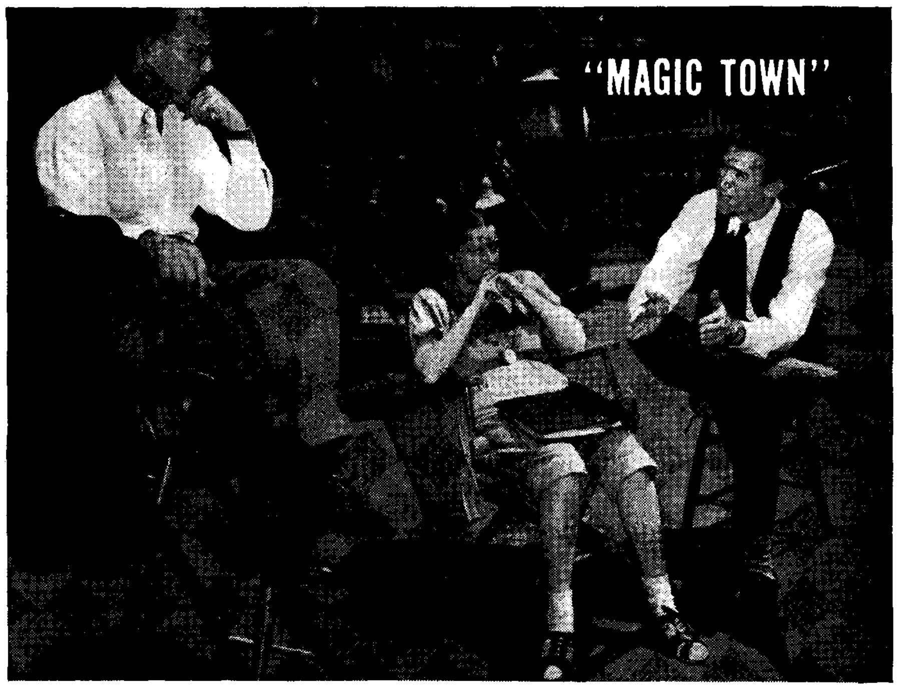
"I REMEMBER MAMA"

HOW TO PLAY MAMA is all important topic when IRENE DUNNE and Director George Stevens huddle on the set of Mr. Stevens' production, *I Remember Mama.* Screen version of the Broadway stage hit co-stars BARBARA BEL GEDDES, OSCAR HOMOLKA, PHILIP DORN.

"IF YOU KNEW SUSIE"

GIVING OUT, comedy stars EDDIE CANTOR and JOAN DAVIS make unfriendly night clubbers give in, in this scene from RKO's forthcoming musical, *If You Knew Susie.* Based on the song made famous by Cantor, film boasts a bumper crop of good lookers, hit tunes, and a riotous story.

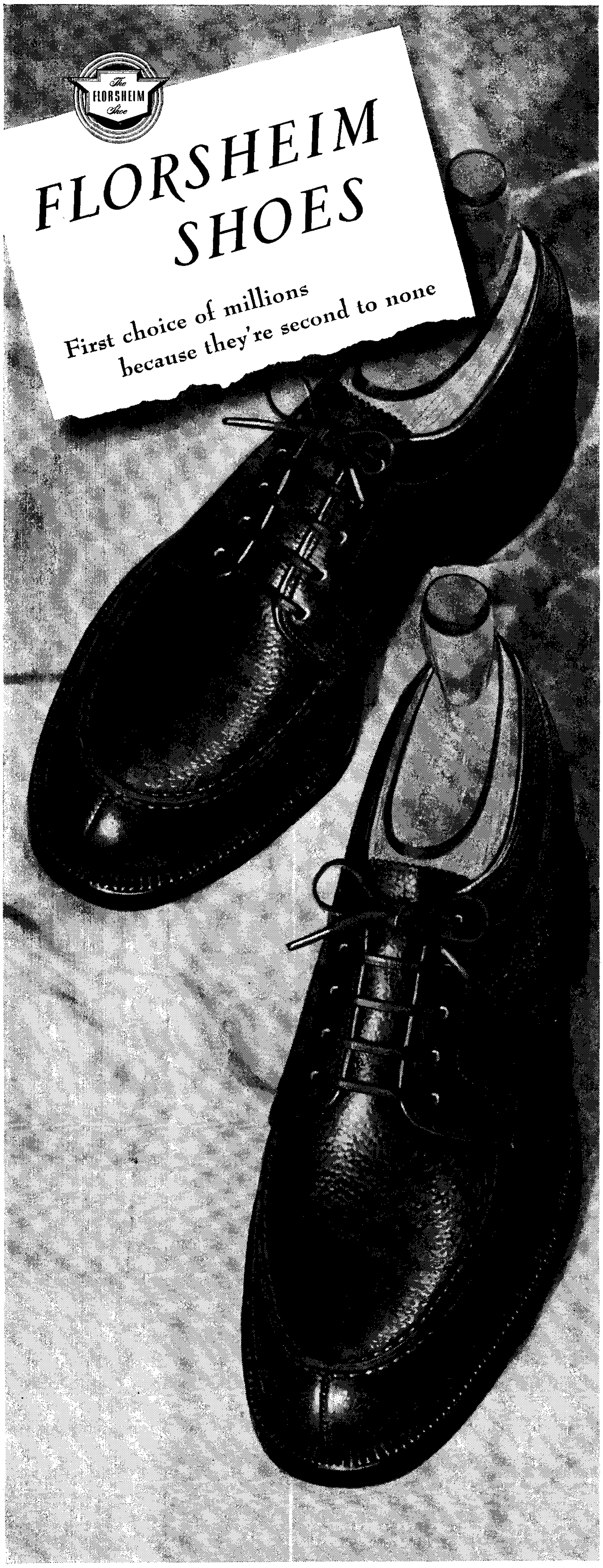
THIS LOOK from the beautiful, beckoning eyes of LARAINE DAY costs JOHN WAYNE his heart in RKO's Technicolor production, *Tycoon,* stirring saga of conquest in the Andes. Miss Day appears as a South American aristocrat who is irresistibly drawn to a man she should not love.



BEING FUNNY is serious business. JAMES STEWART and Producer ROBERT RISKIN map playing of comedy sequence in *Magic Town.* Script girl sits in to make notes. JANE WYMAN co-stars in Mr. Riskin's independent production, which has had Hollywood preview audiences cheering.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES



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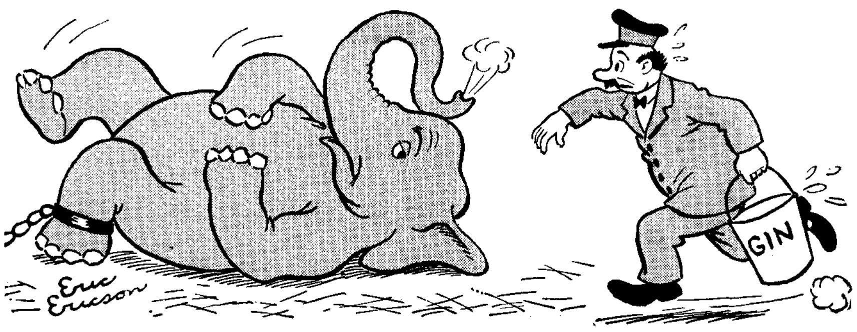

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One of the few animals able to deceive humans to achieve a purpose is the elephant. Being susceptible to stomach cramps, for which it is given a bucket of gin and ginger, the animal, after one or two cures, often develops such a liking for the liquor that, hoping to get more, it will feign cramps as many times as it can fool its keeper.

The recent film, Caesar and Cleopatra, pays particular attention to historical accuracy. For instance, in the moonlight scene, beside the Sphinx, the hundreds of stars in the sky are shown in the same positions, according to astronomical calculation, in which they were seen above the Egyptian desert in the year 45 B.C.

Under a British law, a private individual is permitted to sue those involved in promoting certain kinds of public entertainment on Sunday, and also to keep the amounts awarded by the court. As this law is ambiguous and little understood, many unknowingly violate it and thus are sued. In a recent case, the plaintiff received $4,000 from a man who had staged several wrestling bouts and $3,400 more from a newspaper which had carried his advertisements.

America's oldest fire burns today in the fireplace of a log cabin near Saluda, North Carolina. Started 166 years ago by a couple who found it easier, in those days before matches, to keep a fire alive than to kindle new ones, it became such a local institution that succeeding generations of the family have kept it burning ever since.

Not long ago, the death of a woman in Guanajuato, Mexico, disclosed her strange obsession—to collect and thus rid the world of innocent objects that had caused death. Upon learning of such a tragedy in any country, she would purchase the article, which might be, for example, a rug that had caused a fatal fall or a picture that had dropped on and killed its owner. Over a period of 50 years, she collected some 15,000 of these items, which cost her about $125,000.

Although the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the U.S. were submitted to the states in 1789, they were not ratified until 1939 by Connecticut, Georgia and Massachusetts.

By 1798 in Philadelphia, the use of the horse and buggy on the Sabbath had caused such a decline in church attendance that the clergymen obtained, and held for 33 years, official permission to stop all Sunday vehicular traffic by hanging large chains across the city's principal streets.

Buddy Kerr, shortstop of the New York Giants, holds the record for fielding in professional baseball. Between July 26, 1946, and May 25, 1947, he played in 68 games and fielded 384 balls without an error.

Australia's independent state railroads now plan to adopt the standard gauge, which means re-laying the 18,000 of the 24,000 miles of tracks that are using other gauges. This chaotic situation, which requires passengers and freight to be transferred from one system to another as many as four times between certain cities, has existed for 94 years, incurred an economic loss of $2,400,000,000 and will cost to correct nearly $800,000,000.

Lidice, Czechoslovakia, is now being rebuilt on its old site where, on June 10, 1942, the Nazis leveled it to the ground, murdered its 192 men and boys and deported its 301 women and children in the belief that someone in the town had harbored the assassin of Reinhardt Heydrich.

Deducting invalids, the insane, the poor and children under five from the population of this country leaves about 100,000,000 persons who are potential patrons of motion-picture theaters. Of this number, at least 35,000,000 rarely if ever go to the movies.

Since 1925, some fault in the earth beneath Jerome, Arizona, has caused this 5,000-population town to move more than eight feet.

While recently exploring the caves underlying Dent de Crolles, a mountain in the western Alps, a party of Frenchmen descended 2,159 feet, the greatest depth ever reached by speleologists.

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Whose youngsters are going for a drive?

Here are the children of some well-known people . . . see if you can identify their parents.

1. Melinda and Stephanie are the daughters of a dark-haired screen beauty who was born in New Jersey, and first appeared on the stage with her father in a play called "Jarnegan." You probably remember her best for her roles in "Private Worlds," "The Woman in the Window" and "Scarlet Street." Her newest is "The Macomber Affair"—a Benedict Bogeaus production released through United Artists.

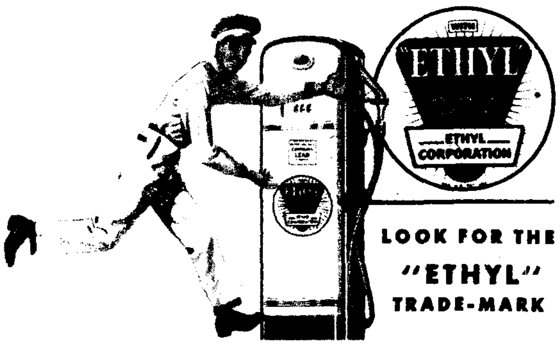
She now lives in Holmly Hills, Calif., with her daughters and famous producer husband, Walter Wanger. She drives a new, bright green convertible and always gets her gasoline at the "Ethyl" pump because, "If you expect your car to run its best, it's just common sense to use the best gasoline."

2. This bouncing baby girl is the pride and joy of a man who studied law, but became known to millions of radio listeners as the "Ole Professor" of the "College of Musical Knowledge." He is heard each Saturday over NBC—9:30 P.M. EDST.

Born in Rocky Mount, N. C., he was cheerleader at the University of North Carolina. His present band of twenty-five members is a far cry from the small group that toured from town to town for eight years looking for a break. Now he lives in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, Calif., where you might see him driving his gray sedan 'most any day. He uses "Ethyl" gasoline because, "I want my car to run in the groove."

3. Little Charlie's mother has made good in Hollywood by playing tough blondes in such pictures as "Murder, My Sweet," "Stagecoach" and "Johnny Angel." She started out as the leading lady of B pictures, but is now established as a top-flight A-picture star—and her newest is "Born to Kill," a feature production of RKO.

She dashes back and forth from her home in Hollywood to the studio in her car—managing to combine a successful career and motherhood. When asked if she uses "Ethyl" gasoline, she replied, "Is there any other kind? I've used 'Ethyl' so long and it runs my car so well I can't imagine using any other gasoline."



LOOK FOR THE "ETHYL" TRADE-MARK

Read this to see who their famous parents are:

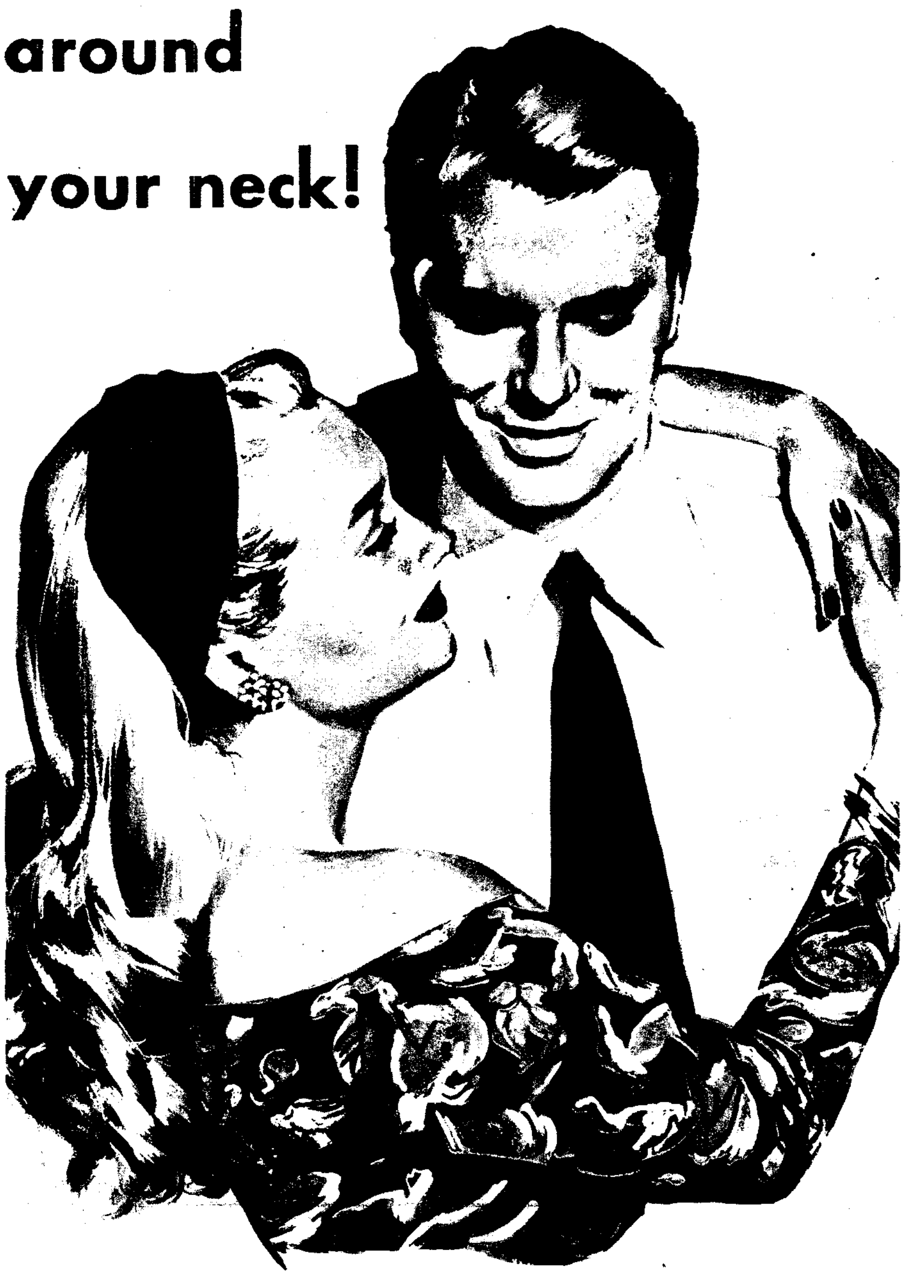
If you are able to name even one of these people, you are doing very well. Children rarely resemble parents closely enough for positive identification . . . and certainly the knowledge that papa or mama uses "Ethyl" gasoline is not much of a clue.

Today millions of car owners prefer "Ethyl" gasoline . . . among them the parents of the children pictured above. They are: 1. Joan Bennett 2. Kay Kyser 3. Claire Trevor.

These celebrities look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark when they buy gasoline for the same good reasons that millions of other car owners do. They want to get the most out of their cars.

So they watch for the yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem which oil companies place on pumps containing gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock compound—the famous ingredient that improves performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York, N. Y.*

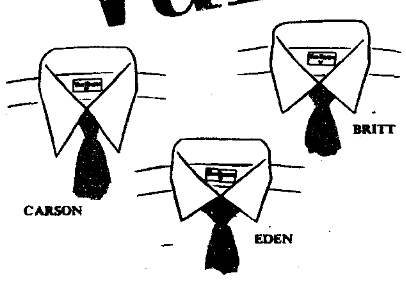
Looks
so good
around
your neck!



Van Heusen's low-set collar does it!

We slope 'em low—all of them!—for extra comfort and smartness. You choose the collar models you want—*We've got them,* in shirts that are tops for style and quality—and planned for good looks around your neck. All Sanforized and laundry-tested—a new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size! Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y. 1

Van Heusen
shirts



New low-set collar models look better, feel better, fit better.
Whites: $3.25, 3.95, 4.50
Stripes: $3.95, 4.50

Former sun salesman Frank L. Harvey cuts himself a piece of nostalgic Florida cheesecake

THE WEEK'S WORK

BEATTIE-WATTS

EVEN though he now lives in Morristown, New Jersey, and writes ad copy and stories in New York, Frank L. Harvey thinks he ought to start running toward the arctic the minute his breezy account of hurricanes, Demon from the Doldrums, p. 28, hits the stands. Being an ex-Daytona Beach publicity man, Frank knows how Florida Chamber of Commerce men react to big winds.

Oddly, despite his daring, Mr. Harvey is still sensitive regarding his Florida sun-selling days, especially gibes about them. He bitterly denies having (a) a press-agent personality that would turn Cab Calloway's brass section green with envy, (b) a slightly myopic squint from peering into the bottoms of Martini glasses, and (c) a tendency, should anyone mutter "cheesecake" under his breath, to snatch a camera and shout hoarsely: "A little higher, please, Miss—ah, that's much better." Harvey insists that he (b) can see quite readily into any kind of cocktail glass, (a) that he is decidedly shy, and that (c) if he had in the past photographed young ladies in the scant, it was purely to satisfy Northern editors.

Less defensively, Mr. Harvey admits there are ways to trick the tourist. Among Handy Floridian Publicity Gadgets were (a) the Constant Thermometer, which registered 75 degrees (in summer it was a cool breeze off the sea; in winter, off the shore), and (b) the Hurricane Moderator. "This trusty device hangs from the walls of all Florida hotels, tourist cabañas, chambers of commerce, and real-estate offices," he reminds us. "Its electronic cells, microswitches and secret pacifiers turn the strongest wind into a Cool and Bracing Breeze. Should anything more emotional come along, naturally it never hits during the Incomparable Winter Season. Besides, the New and Completely Modern Florida Hotels are proof against anything except A-bombs." Even though he has renounced cheesecake, the photogenic Mr. Harvey is madly saving ulcers and gilt-edged annuities. He hopes someday to return to his hometown Daytona Beach.

SINCE authors these hot dog days are off vacationing, Miss Peggy Mann (Smiling Girl, p. 71) got away for Stratford on Avon to take the Shakespeare course before we could buttonhole her. Her father, Harvey T. Mann, however, informs us she left for Plymouth swamped in hurly-burly and baggage. He believes the original landing at Plymouth must have been a lot simpler.

Mr. Harvey further reveals that he first detected his daughter might become a writer when at two she seized a hammer which he was using on a nail, completed the job, handed it back, smugly remarking: "When I put my hand up, I do it right." This quaint manner of speech struck Daddy as most expressive.

With Miss Mann several thousand miles away, Mr. Mann also recalls a Peggy Mann verse, written at five:

When we dance round the Christmas
tree,
Of course it gives us good glee;
But those who have no Christmas tree
Haven't any good glee.

OUR demand for "What's new?" found Ernest Haycox crawling through the brush along the streams and rivers of the Willamette Valley, hard by the Haycox headquarters in the Failing Building, Portland, Oregon. Crawling with Mr. Haycox was a former Oregon governor, and they were tracking down precise locations of first land claims, first cabins, mills, trails and roads. Now and then they'd come on a modern version of a kitchen midden—rusted bedsprings, modern coffee cans, candy bar wrappers, beer bottles, wartime girdles that had de-zinged, etc. Beneath one such junk pile, they discovered the foundation of a grist mill, built by a French-Canadian *voyageur* more than a hundred years ago. Beneath another they located a water wheel, awaiting some collector's shovel. "A hundred years is not a long time in the East," Mr. Haycox informed us. "Out here a century covers the complete evolution of a state from bow-and-arrow warfare to that final attribute of evolution: the pinball machine."

How did our week-end excavator come to write Affair's End (p. 14)? "It was the first of the month," Haycox says. "Bills. Got a notion and worried it around. Wrote it."

This week's cover: They Shall Have Music Wherever They Go. From a train window, Artist Jon Whitcomb saw teen-agers cutting a lawn at a picnic, to music from a portable radio. His own shoulder-strap radio, operating at the time in his compartment, gave Whitcomb a romantic cover notion, posed by models Eleanor Carlson and Joe Martin. . . . TED SHANE

Understand Rivalry and you understand America

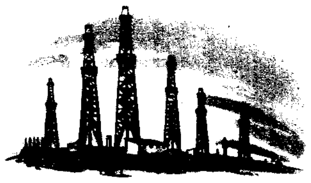
RIVALRY is Dad forgetting his stiff back to grow the best tomatoes in town. Rivalry is Mom's determination to make a better cake than Mrs. Brown. From county fairs to quiz programs, from baseball games to business, rivalry is in America's blood . . . a thrill and a challenge. We've outdistanced the world because we like to outdistance each other.

Take the American Oil Industry, made up of more than 34,000 individual firms of all sizes. In this competitive business 1,250,000 people make their living in oil production, oil transportation, refining, research, marketing.

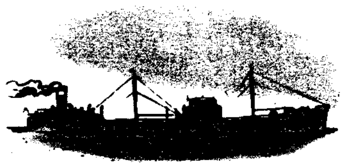
Here rivalry spurs progress—finds ways to provide Americans with finer petroleum products at the lowest prices in the world . . . better gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil . . . better things from petroleum in a hundred fields—chemistry, medicine, farming, manufacturing.

The result—better health, a chance to go more places more easily, more comfort . . . more . . . *constantly* more, for you.

THERE'S A PLUS FOR YOU IN PETROLEUM'S PROGRESS

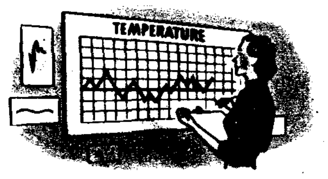


By "directional drilling," oil wells can now turn corners underground. By advancements such as this, 13,475 oil production companies help build up America's oil reserves.



Today's tankers speed at a rate 50% faster than 20 years ago. 650 companies engage in oil transportation by tanker, barge, pipe-line or rail. Result—better service, lower costs.

Keen competition in refining techniques has developed finer fuel—for planes like Jet P-80 and your car. Some 400 refiners are responsible for over 1200 different oil products.



Over 20,000 distributors and jobbers compete to serve you. Example: fuel suppliers chart daily temperatures, forecast your needs according to weather, work to keep you supplied.

225,000 service stations compete for your favor. Each vies with his neighbors in serving you. Over half a million people are engaged in this familiar phase of the oil business.

Prepared for the Oil Industry by the American Petroleum Institute—Copyright 1947

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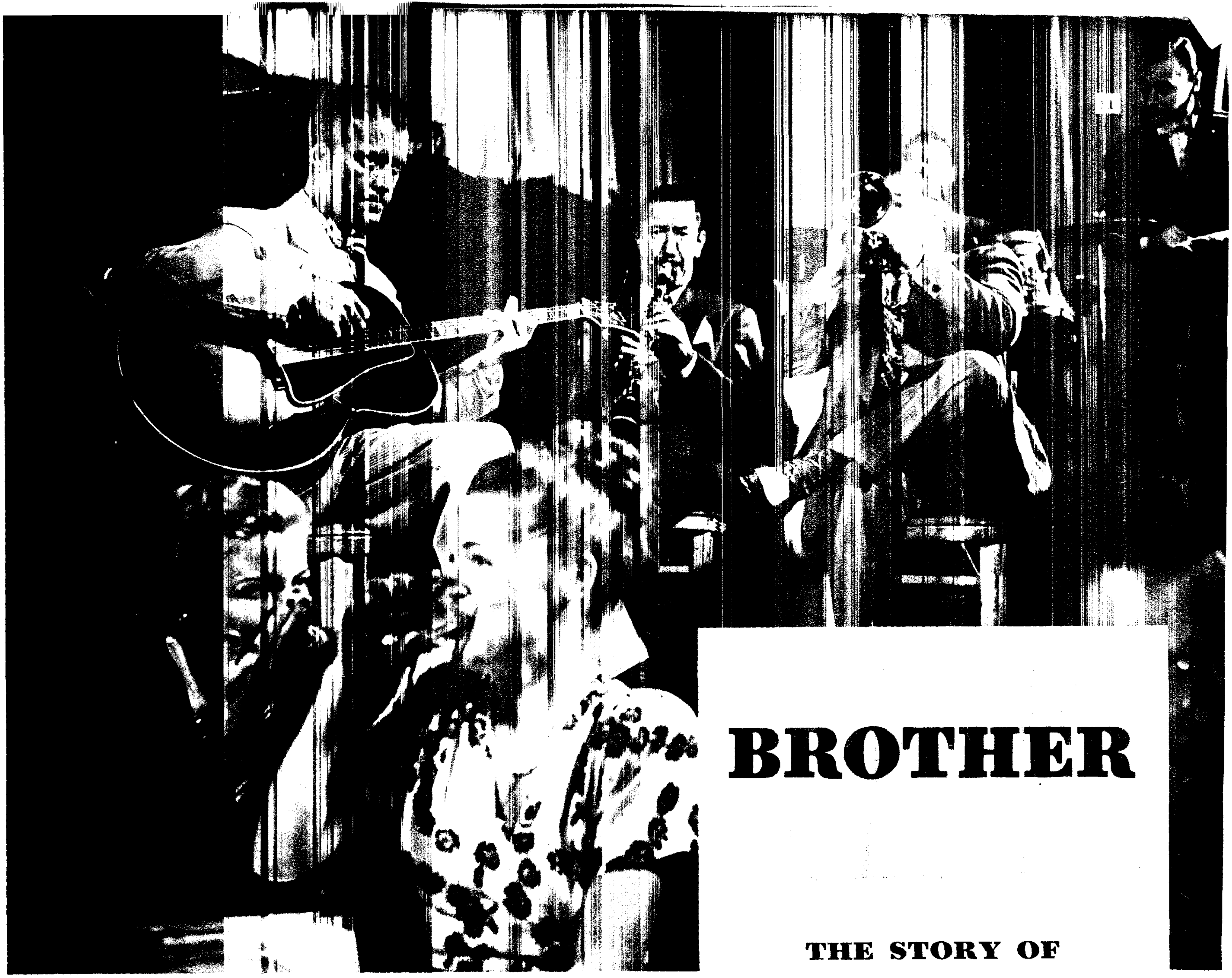
. . . with the amazing new way to play records

New for 1948 . . . an exquisite Mahogany radio-phonograph console with the sensational new easy way to play a record invented by Philco. On radio and records, its tone is superb. A great value at its new low price. See the Philco 1260 at your Philco dealer now.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

*Prices slightly higher Denver and West.



BROTHER

THE STORY OF EDDIE CONDON

The kid from Chicago Heights now plays guitar in his own restaurant in New York. The others in this jam session are: "Pee Wee" Russell, clarinet; "Wild Bill" Davison, trumpet; Johnny Blowers, drums; and Morey Raymond, bass fiddle

On November 16, 1905, Albert Edwin Condon was born in Goodland, Indiana, where his father had gone to conduct a saloon. The boy's right ear never grew or had a drum.

He grew up with music. He could hum Turkey in the Straw before he could say mama. Most of his three brothers and five sisters sang or played an instrument. By the time Eddie was in high school in Chicago Heights, he had taught himself to play the piano, the ukulele and the banjo.

It was with the banjo that he got his first professional job with a jazz band touring Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. That was in 1922. Ever since then, Eddie Condon has been a jazz musician, working first chiefly with hot groups in Chicago and later, in 1928, moving to New York, where he now has his own club.

Jazz had been in and out of New York for years before Condon and the other Chicagoans arrived; it was considered of no value. It could not be used in trade; its appeal was special and its margin of profit narrow. It went to Harlem and remained there.

In New York, Condon by instinct and interest became a free-lance jazz missionary; he talked executives of recording companies into dates; he selected and rehearsed the musicians himself and played with them. He was responsible for the first recording by a mixed group of white and Negro musicians; he knew Harlem as he knew the South Side of Chicago, he listened particularly to the Negro pianists, James P. Johnson, Willie the Lion Smith, and Thomas Fats Waller.

He was unswervingly devoted to jazz; with quiet, stubborn fanaticism he proselyted for it. He stayed away from the contamination of big bands; sometimes he made a living, sometimes he didn't. "We bled to death," he once said of those years. "We gnawed at one another's wrists."

Prostitution mothered jazz in New Orleans; prohibition fostered it in Chicago and New York; repeal threw it into the street—Fifty-second Street. Its name was changed; it was called swing, a term used by jazz musicians to describe the growing pattern of intercommunicative, interdependent, spontaneously created music which builds up, as a band improvises chorus after chorus on the basic chordal structure of a standard tune or theme; when the pattern is clear and exciting the band is swinging.

Swing was played on Fifty-second Street in small, dark basements for people who drank watered whisky, inhaled bad air, and considered themselves the patrons of a fresh fad. It began in Adrian Rollini's tap room, on Forty-eighth Street near Eighth Avenue, where Wingy Mannone played Isle of Capri. It spread to the Onyx on Fifty-second Street, where the Spirits of Rhythm and Stuff Smith played, and where the ropes had to be put up when Maxine Sullivan moved in and began to sing Loch Lomond.

Louis Prima opened at the Famous Door across the street from the Onyx with "Pee Wee" Russell; later Count Basie came to town. Then swing hit the entire nation; it was a fad, it could be exploited.

The bands got bigger and bigger, the music was more carefully arranged, more mechanically "hot." Jazz was more forgotten, more neglected, more a luxury for those who liked to play it than ever before. It was then that Eddie Condon began to work seriously and persistently for the music in which he believed. With the help of a few friends he set out to win recognition and respectability for jazz. He succeeded. He talked, he argued, he pleaded, he demonstrated; he organized, rehearsed, and led some of the finest white jazz groups ever heard. He won serious critical acclaim for the music; he built a concert audience for it; he labored patiently and constantly for it; he even gave his identity to it. People referred to him as "Mr. Jazz."

This is Eddie Condon's story, but it is also the story of jazz music; and there is no better place to begin it than with Eddie Condon's first meeting with one of the immortals of jazz—Bix Beiderbecke—in 1922.

BY EDDIE CONDON AND THOMAS SUGRUE • **STORY ON NEXT PAGE**

At Nick's restaurant, "Muggsy" Spanier (above) takes a hot chorus while Ernie Caceres, Freddie Ohms and Irv Manning (rear) look on. Crowds are large (right) though there is no dancing. Other regular players include Joe Grauso, drums, and pianist Charlie Queener

Jazz music began in Basin Street and took almost two generations to become respectable. The first of a series about the men who fostered its remarkable rise, living—and playing—pretty much as they pleased

THINGS hadn't changed in Chicago Heights; the Condons continued to make a lot of noise, most of it in 4/4 time. One day Pee Wee Rank, a drummer, called me from Davenport, Iowa. "I've got the greatest band you ever heard," he said. "You can't miss playing with us in Syracuse. Meet me at the LaSalle Street Station in Chicago tomorrow night at eight o'clock."

He sold me. At eight o'clock the next night I stood in the station and watched Pee Wee come at me with three other guys. One was a kid in a cap with the peak broken. He had on a green overcoat from the walk-up-one-and-save-ten district; the collar was off his neck. He had a round face and eyes that had no desire to focus on what was in front of him.

Pee Wee introduced us. "This is Bix Beiderbecke."

I've made a mistake, I thought. I'm stuck with this clam digger for two months.

"Hello," Beiderbecke said. He was shy. Great talker, I thought.

The other two guys were Wayne Hostetter and Johnny Eberhardt. Eberhardt was the saxophone player; Hostetter played clarinet and violin. Nobody said anything about Beiderbecke's instrument; I was sure he hadn't intelligence enough to play anything but a comb.

"We have a couple of hours before the train leaves for Syracuse," Pee Wee said. "Bix wants to go to the College Inn and see Louis Panico."

The College Inn was in the Sherman House, a smart hotel. Louis Panico was playing trumpet in Isham Jones' band. He was only eighteen, had written Wabash Blues, and was getting $350 a week. They'll never let us in, I thought. This corncobber probably has heard Louis on a record and hasn't any better sense than to think he can march in wearing that cap. I fell back and walked with Hostetter.

"Is Beiderbecke our cornet player?" I asked.

"By way of understatement, yes," Hostetter said. "Wait until you hear him play. You'll go nuts."

I can believe it, I thought. What kind of music have these guys heard? What is their standard? How can a guy in a cap and a green overcoat play anything but a Boy Scout bugle call?

We walked right into the College Inn. Pee Wee and Beiderbecke pushed their way to the band stand. I spotted Panico about the time he saw Beiderbecke. His face lighted up like a drunk on Christmas Eve.

"Bix!" He leaned over to shake hands, and the boys in the band looked around as if free drinks had been announced. Beiderbecke must be something, I thought. But what?

Louis played his Wabash Blues and Hot Lips. My eyes were just getting used to the glare when Pee Wee said, "Bix wants to go to the Friars' Inn."

Well, I thought, they let us in here, why not the Friars' Inn? The Friars' Inn was a flashy cabaret for big spenders. For music it had the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, the famous white jazz band. If any of the Rhythm Kings spoke to Beiderbecke he was somebody, cap and all. We walked in and kept on going again, right up to the bandstand.

The players fell over themselves greeting Beiderbecke. I thought: Have I got to buy a cap to make good?

"How about sitting in, Bix?" one of the players said.

When Bix Made Piano Magic

Beiderbecke smiled like an embarrassed kid. Then he got up on the stand and walked over and sat down—at the piano. "Clarinet Marmalade," somebody said. Bix nodded and hit the keys.

Then it happened. All my life I had been listening to music, particularly on the piano. But I had never heard anything remotely resembling what Beiderbecke played. For the first time I realized that music isn't all the same, that some people play so differently from others that it becomes an entirely new set of sounds. That was the first time I heard the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, but I actually didn't hear them at all; I listened to Bix Beiderbecke.

When we rushed out to grab our train I was completely confused. Trying to get to sleep in an upper berth, I kept thinking: What about the cornet? Can he play that too?

The next day we got up as the train came into Cleveland. I began to wonder again about the cornet. I got out my banjo and began to practice. Eberhardt dug up his saxophone and doodled along with me. Finally Beiderbecke took out the most beat-up cornet I had ever seen. He put it to his lips and blew a note. The sound came out like a girl saying yes.

Eberhardt smiled at me. "How about Panama?" he said. I was still shivering and licking my insides, tasting the last of the note.

"All right," Beiderbecke said. "Panama."

By itself, so it seemed, my banjo

took up the rhythm. At last I was playing music; so far as I was concerned, it could go on forever.

In Syracuse, I was the happiest kid in the world. Every night I played with Bix at the Alhambra; when I heard his horn, nothing could possibly bother me. At six o'clock each morning I tried to get him out of bed to play the piano for me.

"Please, Bix," I would say, "just for a little while. Then you can take a nap." He was as amiable as a pup. He would sit at the big grand piano and play by the hour—Eastwood Lane's Adirondack Sketches and McDowell's things. He played his own way, with his own phrasing. The way he voiced an ordinary D7 chord was the joy and wonder of my life. The way he dressed was my despair.

His wardrobe consisted of two suits, a tuxedo for the job and a baggy outfit to wear in between. He had one pair of shoes, a few shirts, and a couple of four-in-hand ties. The green overcoat and the cap with the broken peak completed his ensemble. Nothing new was ever added. Bix couldn't be bothered. He had other things to do.

At the back of the Alhambra Ballroom there was a ski-ball concession. Bix decided that it was his destiny, during intermissions, to beat the game. He put a large part of his salary each week into trying; he ended with two Teddy bears and a box of chocolates.

We were paid forty-five dollars a week; we found a speak-easy where we could get beer for ten cents. This was the most economical deal in Syracuse—ten beers for a dollar.

Hostetter figured it out by calculus. "We can get loaded every night," he said, "but Bix will have to cut down his contribution to the ski ball."

"Oh, I can lick it," Bix said. "I've almost got the system now."

On payday we visited some of the other bars. Hostetter, who was a chiropractor, had charts of all the parts of the body, including a blowup of the eye. This he took with him when we visited strange speak-easies. After the first drink he put it on the bar.

How to Embarrass a Bartender

Invariably the bartender became interested. Hostetter explained that it was a system for telling fortunes by examining the eye.

Pretty soon the bartender asked Hostetter to have a look at his eye. Dave leaned over the bar and stared for a long time. Finally he said, "H'mmm, I see that you have had a social disease."

That was the end of the examination; we got drinks on the house for the rest of the night.

There were a lot of canals in Syracuse; one night Hostetter and Bix stopped as we were crossing one of them on a bridge.

"Let's throw Eddie in," Bix said.

"Sure," Hostetter said. "We can always get another banjo player. Besides, his spine has too few vertebrae in the cervical area and too many in the lumbar. He'll never grow and will live to be past ninety and become a burden to his family."

They grabbed me—I was five feet six and weighed a hundred and ten—and held me over the bridge.

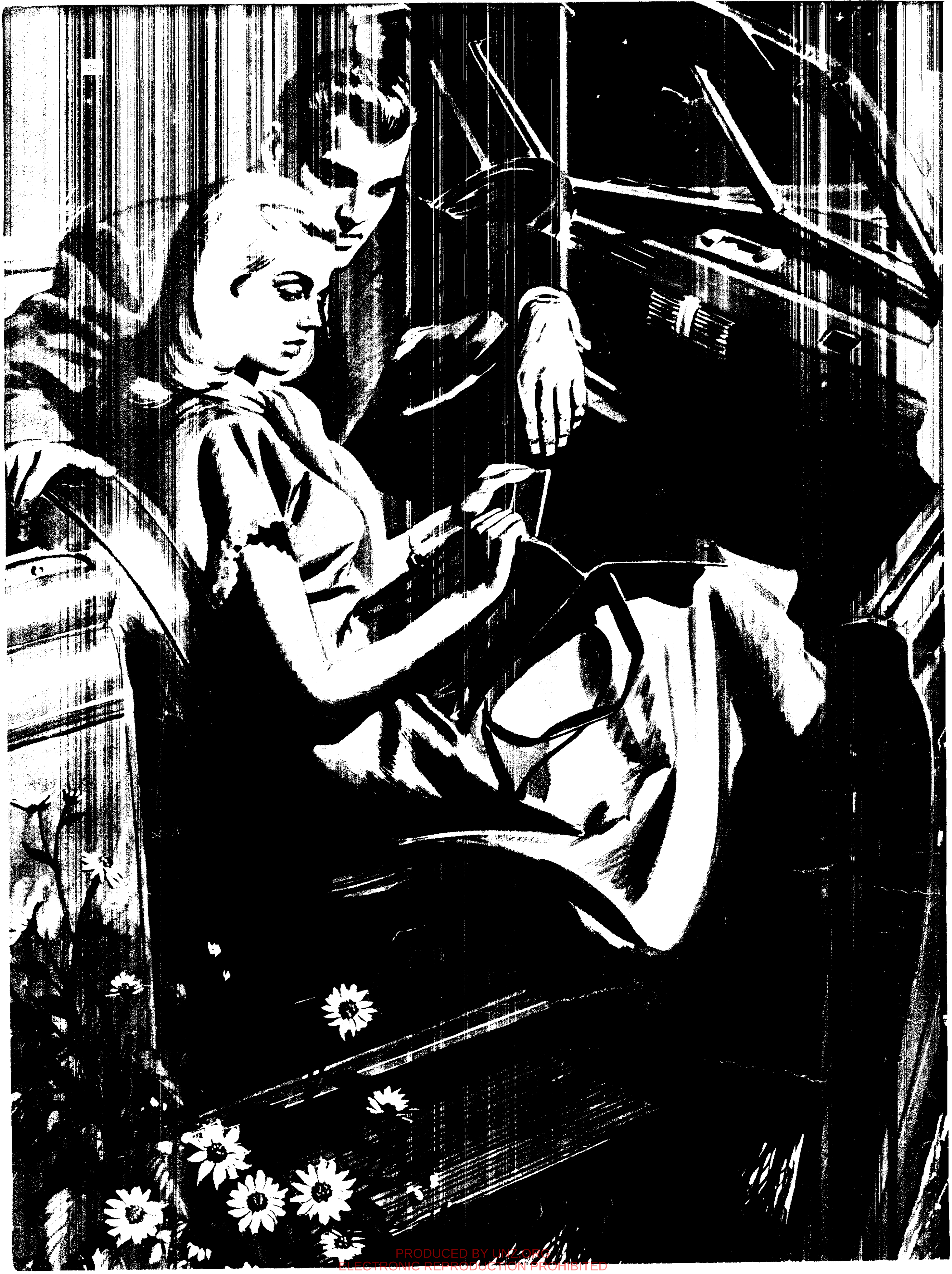
"Will there be any punishment for this?" Bix said.

"Not unless it can be proved that he is a human being," Hostetter said.

"He sings," Bix suggested.

(Continued on page 38)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS



AFFAIR'S END

Margaret had wanted everything to go so well, but when she drew away she murmured, "I think I'm afraid"

AROUND quitting time of this very hot day the five executives of Traung Company, each in his narrow office behind the glass partition at the end of the big room, began to remind Margaret of five shop-window models slowly losing shape in the heat. Jim Daniels lay deep in his chair, with his feet on the desk, and his face, with its expression of ruffled wonder, turned toward the ceiling; he had not stirred for at least five minutes. Gordon McVeigh, in the adjoining office, was talking over the phone, but his glance came across the big room to her with its private "You-know-what-I'm-thinking" expression. She'd have to tell him he could never hope to be secretive in an office filled with women; they were like ants with supersensitive antennae ceaselessly waving across the air to detect the slightest emotional change.

She lifted her copy from the typewriter, rolled in a new sheet and saw Jim Daniels rise impatiently from his chair and walk out to the water cooler. He put his back to the room while he drank and he stood at the window to look across the rooftops of town toward the hills. His neck was brown—layer upon layer of brown—and the backs of his hands were the shade of an old saddle. He wore a coat almost too tight for his shoulders, an old and favorite coat he no doubt hated to give up, and he stood with his hands in his pockets and seemed once more lost in his thinking. He was the sales manager, returned after a three-year absence, and it was clear to her that he was having difficulty locking himself back into this particular prison.

He was single and thirty. Margaret wondered if he understood how important those two facts were to the women of this office, how they secretly searched him, and weighed his casual words and gestures, and matched themselves with him, and matched him with others, and tried to detect in him some preference for one of them, until all this was a mass of cobweb cords around him. Probably he didn't, though men had many techniques, one of which was to pretend they knew utterly nothing about women. He liked to play the punchboards in the lobby, he smoked something called Old Nestor, and one of the girls of the office had seen him coming out of a shop with an outboard motor in his hands; he had been dressed in a sweat shirt and faded overalls.

She thought these things while she typed. She felt damp and fretful and unbecoming; a small ache in the center of her back made her lift her shoulders and she discovered that Jim Daniels had turned from the window and was watching her. She gave him her automatic courtesy smile and put her eyes on her copy. It was a curious thing; she typed for the better part of ten seconds and began to feel the sensation running over her, the delayed shock, the growing strangeness, the rough sudden piling up of something that was like fear or excitement. She ignored him but she had his image in the corner of her vision and when he left the water cooler and walked toward her the sensation gathered in her again.

He stopped at the corner of her desk, his hands still in his pockets. She noticed the flakes of hazel in his otherwise brown eyes, the soberness on his face, the small pressures around his mouth. Impulse hadn't brought him here, she thought; he had been thinking about her.

"This," he said, "is one hell of a day."

"What's wrong?"

"That office was built for an Indian sweat bath."

"It's just summer," she said.

"It's just a lot of things."

"You'll get back into the swing of it again. It takes a little time."

"There's not that much time, Margaret."

He watched her with his quiet insistence; his intention was a message coming out of him to her, and when she identified it she felt the plain sensation of fear. He must have noticed it on her face, for he checked something he quite clearly had intended to say and walked back to his office.

A small guilt went through her and it was a hard thing not to look toward Gordon McVeigh's office. He had seen this. Everybody had seen it. It was nothing, of course, nothing at all. She finished her letters, closed her book, and, at five o'clock left the building, walking the twelve blocks to her apartment. She put a potato in the oven to bake while she took her shower.

GORDON came at about eight to take her for a ride. He looked relaxed, in good humor; he took good care of himself and it was a matter of pride with him to maintain an even disposition, to accept both good and bad luck with something of a sportsman's indifference. They drove out to the Butte, followed the looping road to the summit, and parked with the auto faced outward toward the town six hundred feet below. Long dotted lines of lights marked the crisscross streets; the over-town area was a solid glow, with a searchlight idly swinging back and forth to scan the starred sky. A small wind came through the windows. She kicked off her shoes and rested back on the seat. Gordon bent over and kissed her and withdrew, letting well enough alone on a night such as this. He had nice judgment.

"Hot in your cubbyhole today?" she asked.

"I sweated off two pounds."

"You don't need to lose weight," she told him.

They were comfortable with each other, never under the strain of making talk. He took her hand and held it with the gentle way of a man wanting to savor the pleasantness of her nearness and yet not wanting to force it. She sat quite still and the strange vague thing which was not quite terror jumped unexplainably through her. She was thinking of Jim Daniels, not of Gordon.

She said, "Jim seems to be having a hard time."

"He's changed since he's been away," Gordon said. That was a brevity she understood, for Gordon's kind of man was smooth and casual and never out of key. He didn't like Daniels, who could be rough and blunt, and cared nothing for finesse. Yet he would make no comment; during all their engagement he never had become possessive. She closed her eyes and, with the touch of Gordon's hand on her hand, she tried unsuccessfully to put Jim Daniels out of her mind. It was as though she stood in a wide field and watched a black cloud rolling toward her so swiftly that she could not run; it came against her, and its raw, windy blackness surrounded her and she cringed and yet felt strong.

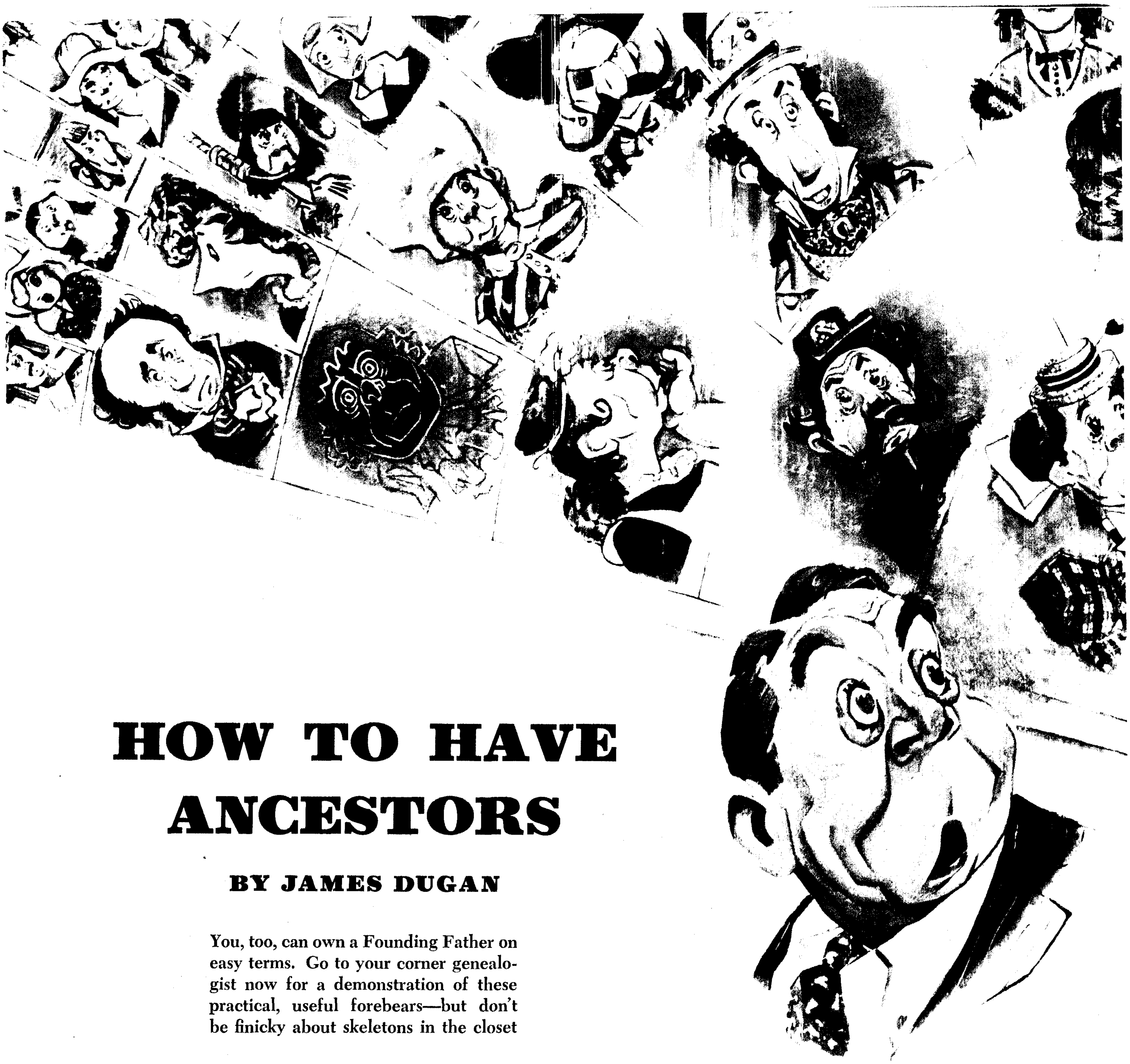
Gordon said, "You're tired tonight."

"Yes."

He switched on the engine and turned home. When he brought the car to the front of the apartment he bent toward her and waited for her face to come around. She delayed that turning for the briefest of moments, which was a thing she had never done before. She was sorry for it and knew he had sensed it as he bent to kiss her; the kiss was one of those perfunctory things which had no magic in it and when she got out of the car she had the depressing thought that there never would be magic any more for them. He said, "See you tomorrow."

The air within the apartment was a stagnant pool of unpleasant odors. She undressed, pulled a sheet over her, snapped out the reading light and stared into the darkness. She had been so pleased with the sort of life she'd arranged for herself. How could it be that she, never wanting more than she

(Continued on page 30)



HOW TO HAVE ANCESTORS

BY JAMES DUGAN

You, too, can own a Founding Father on easy terms. Go to your corner genealogist now for a demonstration of these practical, useful forebears—but don't be finicky about skeletons in the closet

THE Founding Fathers of the nation made a sad blunder at Independence Hall. They clean forgot to set up an American peerage. It was a cruel disappointment to some of the people waiting outside to see the new rules and regulations. They predicted that the United States would be a flop without dukes of Hoboken and hereditary barons of Brooklyn. They had been touting George Washington for king.

To get even for this deliberate slight, the frustrated monarchists invented genealogy. If the infant republic wouldn't hand out any titles, they would find ways to make themselves into homemade peers.

The new knighthood got under way with the Society of the Cincinnati, founded in 1783 by retired officers of the Continental Army. The idea was to keep the family brass hat polished by passing membership from fathers to sons forever.

When the story broke, the ex-enlisted men blew their tops. They founded a strictly nonhereditary club named the Society of St. Tammany to give combat to the officers. The issues of this remote feud have been lost, but Tammany is still in business.

Next to the Chinese, who practice it as a religion, Americans are the leading ancestor-worshipers in the world. They are not only eager to acquire ancestors, they can hardly wait to become ancestors themselves. The Cincinnati became Revolutionary ancestors as soon as the last shot was fired. The Native Sons of the Golden West was founded in San Francisco in 1875, before most of its prospective charter members were out of three-cornered pants.

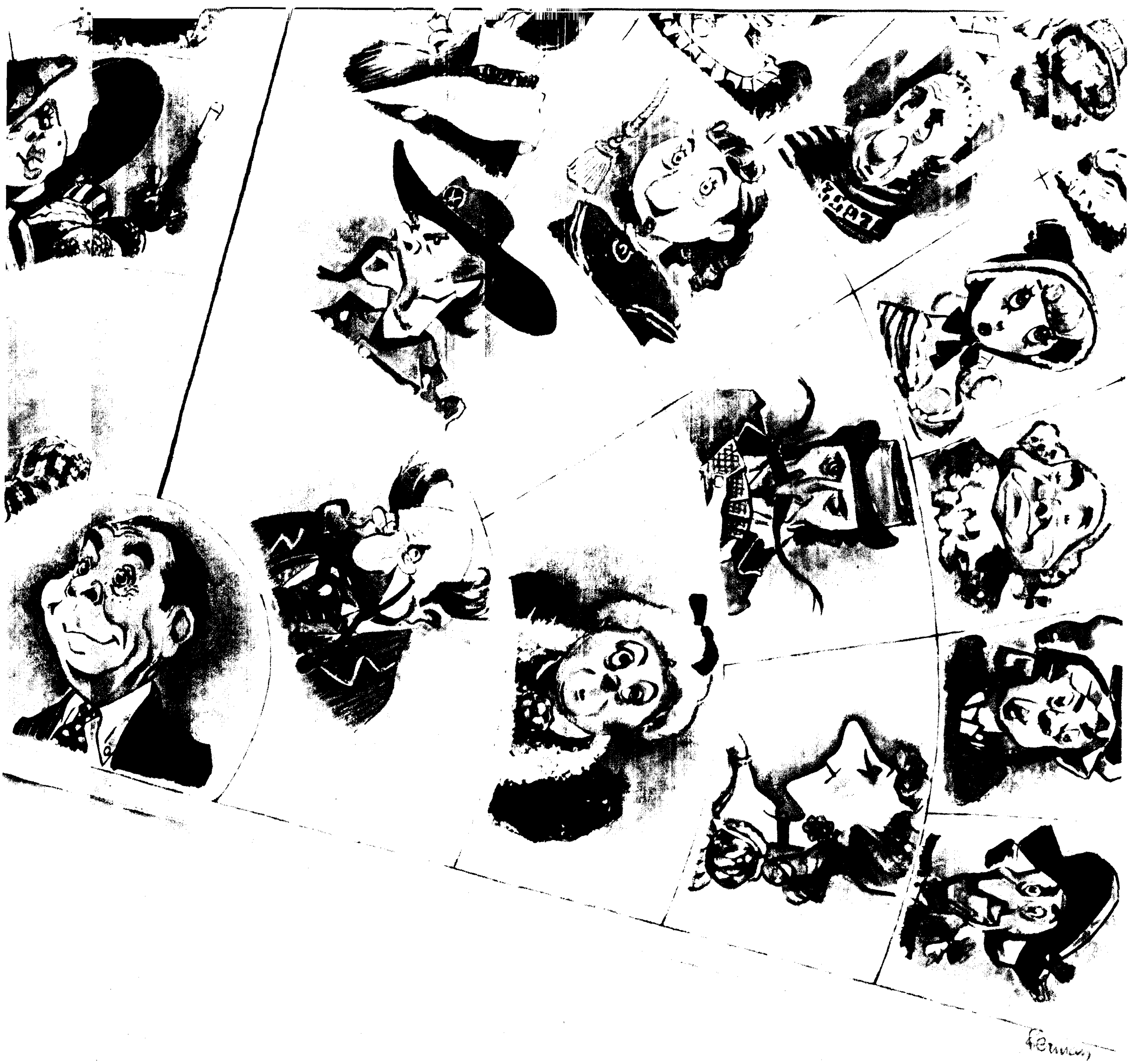
Ancestor-transference fell on lean times between the Revolution and the Civil War. Not until 1876, on the centennial of independence, did citizens reawaken to the importance of being well descended. In that year the Sons of the Revolution was founded.

The Sons aroused a slight wave of genealogy, but the trouble with organized ancestor-worship was that it was still a stag party. The bottleneck was broken in 1890. In that year the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was founded. The ladies had crashed the pedigree business.

The D.A.R. was an instantaneous smash hit. A dozen more distaff ancestor regiments were activated in the nineties. By 1900 there were twice as many ladies wearing Revolutionary medals as there had been troops in the Continental Army. By 1912, the Daughters had tripled Lieutenant General George Washington's peak strength of 30,000 men and were issuing cards as fast as the overtaxed genealogists could process them. Today there are 150,000 Daughters, and the organization has but scratched the surface.

Over 45,000,000 living U.S. women are eligible for the D.A.R. The historian Edward Channing estimated that there were 1,200,000 "rebels" during the Revolution out of a population of 3,000,000. But only about 75,000 men actually bore arms against the British.

However, an ancestor didn't have to fight at all to get a lady into the D.A.R. The organization admits



feminine descendants of almost everybody who lived in the American colonies between 1776 and 1784, providing that the ancestor wasn't a Tory of such notoriety that he can still put his finger on his descendants. The official membership qualifications of the D.A.R. admit progeny of cops, town councilmen, Army contractors, patriotic preachers, conscientious objectors (in the case of Quakers), village handy men, tax collectors, deer wardens, judges and jurors, munitions makers and gunsmiths, "observers," highway surveyors, draft-board members, "patriotic" women, plain "patriots," hog watchers and draft dodgers.

The D.A.R. also admits daughters of men who bought substitutes to go fight for them. One such case was that of a Connecticut citizen who paid to have a 16-year-old boy fill his place in the town volunteer quota. The lad marched off and was killed in his first action at White Plains. The patriot who stayed home had seven sons, of whose female progeny all are D.A.R. rushing material and some belong. The boy who fell at White Plains did not live to sire any Daughters of the American Revolution.

The lineage claims of the Daughters are printed in 165 volumes of Revolutionary genealogies, drawn from the D.A.R. master files in Washington, which contain over 200,000 pedigrees. The thumbnail biographies of the ancestors in these lineage books make instructive reading.

For instance, the great grandfather of a D.A.R. member from Georgia is credited with having sold "powder and flour to the troops." Another nonbelligerent ancestor was "a patriot and juror." One ancestor got his daughter admitted on the strength of his record as "a constable and sealer of leather in Chesterfield, Massachusetts." A Boston progenitor "assisted in raising troops for the defense of the city." He would be called a draft-board member today.

The daughters of Peter Tufts belong because "he was a patriot and aided in erecting fortifications of Dorchester Heights." Another forebear was "Judge of the Court of Common Pleas." Stephen Bean was "a surveyor of highways and a constable." One ancestor tossed neutrality to the winds by signing "the Declaration of Independence of Albemarle County, Virginia, 1779," three years after the national Declaration. One Daughter belongs on the record of a gent who stuck to his duty as "hog reeve of Bridgewater, Massachusetts," throughout the seven-year struggle. "Reeve" is the old word for keeper.

The D.A.R. charitably overlooks mistakes in tracing the family line. It gave an early membership to a lady who was pridefully descended from Hezekiah Royce, a volunteer at the Battle of Bennington. Genealogists later turned up with the news that there were two Hezekiah Royces in that part of Vermont. The second was a malignant Tory. He was the one who was related to the lady. The Daughters chuckled over the revelation and did not court-martial the impostor.

Many Daughters have hitched up big teams of ancestors. This tendency toward safety in numbers is practiced by some *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN

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THEY'RE STILL

Unemployment, small-business failures and layoffs are hitting veterans harder than the rest of the nation. Even a mild recession will double the pressure on them and add ammunition to the arsenal of demagogy

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

READJUSTMENT for G.I.s means just one thing: jobs. Two years, one boom, and seventeen and a half billion Veterans Administration bucks after V-J Day, how well are our veterans readjusting? The answer is like a sock on the jaw.

Well over 1,000,000 employable veterans are without work of any kind.

This is an improvement of about 500,000 over March, but 2,500,000 more who are now in schools and job-training will soon be competing for jobs against an increasing number of older and more experienced job seekers.

About half of the 1,000,000 G.I.s who became their own bosses (in business or farming) will be out of business by next Christmas. Two million, possibly 4,000,000 job-holding veterans are marked for the ax in case of general employment cutbacks. No slight intended; just lack of seniority.

Altogether six to eight million—roughly half the total of all World War II veterans—are in danger of becoming what Veterans Administrator General Omar N. Bradley calls "economic DPs."

The evolution of G.I. Joe into Citizen Joe is a matter of time on the job. A veteran out of work may become a veteran with a vengeance. A veteran making a living becomes a lot of other things—a breadwinner and taxpayer, a union man or employer, a barber, banker or farmer, an ordinary guy taking his chances with everybody else. Success or failure in the readjustment of 14,500,000 veterans—almost a third of the population when you include their immediate families—boils down to these simple terms:

How many veterans have employment now and what are their chances of making it stick?

How many veterans are unemployed now and what are their chances of getting jobs?

Of the 12,000,000 veterans who are listed as "gainfully employed," 10,500,000, or slightly over two thirds of all World War II veterans, are holding down full-time employment. The other million and a half work part time as students or on-the-job trainees. Can these 10,500,000 hang on to their jobs?

"When the storm breaks, it's going to rain veterans," one employer says. General Bradley is more specific: "Veterans are the least secure of all job holders today. Even a mild recession could add a million or more to the unemployment rolls."

Why? Many factors enter into the final answer, but the common denominator of them all is time—time to make up on the job the 1 to 6 years they lost in seniority and experience. Similarly, lack of experience among veterans who went into business for themselves has been a determining factor in at least 90 per cent of their failures.

Being your own boss had a great attraction for men living under military discipline. In the Army, one out of every three, in the Navy one out of every five, said on entering civilian life they wanted to go into business for themselves—despite the fact the majority had never had any experience.

Considering their age and the time they spent in service, the experience they did have was often brief, half forgotten, and seldom related directly to the problems of actual management. As for service experience, success in war had little to do with buying cheap and selling dear. After all, the Army, Navy and Marines weren't in business for profit.

"You sit here and watch 'em come in with their dreams," sighs a loan counselor at one of the regional V.A. offices. "It's the infantry replacement center all over again. Not more than two or three G.I.s in a hundred know what they're getting into. Only this time they're asking for it."

But if most ex-G.I.s didn't know what they were getting into, they soon found out—the hard way. A man whose previous business experience consisted in selling goods over the counter found this didn't help him juggle inventory, keep accurate accounts, hire efficient help, or wangle short-term credits from banks, wholesalers and manufacturers. New expenses kept cropping up, too: things he hadn't figured on like advertising, special displays, spoilage, insurance and lawyers' fees.

Small business, they discovered, has always been a gamble. Even in "normal" days before the war, a third of new firms survived less than a year, and half lasted less than four years.

Today, the number of firms has soared far over the pre-Pearl Harbor high of 3,500,000—far in excess of actual need or chance of profit. The strains of overloading began to show this spring when business failures doubled last year's rate. The death rate among veteran-owned firms, always about 10 per cent more than the average, is rising. Why?

The smaller the business, the slimmer its chances. Four out of five failures are in ventures with three or less employees. Veterans, with an average business capital of $4,000 or less, fall into this highly vulnerable majority.

No Quick Road to Fortune in Trucking

Of all veteran enterprises, trucking was probably the costliest flop. Plenty of veterans who put everything they could save or borrow into a secondhand truck found themselves out of business before they really got started. Profits seldom paid for the first repair bills. In Pennsylvania, a veteran who decided to beat repair bills by buying only the best equipment sank his entire savings and loan into a $9,000 trailer truck. On his first haul, he blew a $200 tire, and went into the hole while he tried to raise cash for a new one.

Scarcity of merchandise also hit the veteran hard. "Half the G.I.s in our area who started electric appliance stores have either gone out of business or are having mighty hard sledding," says L. M. Evans of Elliott and Evans, wholesale distributor of electrical appliances in 20 northern Ohio counties. He explained it was largely because they couldn't get merchandise. "Our old customers get first call, and we can't give special rights to newcomers, even if they are G.I.s."

As latecomers in the scramble back into small business, veterans also have had to take second and

"Business stinks. I don't seem to get any breaks, and people are so unreasonable. I just have no luck. Look, I burned my hands at home using lye in the sink."

ERNESTO CONTI, [illegible]

EXPENDABLE

third choice of locations, distributorships, and equipment, pay higher rents and higher prices for their inventories.

"It was like climbing upstairs on an escalator going down," said a California veteran who sold his restaurant before going in so deep he couldn't pay off his G.I. loan. In California, there are 36,000 more restaurants today than before the war.

In business, the veteran found, the unexpected always happens—and with his small capital, he never knew when it would throw him. During the meat shortage, veterans swarmed into the frozen-food business where meat was still available. For a few weeks they cleaned up. But the lifting of OPA ceilings and the flow of fresh meat wiped them out almost to a man. Few had enough capital to convert to regular meat or grocery stores.

Even geography can upset the best-laid plans. One veteran, a Middle Westerner who married a New England girl, borrowed a thousand dollars to establish a shoeshine and repair shop near her home. Things went fine during the summer. But receipts fell off to almost nothing during the winter months. "It's these Yankees," the veteran explained to the bank. "They put on their rubbers in November, and don't take them off till June."

Short of cash, the G.I. was usually long on ingenuity. But bright ideas often backfired, too. A hundred new services to make life easy for the housewife sprang up in door-to-door deliveries and special services. In almost every large city, veterans set up shopping services which would save the housewife the trouble of fighting her way through crowded stores. But these conveniences began to look expensive, once the novelty wore off. Besides, most housewives found that shopping wasn't such a drudgery after all. They missed those crowded counters and the thrill of spotting a "bargain."

It's easy to find success stories, too, among veterans who went into business. But almost invariably, these are among the older veterans who merely took up where they left off during the war. To many of these, the G.I. loan provision has given a boost in the form of credit on longer terms. But this does not mean that the government is "backing the veteran in business" as many nonveterans have assumed.

The G.I. loan still has to be borrowed from a bank in the regular way; on business loans up to $4,000, the Veterans Administration merely guarantees the bank half. So far, under the Bill of Rights, the banks have made only 72,000 such loans averaging about $3,100 each. This represents a very small part of the estimated total of half a million or more G.I.s who have gone into business—as distinguished from farming.

"The bankers were considerate and frequently they were liberal—within the accepted standards of banking practice," says a V.A. loan official. "They also saved many a veteran from getting into something in which he had no chance of success."

Among the thousands of G.I. loan applicants who were turned down—for perfectly legitimate business reasons—are many whose old feeling of estrangement from the civilian was hardened.

"The bankers say they handle other people's money and can't take too many risks," was one veteran's typical reaction. "But the generals handled other people's lives, and they took risks—plenty."

That kind of reasoning sounds plain silly to the veteran who's managed to do all right. But it's ammunition in the arsenal of demagogy if the veterans begin to feel the cards are stacked against them.

The government has, however, made self-employment benefits available to all, whether they managed to get a G.I. loan or went into business without it. A veteran whose business nets him less than $100 a month gets the difference between his earnings and that figure from V.A. for a total of 12 months, and this enables him to hang on a little longer. So far 600,000 in business and farming (mostly the latter) have tapped these benefits, and 155,000 have run through them altogether. In May the National Association of Credit Men predicted that business failures would soar as soon as more veterans ran through their self-employment allowances.

In the normal course of events, then, at least two, possibly three, out of five veterans who set up shop for themselves will be out of business by next Christmas. As A. M. Sullivan, associate editor of Dun's Review, points out, "Thousands of new concerns are untested under competitive stress and have yet to fight their way through a bad season or two." It wouldn't take much of a recession to knock the bottom out of most of them.

Farm Subsidies Won't Offset Price Slump

As for the million veterans who went into farming, very few have been able to make ends meet so far without drawing heavily on government benefits. When high farm prices drop, even these subsidies won't suffice to "keep 'em down on the farm."

Congress, however, has been more than liberal in encouraging the movement back to the land. Over a period of five to ten years, a veteran who has served three years or more may qualify for $4,320 on-the-farm subsistence allowance, $1,040 self-employment allowance, and $160 guaranteed interest on a farm loan—a total of $5,520 of V.A. funds. This doesn't include V.A. and Department of Agriculture guarantees on money the veteran may borrow to buy a farm.

How much this contributes to the veteran's lasting readjustment or long-range chance to earn a living is doubtful. Eighty-five per cent of the V.A.s' self-employment benefits are claimed by farmer veterans, most of them in nine Southern states where farm income has always been lowest and the outlook least promising. Many of these veterans have been running through their self-employment benefits first, then switching to on-the-job training payments—a practice which suggests to V.A. experts that many of them "are receiving $100 a month to remain idle."

"Veterans (with little or no farm experience) should be informed that agriculture has been overmanned," reports a survey by the Committee for Economic Development. "In a developing economy, it has been shrinking and will continue to shrink." As it shrinks, the veteran will be the first to feel the squeeze.

After two years of peace, veterans are still the youngest and least experienced, and therefore the most vulnerable of businessmen and farmers. The same applies to wage earners. Two thirds are in their twenties. Their average age is twenty-seven. Less than a third returned to civilian life with reemployment rights that bound employers to rehire them for a year. By now, most of these legal rights have been exhausted. Almost half of the G.I.s had never held a real job, and wartime skills seldom paid off in getting one.

For most wage earners, that meant starting at the bottom of the ladder as unskilled or semiskilled labor at low pay. For many a veteran with G.I. notions of the fabulous ease and affluence of civilian life, the letdown was hard.

In many cases, there was a more substantial reason for the veteran's restlessness: the disheartening contrast between his heroic achievements as a fighting man and his limited prospects as a wage earner.

In any case, veterans in industry have been none too happy in their jobs. In Detroit, personnel managers representing most of the city's industrial plants estimated that "67 per cent

(Continued on page 80)

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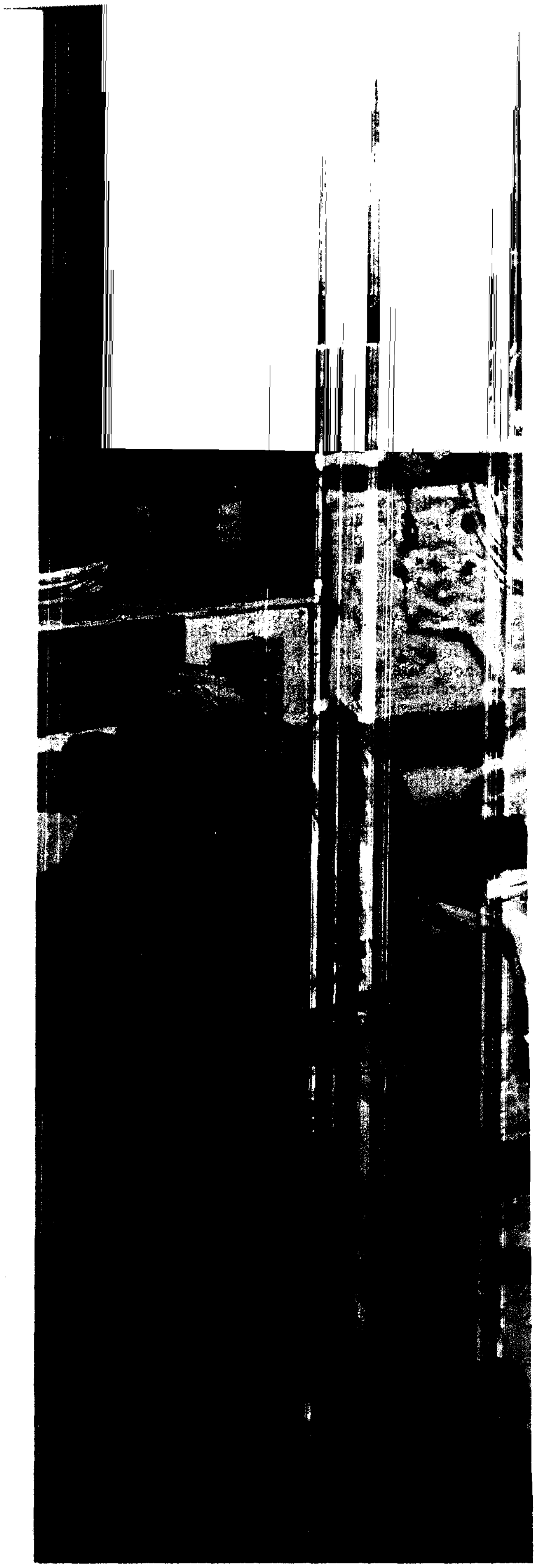
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

FEVER

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

The woman was to be a pawn in a passionate game. Winning it was the end that had consumed the prospector's life



AGAIN, that day, he struck a pocket, and the fever came over him, tightening his chest until his breathing was labored, causing his hands to quiver, and bringing to his mind hot ideas which made him ashamed of himself.

He was cutting at the gravel face of the tunnel, following the ancient creek bed between the overlaying sandstone above and the original granite bedrock below. Shoveling the gravel into the wheelbarrow to take it out to the sluice box, he felt the point of his shovel sink into the granite floor. There was a round hole in the granite, worn millions of years ago by a rock circling around and around with the motion of the water. And he knew what he would find in the hole, for gold is heavy; and in tunneling under the hill the past summer and fall, following the gravel of the ancient creek bed, he and Dresderlein had found two others like it.

He scooped the pit out carefully with his hands, picking out the pebbles and putting the gravel and black sand in a flour sack. The pit was about eighteen inches deep. At its bottom was nugget gold, gleaming dully among the sand and pebbles in the light of his lamp. He resisted the impulse to pick this out by hand; he wanted it to show in the pan. He cleaned the bottom of the pit carefully with a teaspoon, scraping every loose grain from the smooth granite. Then he tied the sack, dumped the wheelbarrow in the tunnel, put the sack on it, and trundled it out of the tunnel.

It was getting dusk, and raining steadily as it can do day upon end in northern California as winter closes in. He was glad of the cold rain on his face. It quenched the fever and washed away the thoughts that made him ashamed of himself. Water dripped from the live oaks overhead, and ran down the twining trunks of the wild grapes dangling junglelike from the trees. Carefully cut back from the trail was the poison oak, thick and solid on both sides.

On rounding the shoulder of the hill he saw the cabin in the little grassy hollow. There were a few orchard trees about the cabin, pruned by deer and the trunks scarred by bears. The cabin and the poison oak had combined to keep Dresderlein from the gold for twenty-seven years.

There are many little grassy hollows in the mountains of the Pit River watershed, and one looks much like another. In coming back, trying to find his lost mine, Dresderlein had seen the cabin; he knew Harry Gorman had built it since the mine was lost. And Gorman, fencing the land and protecting it from being burned off, had allowed the brush and the poison oak, of which Dresderlein had a superstitious fear, to take over. Dresderlein, prowling the mountains year after year in his quest, had often stayed at the cabin, within a stone's throw of his goal, without ever penetrating the poison oak around the shoulder of the hill. Ironical, too, that Harry Gorman had gone broke and moved out without knowing he could have been a rich man.

The command car wasn't back, and the man with the wheelbarrow muttered, "The old fool," aloud. He eyed the yellow road winding steeply into the live oaks across the hollow. It would be tough going from the highway, even with the command car. Water was eroding a gully down the left-hand track of the road; there were nine miles of it—unimproved dirt road ravaged by the elements since Gorman went broke and moved away—from here to the highway. Even in dry weather it was impossible for anything but a military vehicle with high centers and four-wheel drive. This would be the last trip before spring. He hoped Dresderlein wouldn't forget the salt again. The old fool, chasing after Effie Pound, at his age.

At the front stoop, the young man shouldered the sack of gravel and went into the cabin. Of course Dresderlein would make it back okay. Even after dark. Dresderlein had spent half a lifetime after that mine, he deserved his share. It was good that winter was closing in; the old fool wouldn't be able to see the girl again until spring; he might come to his senses—if he had any to come to. Dresderlein wasn't normal; who would be, going through what he had?

The young man eased the sack to the plank floor and lighted the oil lamp. He was just under six feet tall, and solidly built. He brought in a washtub, full from the eaves' drippings, took a copper gold pan from the shelf above the stove and began panning the gravel from the sack. The fever rode him again, the hot gold fever, as with each pan he washed the sand away from the heavy gold. He could have sluiced this gravel from the pit, but he wanted to do it the slow way, picking nuggets out of the pan with his fingers. When he was through he weighed the gold; the fever was riding him. *What if Dresderlein never knows about it?* he thought. And then, shrugging, he put the gold with the rest of it, in the honey can behind the stove. The can sat there day in and day out, awaiting the time the two partners should divide it equally. If you couldn't trust your partner, then the very word had no meaning.

The young man realized he was wet and chilled through. He made a fire, stripped, put on dry overalls and shirt, hung up his wet clothes behind the stove and began making supper, listening for the command car. He was eating when he heard the whine of the engine. His spirits lifted; he didn't like to think the price of his honesty was in that honey can. When he went out he realized he'd heard the engine because the rain had stopped rattling on the shakes. It was snowing.

THE lights of the car swung into view from the live oaks, dipped into the hollow, and the vehicle pulled up before the house.

"Damn' near thought I was going to be a rich man!" he called, crossing to the car. Then he stopped in surprise as the figure got out the right-hand side. It was a girl. Dresderlein walked around from the other side.

"You know Effie," Dresderlein said, a bit defiantly. "We was married this afternoon. . . . Effie, you go on in. Ray will help fetch in your stuff."

The girl lowered her eyes as she crossed to the open door. The young man shouldered the steamer trunk in the back of the command car. Dresderlein took the yellow suitcase and the hatbox. "I guess you're surprised," the old man said. "I been seeing her all summer. Met her at church."

"Yes, I know." One thing a man couldn't do, in the mountains, was conceal his doings.

"And never mind what people say about her," the old man said defiantly. "She's my wife. The Lord brought her to me."

"Congratulations. Did you bring the salt?"

Dresderlein guffawed. "Did I bring the salt! Ray, I had plenty else on my mind!"

"I'll go in for it tomorrow."

Later, the young man lay in his sleeping bag above the single room of the cabin. A ceiling had been built over half the room to provide storage space above. For a while, after supper, there had been the unspoken question of what the sleeping arrangement would be. The young man had suggested the overhead storage space for himself, much to the obvious relief of the bride and groom. He had shifted the provisions to one side to allow room for the sleeping bag, and tacked two shelter halves to the rafters to hang over the end.

Lying above the room on one elbow, smoking, he wondered why Dresderlein had married her. The old man's fanaticism; the girl's past reputation. Light came through the cracks from below, and he could see her, most of her. The mirror hung above the table they used as a washstand, and she was sitting before it, brushing her hair. Watching, he was amazed at the way her hair caught the light

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Lying above the room, Ray watched the girl and wondered why Dresderlein had ever married her

from the lamp. He'd thought her hair dark, but brushed out loosely it was a deep rich red. Watching her reflection in the mirror, he wondered what color her eyes were.

She glanced sidewise, timid, uncertain. Her husband's voice droned on in prayer. She looked about for a place of privacy in that single bare room. She moved out of the vision of the man above, and when she reappeared below the crack she wore a nightgown which molded her figure.

Sitting before the mirror, she began plaiting her hair in two braids. Her bare arms gleamed white and soft in the light. When she moved out of his vision again, and there came the soft crackle of wild grass ticking from one of the bunks, the young man mashed the glowing end of the cigarette between thumb and finger and lay back on the sleeping bag. "You dirty rat," he said to himself, slowly and viciously.

The old man's voice droned on for half an hour more, and then there were stifled groans as he got up, chafing his cramped knees, and the lamp went out. . . .

There were eight inches of snow next morning, and it was coming down steadily. Effie went to the mine, wearing waist overalls and a man's shirt. The young man mucked the gravel in the tunnel, the girl wheeled it out and the old man ran it through the sluice. The girl went to the cabin at eleven, to fix lunch. She worked during the afternoon, and went to the cabin at four to fix supper. The young man wheeled out a load to the sluice. "It's not necessary for your wife to work."

The old man continued shoveling the gravel from the apron into the sluice. "I want to do my share. The both of us can't more than keep up with you. It wore on me, you doing most of the work."

"Well, okay. But it's

(Continued on page 74)

HE CLICKED FOR 50 YEARS

BY HARRY EDWARD NEAL

George William Harris, only 25 years younger than photography itself, has taken pictures of Presidents and newlyweds, kings and housewives for more than half a century. Here are the high lights of his career

SHORTLY after George Harris opened his photographic studio at 1313 F Street, Washington, D. C., in 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt summoned him to the White House and said, "Mr. Harris, can you make a picture of me with members of my Cabinet all in one group?"

Harris hesitated. "Well, Mr. President," he said, "I'm not sure. You see, it would be a pretty big group in a small room, and . . ."

"Mr. Harris!" Teddy interrupted. "I'm amazed! That's no kind of an answer. When anybody asks you if you can do anything in photography, tell 'em 'Certainly I can!' Then find a way to do it. Then *do* it!"

George Harris says that has been his motto all through the more than 50 years that he has been taking pictures of the great and the photogenic.

He made the picture, the first of a President and his Cabinet in the Cabinet Room. When he printed it he discovered that the President had sat farthest from the camera, so that perspective made him the smallest figure in the group. Harris later took other photos in which Teddy was more prominent, and profited by this lesson in composition. He also learned something at firsthand which changed some of his ideas about T. R.

"At that Cabinet meeting," he says, "ten of the greatest men in America sat around a big, long table. The President turned to Elihu Root, his Secretary of State, and said, 'What's on your desk?' Mr. Root told him. Then the President asked every man around the table for his opinion on the matter, and by the time they gave their advice the President told the Secretary what to do. Until then I always had the impression that Roosevelt did everything without asking anybody's opinion.

"I was very impressed with that Cabinet meeting because Mr. Loeb (the President's secretary) told me I was the only outsider who had ever sat through an entire Cabinet conference. I went back to my studio, bought an oval table, and once a week we have the heads of our departments gather around and discuss the problems of the week!"

Over the years the problems discussed at that oval table have been varied. For, as spark plug for the firm of Harris & Ewing, George Harris has traveled over the world to capture on film the wrinkled, the smooth, the weary, the bright, the famed and the unknown faces of humanity. For more than 50 years his clicking shutters have caught history on the wing. Today he has more than six million negatives in his priceless files and as a craftsman he has earned the admiration and respect of photographers around the globe. Master of his art, Harris is also a top-notch businessman, employing 120 men and women in the studio where he started with four.

In the early days Harris' technical problems were tougher than a 50-cent steak. There were no flash bulbs, no photoflood lamps—only daylight, and sometimes very little of that. Speedy shots indoors were practically unheard of. One day he was called to the War Department by William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War. Taft wanted Harris to make some new portraits in his office. Harris had taken several shots when the telephone rang and Taft answered. As he talked, Harris made five pictures.

Preview of a Presidential Smile

In the fifth shot Taft gave the photographer one of his famous grins. When he hung up, Harris thanked him, and Taft said, "Why shouldn't I smile? That was Mr. Roosevelt telling me I've been nominated for the Presidency. I guess you'd smile, too, young man!"

Harris treasures the pictures, which he calls "The evolution of a Presidential smile." They were probably the first "candid-camera" photographs.

Presidential faces appeared frequently in George Harris' view finder. He has filmed them all from Teddy Roosevelt to Harry Truman, and considers Teddy the most dominant personality he has ever photographed. Calvin Coolidge was one of his most friendly subjects. Coolidge used to walk down F Street every evening. On one of his strolls he noticed the new building just nearing completion on the site of Harris' original studio. Harris was enlarging the business. A few days later he asked Harris when the new building would be open. Harris told him and added jokingly, "Why don't you come in as my first customer?"

The President surprised him. "All right. What time?"

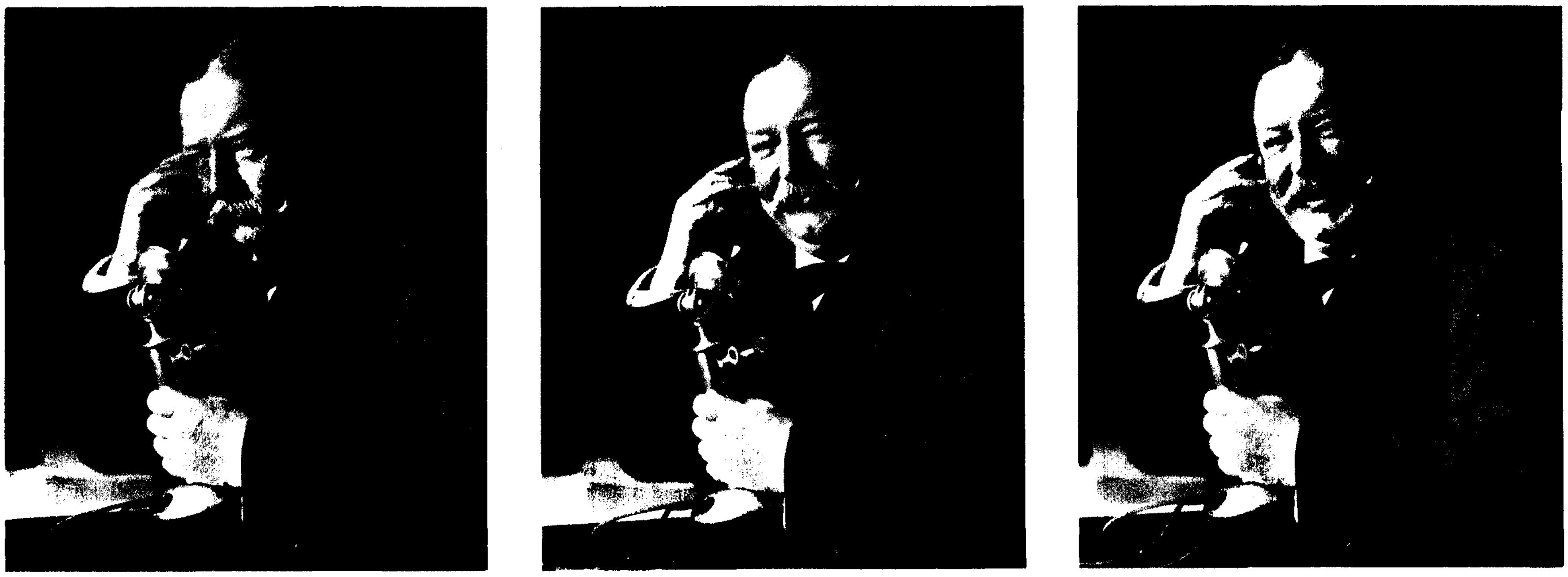
An appointment was made and Mr. Coolidge arrived promptly with Colonel Edmund Starling of the Secret Service. Harris took 50 exposures of the President, 30 of which Coolidge approved personally, something never done before by a Chief Executive, Harris says.

As he left, Coolidge paused in the entrance to be photographed with Starling and Harris. Harris treasures that picture.

The most-photographed man, according to Harris, was "Uncle Joe" Cannon; the best Presidential subject, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Among the women he has photographed he considers Mme. Konstantine Dumba, wife of the onetime Austrian ambassador to the United States, the most beautiful. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge was the most gracious. "She'd do anything to help you," he says. "She'd ask if you liked her dress, and if you didn't she'd go change it. She was the easiest to photograph—a lovely lady." The First Lady who did most to boost Harris toward his place as king of the camera was Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

President Wilson invited him to attend the Paris Peace Conference after the first World War. Harris was one of a big group of photographers and with the others he made pictures of various notables. But he alone decided it would be a good idea to get portraits of all 86 delegates to the conference. However, he soon found himself so enmeshed in diplomatic red tape that it began to look as though he'd go back home without the photographs.

Remembering Teddy Roosevelt's advice, "Find a way to do it, then do it!" he asked Mrs. Wilson if she would like an album of pictures of all the delegates. She was delighted with the idea and smoothed the way for him. The job took six weeks, but Harris visited the homes and offices of all 86 and came home with a prize collection, most of which have been used in newspapers all over the world. One



The first candid camera shots: William Howard Taft was hearing Theodore Roosevelt tell him he'd been nominated for the Presidency. "You'd smile, too," Taft said

complete set was autographed by the delegates and presented by Harris to Mrs. Wilson.

Later he had a chance to pay back her kindness. President Wilson had become ill and the capital was alive with rumors that he was in no condition to continue as Chief Executive, that he was paralyzed, that he couldn't even manage to write his name. George Harris went to the White House and made a historic picture of the weary President at his desk, signing an official document. The picture showed that Mr. Wilson's left arm was useless but that he could hold a pen firmly in his right hand and could use it. Mrs. Wilson was shown standing beside her husband, steadying the paper with her own left hand.

Harris was offered $1,000 for publication rights to the photograph. Mrs. Wilson asked that he not release it. He turned down the offer and held the picture. Subsequently Mrs. Wilson prepared a series of articles for a national magazine and asked Harris for the photo. Of course he gave it to her.

The Prince's Aide Wasn't Too Helpful

Harris always gets a kick out of photographing royalty. His most interesting royal subject was the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII. "I remember very well an experience I had with his aide. I set up my camera in the old Belmont House and waited for the prince to appear. When he came downstairs he walked into a room where there was no daylight. I told the aide I'd like to pose the prince in another room where the light was very good. The aide said, 'No! You'll photograph the prince where he wants to be. You can't order him around.' The prince heard the conversation. He said to the aide, 'The photographer knows where he can best make the pictures. I'll go wherever he wants me.' "

Harris laments the fact that he never took a picture of Edward's father, George V. He had more than one opportunity which he passed up for no good reason. He first met the ruler when President and Mrs. Wilson visited Buckingham Palace in 1919. Harris was one of some sixty newsmen and photographers in the party. By the time they reached Linden, France, en route to London, the reporters had two-day beards and no time or water to shave.

Once in London they rushed to the palace looking more like an angry mob than a crowd of newshawks. A British general led them to a side door, while the President and Mrs. Wilson went through the main gates. The side door was locked. The general summoned two policemen, lined up some of the huskier reporters and gave the command, "Break down that door!" They lunged against it. The door crashed open. The bronze doorknob fell at Harris' feet and he kicked it away. Montague Glass, who was beside him, let out a howl.

"Migawd!" Glass yelled. "This is probably the first and last time a bunch of American reporters will ever break into Buckingham Palace—and you kick out of the way the best souvenir of the whole trip."

The boys lined up to meet Their Majesties. Monty Glass, approaching the king, said, "Your Majesty, we had no water to shave and I want to apologize for our appearance."

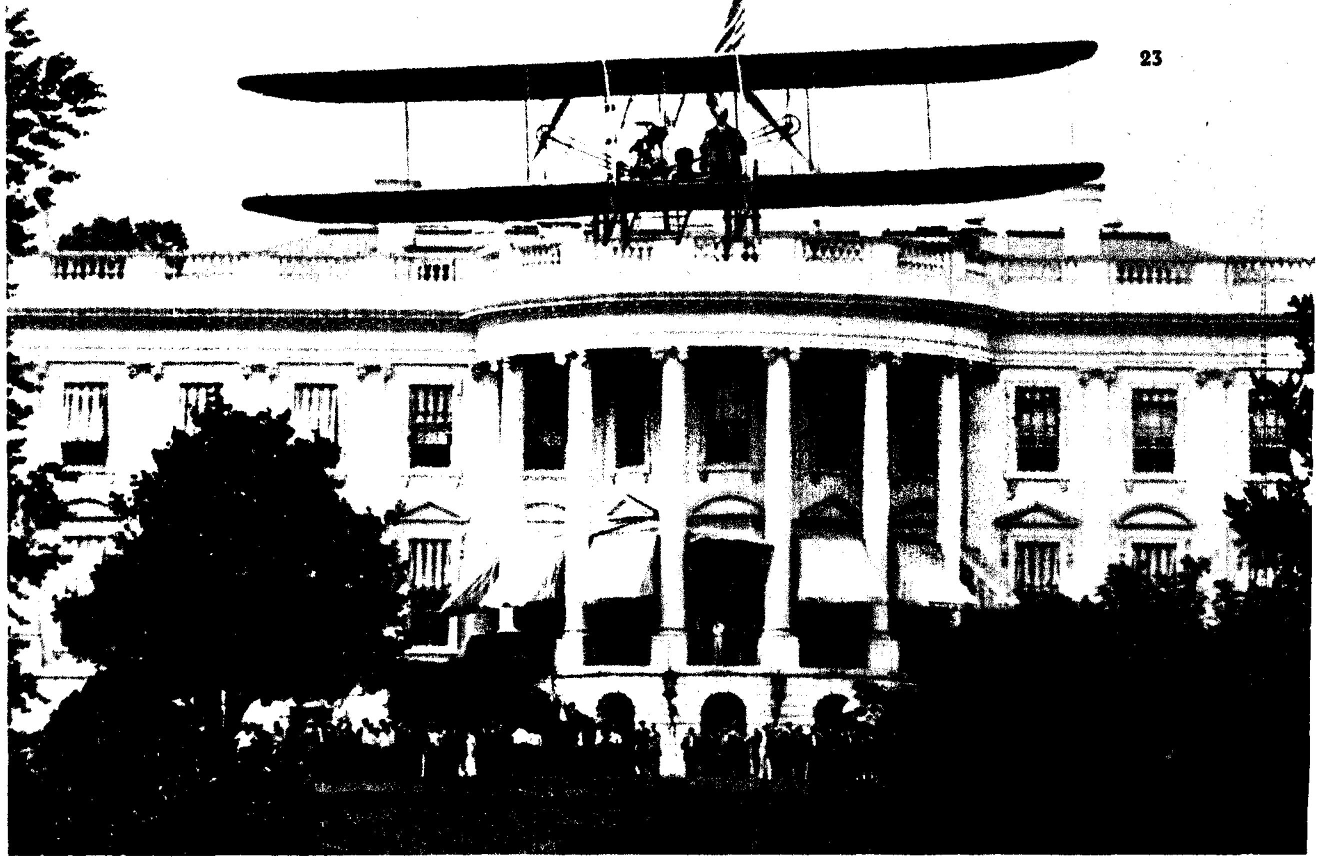
George V smiled, stroked his beard and answered, "That's quite all right. I haven't shaved today myself."

One of the friends Harris made at the Versailles conference was David Lloyd George, then British Prime Minister. The Harris eyes twinkle when he tells a story about Lloyd George and Prime Minister Hughes of Australia, who was quite deaf. Like many hard-of-hearing persons, Mr. Hughes frequently said things at the wrong time. One day, in the midst of a serious conference session, Hughes turned to Lloyd George and in a loud voice asked about something which had happened the previous day. It wasn't the first time Hughes had raised irrelevant questions at inappropriate moments, and Woodrow Wilson, who sat next to Lloyd George, was noticeably upset.

"Why don't you straighten him out?" Wilson whispered.

Lloyd George nodded. At the close of the day he said to Hughes, "Mr. Prime Minister, I'm having a special report prepared for you, to give you a description of everything that will happen at the conference tomorrow, hour by hour. I hope you will find it helpful."

Mr. Hughes thanked him and the next day he read the report quietly as *(Continued on page 68)*



In 1911, Harry Atwood landed his Wright plane on the White House lawn after a 550-mile flight. Harris got the picture

In his youth Harris took a turn on the stage. This photo shows him as a female impersonator

Mme. Konstantine Dumba, Austrian envoy's wife. Prettiest woman he ever photographed, Harris says

Billie Burke (Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld) "sat" for a Harris portrait, as did—and still do—almost every famous person

THE FIVE DRESDEN ANGELS

BY ERNEST L. MEYER

The story of a humble miracle

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

MY FATHER'S career as newspaperman had taken him to numerous cities in several states. Our family moved from Chicago to Milwaukee, then to Denver, back to Chicago, then to Dubuque, back to Milwaukee, and in between there were sojourns at Appleton, Wisconsin, and Lincoln, Nebraska. Mother had packed and unpacked the family furniture at least a hundred times. Because even when we lived in the same city for years, we rarely stayed long in the same house or apartment. During one stay in Chicago, we moved early each summer from some cheap flat on the far North Side to a stone house on a fashionable boulevard. The house, which still lives in my memory as a mansion, was owned by a wealthy friend of Father's. Each summer this friend traveled abroad for four months and turned his house over to us. We would move in each June, storing our own furniture, and in October move out again to some humble home on the outskirts of town. Moving and storage costs were low in those days, and Mother figured that she saved a tidy sum in rent, and also that we ought to be happy in so grand a home where each of us—think of it—had a room for himself. Yet I do not recall that we three children were ever at ease in the mansion. We called it the Mustn't House, for we mustn't dirty the walls, mustn't handle the rare books in the library, mustn't touch the cut glass, or the scores of tempting curios. It was always with a feeling of release that we escaped each fall to a flat and our own battered belongings. Even Mother, I am sure, must have relaxed, for it is no easy thing to play the everlasting watchdog.

These endless upheavals plus other worries left their mark on Mother. When she was still in her thirties her hair was snow-white, though she never lost the fresh, pink smoothness of her cheeks. Her own aging did not, I am convinced, disturb her nearly so much as the wear and tear on the household furnishings. A large part of them, especially the linen tablecloths and a great assortment of silver and china, had been her mother's. Each of our many movings, no matter how carefully we packed, took its toll of breakables, and each breaking seemed to cut, painfully, just another little thread that tied Mother sentimentally to the old country. The linens and drapes, of excellent quality, came through the ordeals in fairly good condition; even the mendings and patchings of later years did not totally destroy the original essence. The patches were like new shoots on an ancient tree; the root, the core was still there, and that—to Mother—was what mattered most. A bit of the old life had survived in the new.

The five Dresden angels caused her the greatest anguish. They were so fragile; they had none of the immortality quality of angels at all. They were made of Dresden china, and each angel had a pair of golden wings. Although none of them was any larger than a man's thumb, they were exquisitely fashioned and tinted, and very industrious. One was playing a harp. The second, an instrument that looked like—though it couldn't be—a banjo. The third, with stylus in one hand and white tablet in the other, was inscribing something which one hoped, piously, would be the Ten Commandments. What the other two were doing I have totally forgotten, yet I am positive, knowing a little about Dresden though nothing about angels, that it was something entirely orthodox.

The casualties among the angels during our journeyings were terrifying. One had lost a hand and another the best part of a foot. Little chips were missing from the others' anatomies. Each maiming made Mother sigh and shake her head mournfully. The set of little angels had been a wedding present, and she had discovered after quests in the stores of many cities that they were irreplaceable. On our last removal from Chicago to Milwaukee, Mother discovered that the harp player had lost an entire golden wing. Mother's stricken face, plus her promise of a dime if I found it, made me lug the barrel of excelsior, in which the china had been packed, to the basement. I scattered the heap on the floor, and went through it patiently. Though I worked an hour I found nothing, perhaps because a dime is really too small a price to set upon an angel's golden wing. Heaven, no doubt, has its own rigid scale of values.

THE five Dresden angels, chipped and maimed though they were, now occupied Mother's perch of honor on the parlor mantelpiece. It was during this summer that the miracle happened.

I recall that on the afternoon of that day there had been no portents at all of the wonder to come, though there were, to be sure, indications of a delightful evening. Early that afternoon I heard Mother answer the telephone, and when she had hung up she called me.

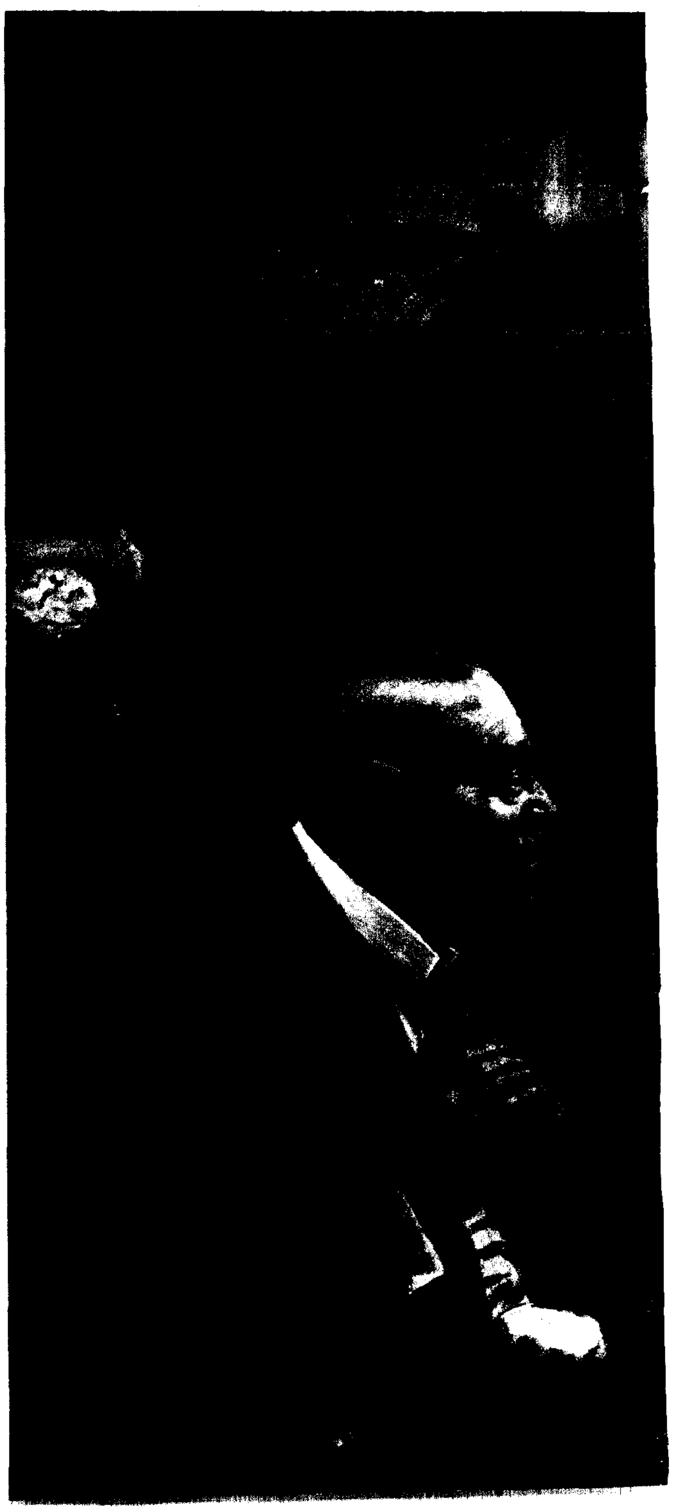
"Go into the cellar, please, Ernst, and find a sack. Then go to Steinmeyer's and see if you can buy some red cabbage. I need at least five firm heads. If Steinmeyer's have no red cabbage, then go to all the large stores on State and Chestnut streets until you have five heads."

"Five heads of cabbage is an awful lot," I said.

"Herr von Pagel is coming," Mother said simply. "He arrived in town this morning and would like to have supper with us. He is bringing everything else, but he was unable to find red cabbage because it is too early in the season, though I have seen some here and there. And that, as you know, is his *Leibgericht.*"

Fritz von Pagel and his favorite dish! The thought of the coming feast lent agility to my feet, and I dashed for the sack, remembering that great and mysterious man. He was enormous, oddly storklike with a bulging middle and long legs. I had heard that many years ago in the old country, while still a student, he and his three brothers inherited a great landed estate. The sudden opportunity for luxury after years of stern discipline went to the four brothers' heads. They bought regal furnishings and blooded horses. They entertained often and lavishly. Money flowed like sand through their fingers. Soon they had spent everything, down to the last copper. They sold what remained of their property and sailed to America. In the next twenty years one of the brothers became an important government official. Another committed suicide. A third ended as a sheepherder in Montana. And Fritz—

Well, Fritz von Pagel was sometimes up and sometimes down. He was a promoter of great real-estate enterprises. Sometimes they failed, and it was during one of his lean seasons that he boarded with us and fell in love with Mother's cooking. When his speculations succeeded, he lived flashily in the fine hotels. Yet occasionally in these grand periods he



With infinite care Fritz von Pagel placed our old sets of angels before my mother. "Herr von Pagel," she said joyfully, "I do not know how to thank you"

called on us for the sake of old times and Mother's stewpots. At the moment Fritz von Pagel must be up high. His visit tonight implied affluence, for he never came to us without hampers bulging with good things.

I found a sack in the cellar and joyfully took the trolley to Steinmeyer's. But they had no red cabbage. I went to Schultz' on State Street. Schultz had two precious heads, and he took a personal interest in my quest when I sketched for him briefly the shocking plight of a millionaire without enough cabbage to eat.

"Five heads? Well, I'll give you these two, and I'll call up Braun and Zwilling. You just wait a minute."

He came back from the phone triumphantly. Braun had two heads of red cabbage and Zwilling had one. I thanked him and dashed away. At last I had the five cabbages, large and firm and shining, and I boarded the trolley again with the sack over my shoulder.

WHEN I got home, Fritz von Pagel had just driven up in a taxi; Mother was helping him unload a heap of things. I took the cabbage into the kitchen, came back, shook hands happily with Herr von Pagel, and helped disgorge wealth from the cab. A whole, huge baked ham. A great frosted *torte* and a box of marzipan cookies. Cans of caviar, *Sardellen*, and smoked goose breast. A strong cheese, a wedge of Roquefort, and a round brown crock of *Handkäse*. A hamper of assorted fruits. A bottle of brandy and a gallon of old port. A couple of huge pumpernickels. A box of cigars.

Enough for an army, I thought. But Mother knew better. Fritz von Pagel used to board with us.

"And the *Rotkraut?*" asked Fritz von Pagel anxiously when we had carried everything into the house.

"I got it downtown," I said proudly. "Five heads. I went to three stores, for it is not in season."

Fritz von Pagel beamed at me, rubbing his hands. His shaved head, set atop great shoulders and prosperous paunch, looked like an egg balanced on a pumpkin.

"Famos!" he said. "You have done well. I have just come from a long trip out West and for months I have dreamed of your mother's red cabbage, which melts in one's mouth. So, then, here is something for you."

He fished into his coat pocket and handed me a package. There was a belt in it, made from a rattlesnake's skin. I thanked him and ran out to show it to Willie Eckhardt, who had nothing half so astonishing.

When Father returned from the office he came stamping in from the porch. "Anna," he said in pretended fury to Mother, "this is really too much. These things cannot go on. Even in the street I could smell such a symphony of fragrance, including *Rotkraut,* that presently you will have the whole neighborhood besieging us with their tongues out. And all the dogs in the world, too."

"One of the dogs is already here, Georg," said Fritz von Pagel, rising from his chair in the corner and coming forward. "Though he has the appetite of a horse."

"Ach, Fritz! This is splendid. What a surprise," said my father, shaking his hand. "Something tells me, Anna," he added shrewdly, "that with our cabbage tonight we shall have a tiny morsel of meat, perhaps."

"A whole ham," Mother said. "Herr von Pagel came loaded down like Santa Claus with a mountain of gifts. And I have asked Dolfee to come downstairs and share supper with us."

"Then," my father said, "one ham will not be enough. Ernst, my son, run quickly, buy an ox or two, and—"

"Nonsense—an eighteen-pound ham!" cried Mother. "There will be plenty. Besides, Dolfee's wife and his son have gone to Elkhart Lake for a week. He is all alone, and I thought—"

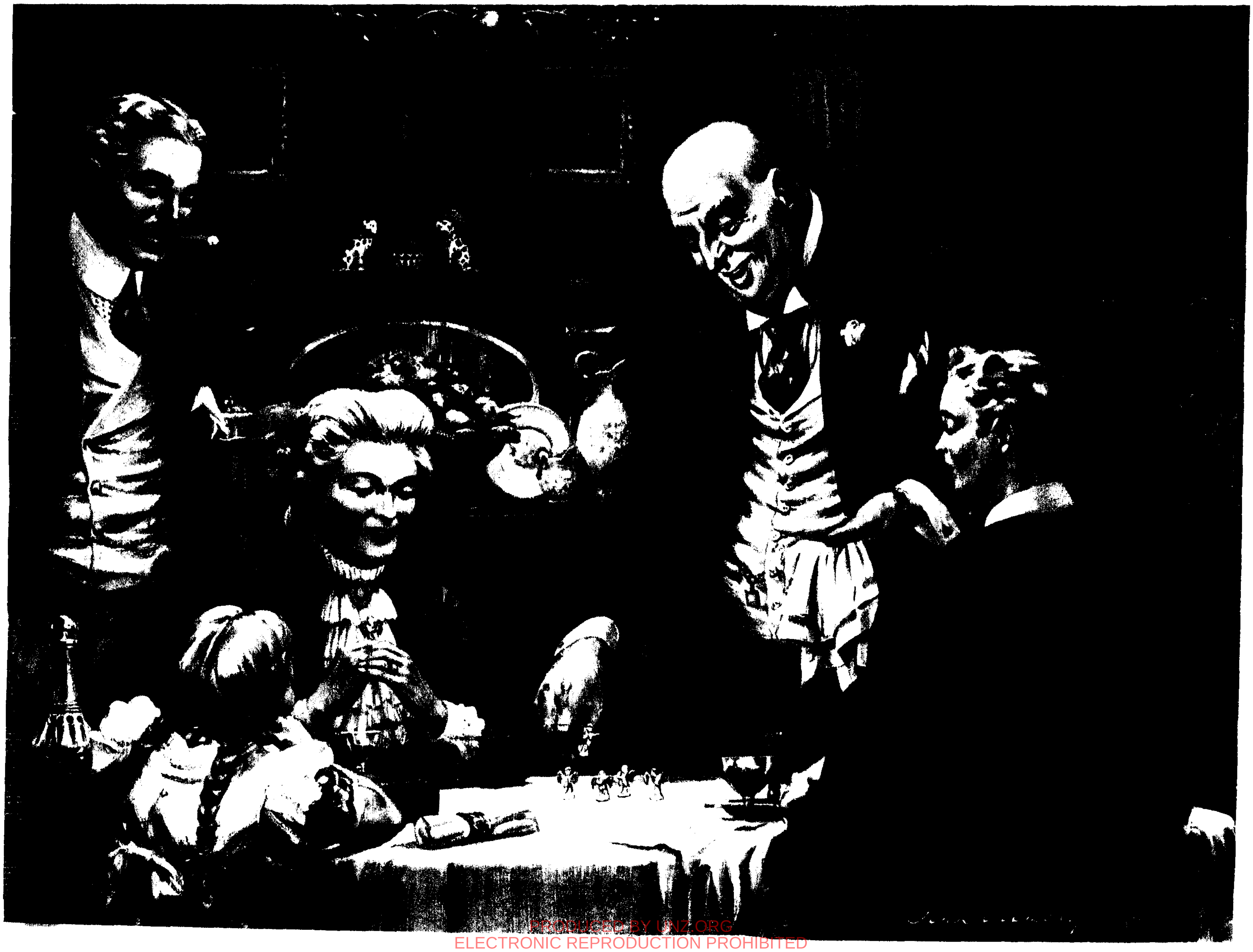
Fritz von Pagel groaned dismally and said, "Say no more, Frau Meyer. Maybe if you search the cupboard you can find a dry crust or two to save me from collapse. I shall gladly starve myself for the sake of that lovable devil, Dolfee."

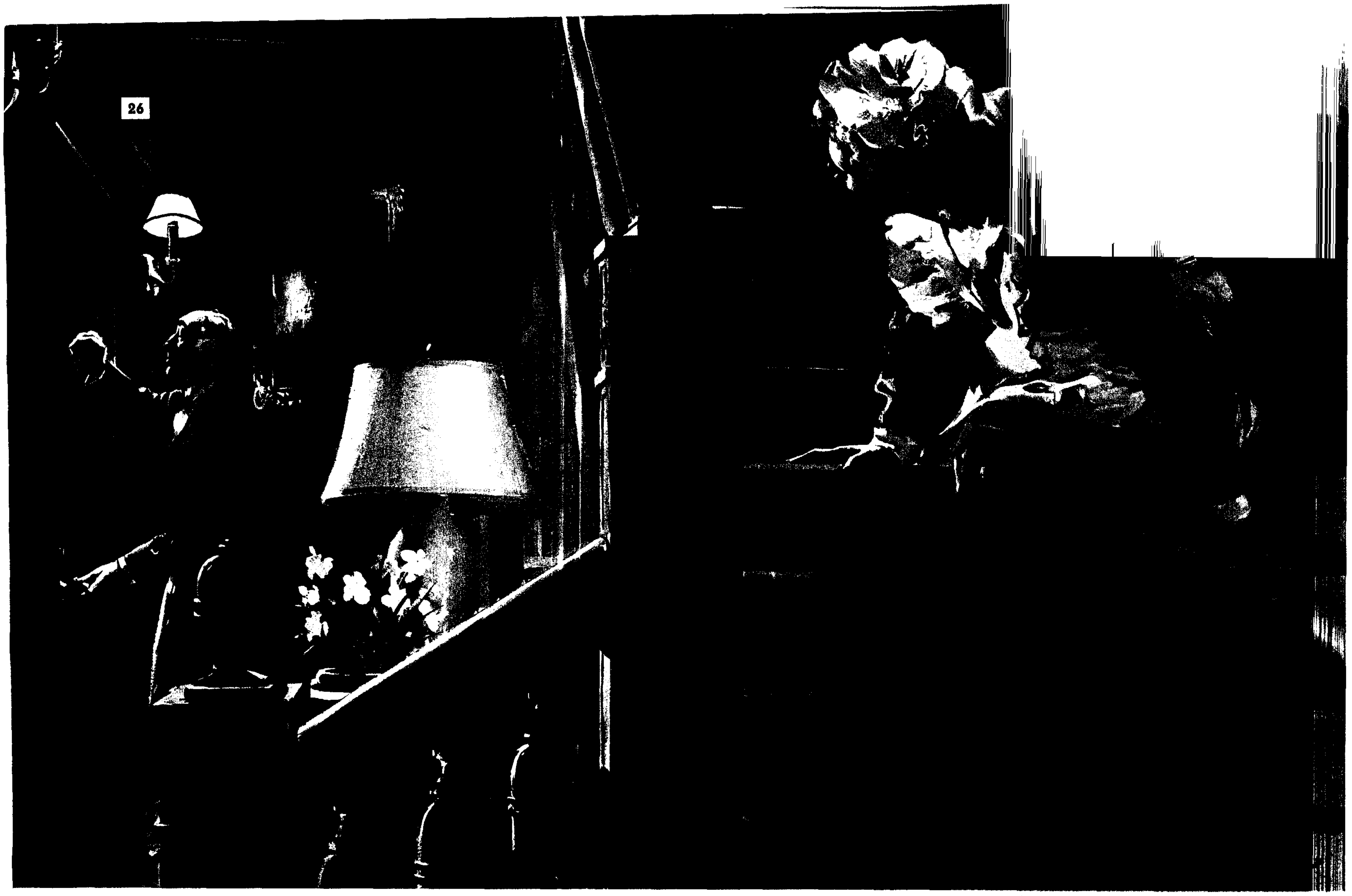
"And who is it that takes the devil's name in vain?" said Dolfee, who had come quietly down the back hallway steps and into the kitchen. "Well, well, Fritz von Pagel. What a happy reunion! And unless my nose fails me, your *Leibgericht* is simmering nicely on the kitchen stove. That divine aroma, Anna, wafting up the hallway, made me realize suddenly that heaven is not a throne room but a kitchen, and all the cherubim are chefs."

The men went to the front porch for a sip of cognac, a rare treat in our home, while my sister Else and I helped Mother set the table. We used the very best linen tablecloth, a thing of glory from the old country, with only one mend in the middle, which could be neatly concealed by the centerpiece of fruits.

"And napkins for the guests from the lowest drawer in the bureau, the good ones," Mother ordered. She struggled with herself for a second, and added, "You can put a clean napkin in Papa's ring, too."

(Continued on page 45)





I passed Mr. Groves on the stairs to my room. Then hearing him knock on Charlotte's door, I sat down and waited to see what would happen

MAN RUNNING

CONTINUING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLIGHT FROM THE NOOSE

BY SELWYN JEPSON

The Story:

One night in London CHARLOTTE INWOOD, beautiful and wanton wife of wealthy JOSEPH INWOOD, rushes to the house of her newest lover, JONATHAN PENROSE; her dress is covered with blood. Frantically she tells him she has just murdered her husband. Desperately in love with the woman, Jonathan goes to her house and takes steps to make the murder seem the act of anonymous housebreakers. However, on leaving the scene, he is recognized. Chased by policemen, Jonathan literally runs into EVE GILL, the "I" of the story, who is in London attempting to sell a valuable Rembrandt painting which her crusty and eccentric parent, COMMODORE GILL, had talked her into stealing from his stingy sister-in-law.

On an impulse, and because they are both outside the law, Eve drives Jonathan to the Gill home in Kessingland and hides him on the family yacht. She is suspicious of the story he tells, rightly suspecting that Charlotte had an accomplice and is using the love-blind Jonathan quite ruthlessly.

Already growing fond of Jonathan, Eve drives back to London where she manages to scrape up an acquaintance with a detective on the Inwood case named SMITH. Returning to Kessingland, Eve finds that the Commodore has taken the yacht to Holland, where he plans to sell the painting. Jonathan, whom Eve had fitted out with seaman's papers, has jumped ship—apparently unable to bear the thought of being so far away from Charlotte.

Having found out from Detective Smith that Charlotte's maid is leaving the supposedly grief-stricken widow, Eve calls the maid and arranges to interview her. Eve's plan is a daring one. Signing her own name to a letter recommending the services of a mythical lady's maid, "Dorothy Simpson," she packs her bag with plain clothes and sets off once again for London.

III

I RANG the bell marked VISITORS of Number 4 Cary Gardens and stood there; it was like the moment when the dentist's secretary comes into the waiting room and you know you are next. I occupied myself by looking at the broken window through which Jonathan had thrust his elbow. There was no one to interfere with me. The outside police guard was no longer on duty, and although there were two or three sightseers passing the house slowly, the reporters seemed to have given up, or had not yet come back from lunch.

A policeman opened the door. I addressed him in a confident tone.

"My name is Simpson," I said. "I've come to see Miss Good, from Miss Gill. She telephoned this morning and arranged the appointment."

"Miss Gill?" he said. "That's all right." He eyed me carefully just the same. The old black suit and the somber hat I had bought provided him with an innocent-enough picture. He stood aside and I was in the hall with the grandfather clock which had marked the fatal minutes Jonathan had spent in the house.

"Mrs. Inwood's maid is in the basement sitting room," said the policeman. "Through that door there, down the stairs, first room on the right."

I walked the length of the hallway, past the wide staircase which led upward to the first floor and Charlotte, in seclusion after her emotional storm, avoiding people, and keeping the police at a distance just in case they asked her any uncomfortable questions. This door on my right would be the room where she killed her husband, and where Jonathan had worked so efficiently to disguise the fact. . . .

Yes, I was inside now, at the heart of the thing, almost one of the small group intimately concerned in the drama. Almost. It depended on Ellen Good.

I opened the door of the servants' sitting room with just enough of a conspirator's air to startle her. She had pleasant eyes, and I knew at once that it was going to be all right.

"Ellen Good?" I started off at once. "I'm sorry I had to deceive you a little on the telephone this morning, but we had to get past these silly policemen. I'm from the London Mirror."

She was even more startled. "Oh, my goodness! Madam said on no account to talk to the reporters."

"I don't want you to. That's not our idea at all. It's Mrs. Inwood I want to talk to. And I want to be the first. We're prepared to pay for help. This morning I said I was ready to pay your wages for a few weeks' holiday, which it's only right you should have after the shock you've suffered."

"It isn't only the murder," said Ellen Good. "She's quite enough to make you want a holiday. I feel I never want to maid another woman as long as I live."

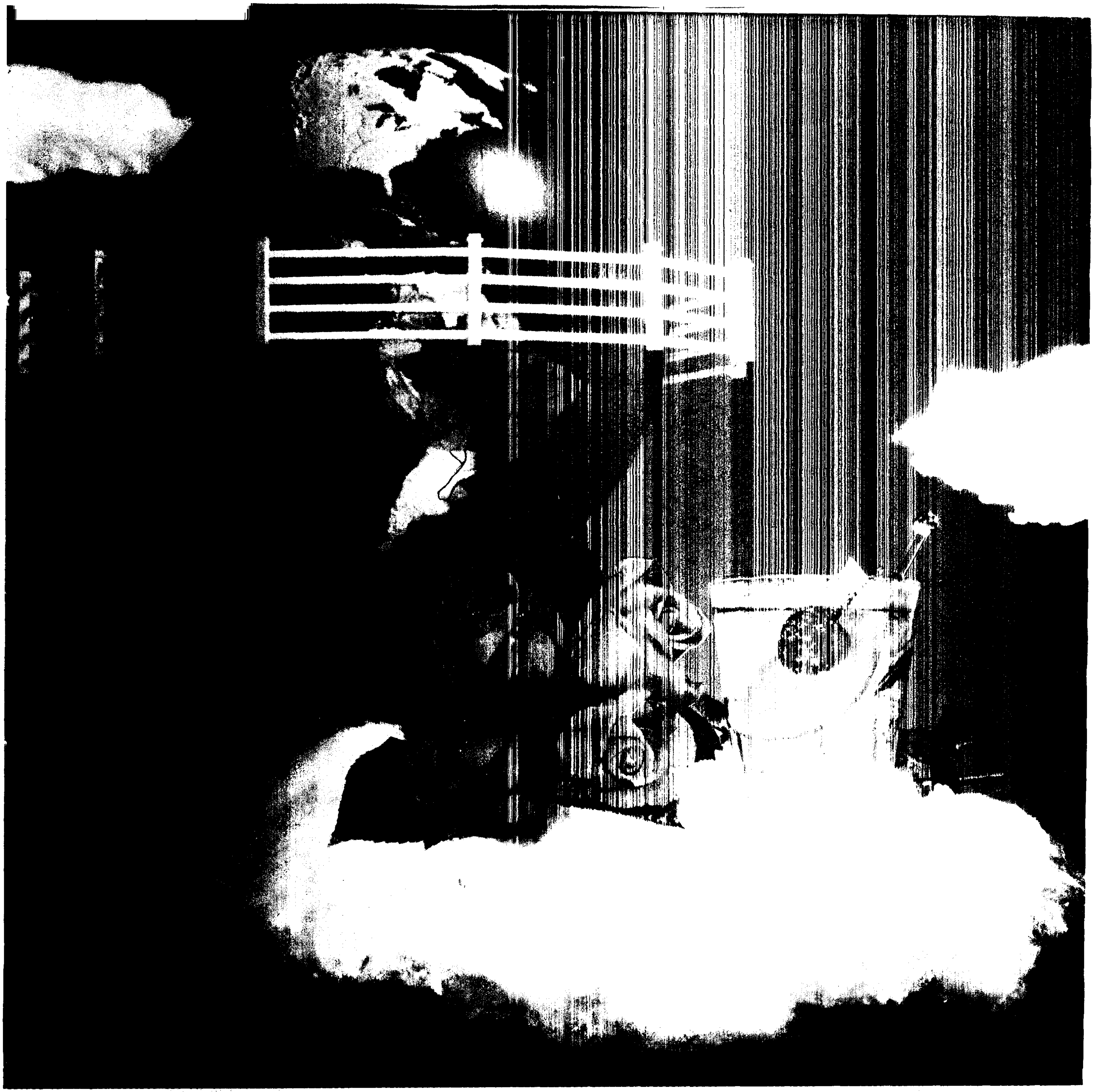
Her eyes were on the four five-pound notes I had taken from my bag. I put them in front of her.

"To get an exclusive story of this kind we don't rely just on an interview. One only gets their angle. We want our own—mine. And we've thought of a way to get our story, if you'll help a bit."

"It depends," she said cautiously. "I won't do anything wrong."

(Continued on page 53)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



How to make two wishes come true

THE FIRST wish—the world with a fence around it—is easy. Here it is.

The second wish—a cocktail as gloriously flavorful as a Four Roses Old Fashioned—is next to impossible to make come true... *unless you make your cocktail with Four Roses.*

For, only by endowing your Old Fashioned with the distinctively mellow and delightfully *different* flavor of Four Roses can you achieve the perfection which places this cocktail in a niche above all other Old Fashioneds!

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Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old; 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York City.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

DEMON FROM THE DOLDRUMS

BY FRANK L. HARVEY

Spawned in the quiet of the dold[illegible] to moan, then to roar with insane [illegible] hurricane, a whirl[illegible] lurches westward, [illegible]

ACME

As the twister approached, winds of nearly hurricane velocity whipped the trees and surf of the bay-front residential district. Miami got set for the storm

ONE day last fall Florida was suffering from the worst case of hurricane jitters it had experienced since the 125-mile-per-hour killer flattened Miami in 1926.

A big twister had been spotted in the Caribbean and was boring in on the mid-section of the state, where $150,000,000 worth of little green oranges, tangerines and grapefruit clung precariously to the trees. As everyone knows, there is a very limited demand for green oranges the size of golf balls, and if the wind hit as advertised, that Florida gold would never reach Northern breakfast tables.

But that wasn't all.

This hurricane was no midget. It was the kind you read about in books by Nordhoff and Hall—a real stem-winding, breech-loading hellcat. It had been cooking for nobody knew how many days in the lower Caribbean and now—while it was still 500 miles offshore—Navy reconnaissance pilots reported the winds had reached 125 miles an hour. By the time the storm hit the coast it would be whistling Dixie and maybe lugging a couple of million tons of sea water in the giant suction cup under its evil "eye."

In the morning, reporters arrived and began putting out the feverish word. One enterprising gentleman of the press flew into the center of the whirlwind and broadcast a play-by-play description of its antics. If anybody entertained hopes that we were dealing with something less than a jet-propelled whizzeroo, the broadcast laid them to rest.

"Listen to her bellow!" the newsman shouted. "From where I sit the ocean looks like frothing milk. I can't even hear the engines. Frankly, friends—I'm scared stiff!"

This made people on the Florida west coast feel just dandy—particularly the citizens of Tampa—for the Weather Bureau followed immediately with an announcement that the hurricane was headed straight for that city and would arrive about midnight.

Tampans promptly dived for cover. Two thousand folks on Davis Island in Tampa Bay slammed their storm shutters in place, grabbed the family heirlooms and took off for high ground. All sorts of wild rumors began to circulate. The hurricane had jumped to 200 miles an hour, had lifted a large fishing boat out of the water and carried it several miles through the air. A mammoth tidal wave had been sighted which would sweep fifty miles inland. The death toll would certainly reach at least 50,000 by morning.

As night fell, Tampa braced itself for the worst. The town was jam-packed with doctors, nurses, state troopers, national guardsmen, salvage gear, jeeps, sulfanilamide and canned soup. Every Floridian who amounted to anything was present, except Governor Caldwell, and he was issuing hourly benedictions over the Tallahassee radio.

And then, as the hands of Tampa clocks crept to the zero hour of midnight and citizens gnawed feverishly at their fingernails, the hurricane hit—with all the devastating force of a lightly thrown cream puff!

"The tropical hurricane," mumbled the radio self-consciously, "has reached Tampa Bay. It is not so violent as was expected. The wind velocity is 50 miles an hour."

To call this announcement an anticlimax is an understatement. The people of Tampa felt very much as a boxer might feel if he climbed into the ring expecting to meet Joe Louis and discovered Baby Snooks in the opposite corner.

Nobody will ever know exactly what happened to the "powder-puff hurricane" of 1946. At four o'clock in the afternoon it was roaring like a million tigers, but by midnight it was meek as a kitten. That's how it is with a hurricane. You can never tell. The savage killer that ripped into Miami in 1926 was practically the twin of the Tampa twister—eight hours before it arrived. But the Miami hurricane didn't fade out. It literally tore the city to pieces, killed 450 people, seriously injured 5,000 more, caused $85,000,000 in property damage and left 20,000 persons homeless.

Most Terrible of All Forces

No other force in nature can rival the power of a tropical hurricane. Floods, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions rolled into one can't match the destruction that these whirling juggernauts have left behind in their age-old forays on land and sea. At peak velocity a tropical twister builds up 1,000,000,000,000 pounds of pressure. Shortly after the Bikini test, W. J. Humphreys, retired U.S. Weather Bureau official, computed that a full-fledged hurricane generates more energy than 1,000 atom bombs exploding simultaneously!

The blast that hit the Florida Keys in 1935—the most vicious wind ever recorded in the Western Hemisphere—blew all wind gauges away, but scientists estimated by formula that it was traveling more than 200 miles an hour! The '35 blow sliced off everything in its path like a giant razor—trees, light poles, houses, railway tracks, bushes—everything. As a newsreel man described the aftermath on the following day: "All we found of the houses were bare spots on the ground. There wasn't even a matchstick left!"

Where do the big winds get started? Their principal spawning ground is that vast stretch of windless water, known as "the doldrums," which lies in the Atlantic Ocean between the Cape Verde Islands and the West Indies.

All through the blazing summer the doldrums glitter like a mirror under a peaceful sky. The cries of sea birds carry for miles in the equatorial hush and scarcely a breeze ripples the glassy sea. And then, in autumn, an ominous change occurs.

Yellow cloud mountains boil up on the horizon. Haze films the sky and the sun glares through it, sullen and red. Sudden thunderstorms fill the air with moisture. And then, high aloft on the edge of the stratosphere, a nervous wind begins to blow. The incubation period is past. The spawning ground is ripe to hatch its deadly eggs.

Over thousands of square miles of lukewarm ocean a column of moist heated air begins rising—slowly, lazily—leaving behind a partial vacuum into which cooler, heavier air sluggishly pours. The wind aloft tugs at the updraft, washes it away, and more air rushes to take its place. The column has become a giant invisible chimney, greedily sucking atmosphere from miles of empty ocean.

Now a delicate pressure—the pressure exerted by the earth in its rotation—gently nudges the southern wall of the chimney. Rising air molecules begin to twist, to move in a slow upward spiral which quickens of its own momentum. Gradually the spiral draws tighter. The swirling air begins

(Continued on page 79)

INTERNATIONAL CRAWLERS

QUARRY THE INDISPENSABLE

• In quarry pits all over the world, rugged, powerful International Diesel Crawlers help produce one of civilization's indispensable materials . . . *limestone.* They move millions of tons of it to shovels, conveyors and loading ramps. Because Internationals lead in dependability, durability and operating economy, men who move the earth ask for more and more of them each year.

Just as limestone is *indispensable* to the industrial arts, to agriculture, to construction, to our way of life . . . power-packed Diesel crawlers and engines are *indispensable* to building and maintaining the physical foundations of our civilization.

You'll find International Crawlers working in cities and towns, on the highways, in the forests, mines, oil-fields . . . wherever heavy work needs doing. And they do this work at ever lower cost to you, your neighbor, your city, your state and the nation.

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Hear James Melton on
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Quarrying Florida Limestone

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL ***Industrial Power***

Looks Like an Early Frost!
JEEPERS, JANE! EVERY TIME I TRY TO WARM UP TO YOU I GET THE COLD SHOULDER! WHAT GIVES ANYWAY?
JOE, YOU'D FREEZE UP, TOO, IF YOU HAD TO TELL A PERSON ABOUT BAD BREATH! WON'T YOU PLEASE ASK YOUR DENTIST, HONEY?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
THERE'S GOOD NEWS IN THE AIR TONIGHT! NO FROST FOR THIS ROMANCE IN SIGHT!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

AFFAIR'S END

Continued from page 15

had, and never knowing there could be more, now felt the keenest regret for an excitement she now understood she had missed? She knew nothing about Jim Daniels, nevertheless he had touched her with his discontent, tearing her own illusion of contentment apart.

She was motionless and uncomfortable and seemed to run a temperature. She had lost her security, she had lost her way and was confused. There was a feeling in her—such a strange, chaotic and eager feeling—that some great thing was to happen; yet her mind, always practical, warned her that this was only an illusion. People got tired, even of security and pleasant routines; they rebelled and dreamed of a world full of wonders. But they always came back to what they had. She told herself this, but couldn't make herself believe it. Her thoughts were restless and vivid; heated images flashed through her mind. Her body felt heavy and strange. She was afraid of herself.

SHE woke with excitement, she sang a little in her shower, she brought a gay mood to the office. It was as if she were living on her toes, looking forward; she was happier than she remembered being in a long while, and now, to keep her eyes on Jim, she found herself going through those little evasions and subterfuges that other women used on other men. He was restless throughout the morning, he made his frequent trips to the water cooler and she sensed—because she wanted to sense it—that he was actually aware of her. But he ignored her, and as the afternoon wore on, her feeling of some good thing about to happen wore away and she grew irritable at him and at herself. Indecision rocked her back and forth; she thought herself foolish and inconstant and she decided she had misjudged him entirely yesterday; he wasn't interested in her. . . .

Shortly before five he came to the water cooler again and paused there for his drink, and again looked through the window with his abstracted manner; and then with a brusque swing he left the window and came directly to her desk. She drew a deep breath, every short-tempered impulse fading before the return of a sweet and keen excitement. She had visualized this scene and had decided how it ought to go. She would be casual, she would go on with her typing for a moment, she would look up to him with her courtesy smile. It didn't go that way. She lifted her head immediately and dropped her hands to her lap, so obviously waiting for him. The smile didn't come; she couldn't bring it to her face.

He tried to keep his voice down, but she noticed the unsteadiness in it: "Would you have dinner with me?"

"Yes."

"Tonight? I could pick you up about six thirty. I know where you live."

"Yes," she said and, knowing the office would be watching this scene, she looked at her copy work with a simulated impatience, hoping he was subtle enough to understand it. He gave her a casual nod and turned away. She bent forward to read what she had typed and for a moment she couldn't bring her attention to it; she had to use her will power not to look across to Gordon's office. At five she got out ahead of the crowd; she didn't want to meet Gordon.

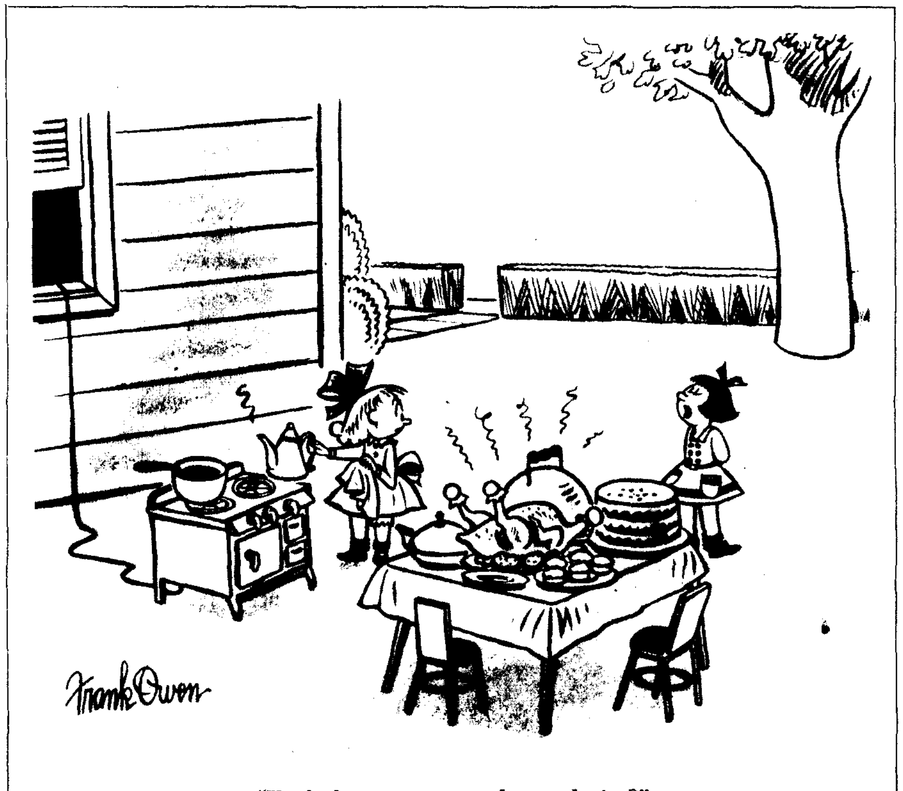
She had only a half hour in which to bathe, dress, put a comb through her hair and to take care of her nails and face. She worked swiftly, with the coolest of purposes to arouse this man. He was a challenge to her, he put her on guard, he summoned up in her the most powerful desires to please him, to match him, to be equal to whatever danger or goodness he might offer her. It was another hot day, yet she felt no weariness and when the buzzer sounded she went quickly to the door and opened it.

There he stood.

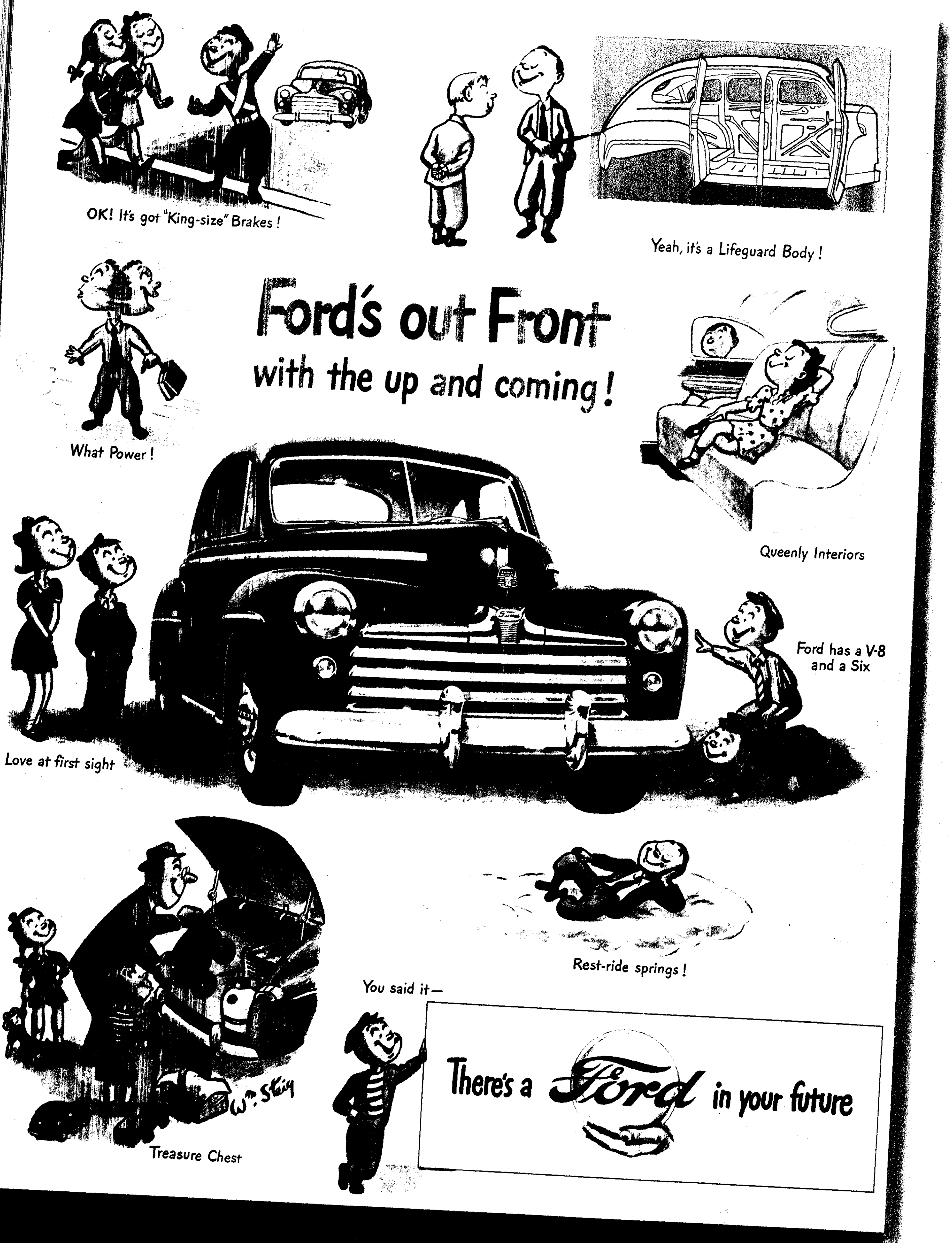
"Would that restaurant out by the river be all right?"

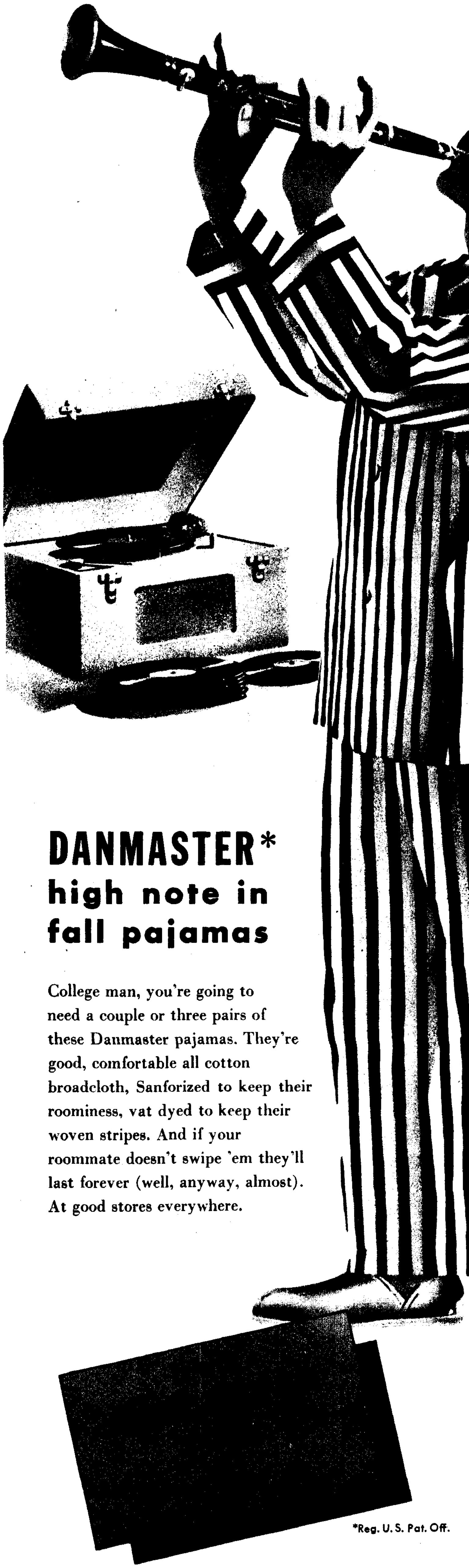
She said, "I'll get my hat," and left him in the doorway while she went into her bedroom. She started to put on the hat before her mirror, then changed her mind and carried it back to the living room and stood in front of him while she adjusted it. She said, "Is it on straight?"

He nodded and watched her with a straight-on inquisitive interest, and she got the strongest feeling then that he was a far quicker man than he seemed—that his mind caught the subtleties. She knew she attracted him and she knew he liked what he saw. He showed it. He took her arm and turned her out of the room and



COLLIER'S "Yeah, but can you make mud pies?" FRANK OWEN


OK! It's got "King-size" Brakes!
Yeah, it's a Lifeguard Body!
Ford's out Front
with the up and coming!
What Power!
Queenly Interiors
Love at first sight
Ford has a V-8
and a Six
Rest-ride springs!
Treasure Chest
Wm. Steig
You said it—
There's a Ford in your future



DANMASTER*

high note in fall pajamas

College man, you're going to need a couple or three pairs of these Danmaster pajamas. They're good, comfortable all cotton broadcloth, Sanforized to keep their roominess, vat dyed to keep their woven stripes. And if your roommate doesn't swipe 'em they'll last forever (well, anyway, almost). At good stores everywhere.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

closed the door behind her. "How do you manage to look so well, after such a day?"

"It can be arranged, if it seems desirable."

"That encourages me."

"I have the idea you don't need encouragement."

They got into his car and drove through the town's condensed heat and its heavy, ill-tempered traffic. They turned down to the river road and idled along it, with the cool breeze from the water coming upon them. He said, "The office is a gossip mill. I was afraid I might embarrass you when I stopped at your desk. Did I?"

"No. But if you were bothered about it you could have called me on the phone at home."

He said nothing for a short time. She turned to look at him and noticed he had his attention fixed on the road, that his expression seemed again to take him a long distance away. She had never thought him a handsome man; he was of the rough and direct sort, she guessed, who valued the deed more than the reason and who probably had too much impatience to care for long thoughts. Yet in profile he revealed a trace of uncertainty; he seemed to be both aggressive and doubtful.

"No," he said, "I wanted to do it openly. There's Gordon."

The shock came back and little streamers of fear traced out her nerves; the keen excitement had returned. He had thought about her, and wanted her to know how much he had thought. She looked down at her folded hands and wondered if she were ready for any of this. She sat quite still with her wonder, with her own gentle scheming.

He turned in at the tavern built at the edge of the river and found a table on a porch overlooking the water. The sun had fallen over the hills, the early shadows of the river were changing from a misty lavender to an opal gray along the willows. They ordered, they had wine, they ate.

"This is comfortable, Jim."

"I tried to think of a place you might like," he said. "It's all been carefully planned. I worked it out at the water cooler."

"Oh," she said. "Then I'll have to ask the usual question. Why me?"

He made a small gesture with his hands, shaping up a thought. He had been quiet, with no great amount of expression on his face. It was, in repose, a hard face to read. Now he relaxed and she saw the beginning of a smile, and the flash of deviltry in his eyes. She said quickly, "No, never mind."

"I don't think there's any answer to this man-and-woman thing," he said. "I turn around, I look at the office, I see you—and then there's nobody else. I've seen many women's hands. They mean nothing. I see yours and everything I've ever thought about women seems to be there, in your hands. What shines out of you and makes me want to cut in on Gordon? What comes across the space between us? Nobody knows, Margaret—but there it is. I feel it. I hope you feel it."

"If you hadn't seen me," she said, "there would be another woman somewhere—and you'd see in her everything you wanted to see. You'd just transfer all this to her. There's no such thing as just two people meant for each other, world without end."

"Then you don't feel you and Gordon are the only two people?"

She looked down. She was angry at herself and she avoided the question. "It could be something else, too, Jim. We've nothing to go on. We don't know each other. This—this sort of thing—is much too fast."

THEY said very little else during the meal, but her lifted spirits carried her wonderfully on—the well-being, the impact upon her whetted senses of all the flavors and sounds about her, the healthy thickness of emotion. She was alive, she was hungry, she was gay—knowing nothing of the end of this, and not at this moment caring. They went back to the car and drove idly along the dark roads winding through the hills. They talked in shortest phrases, and long pauses ran on and none of the talk seemed to come from anything that had been said before. They reached a high clear meadow overlooking the city and drove to the edge of it. He said, "Is this all right?"

"Yes."

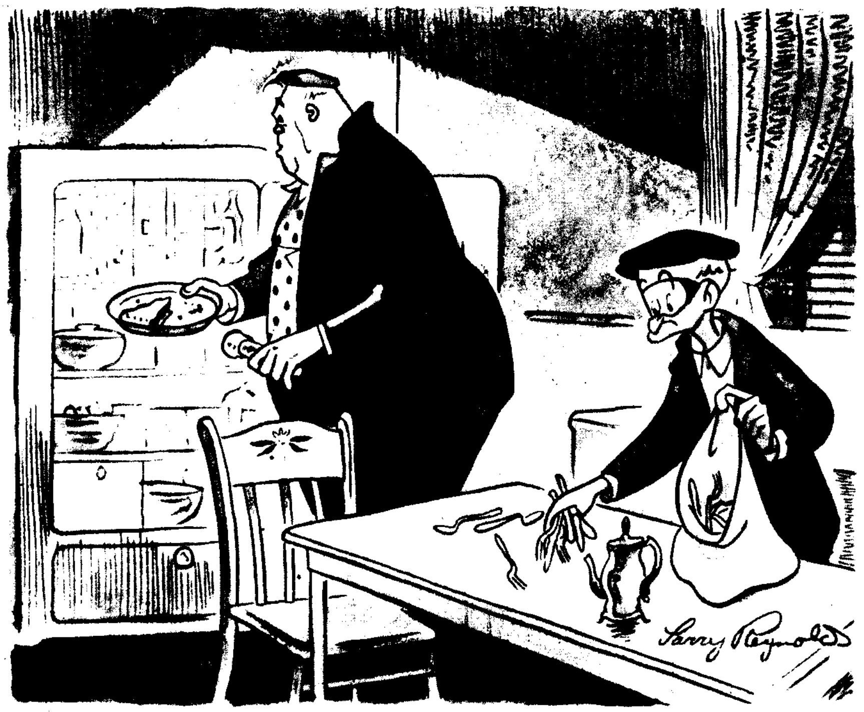
He snapped off the ignition and headlights and settled back. He got out his cigarettes and offered them to her.

She shook her head, and he put the pack away, forgetting that he had wanted to smoke.

He said, "I'd like to kiss you."

She had looked forward to this, too. She had thought she would sit long still,

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I wish people wouldn't leave just one hunk. I always feel like such a heel"

COLLIER'S

Cheeselovers! here's the Kraft American you've hankered for!

KRAFT
AMERICAN
PASTEURIZED
PROCESS CHEESE

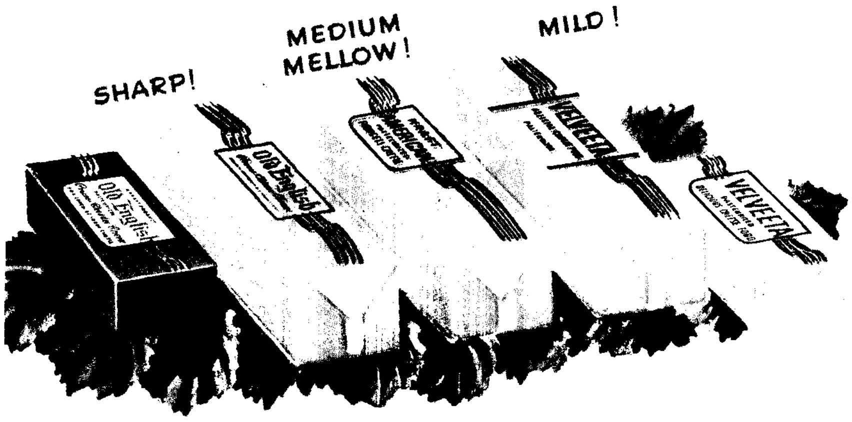
For the first time in five summers America's favorite "sandwich cheese" is plentiful. *Kraft* American with the cheddar flavor that's not mild, not sharp but *just-right-mellow!* The American pasteurized process cheese that always melts velvet-smooth!

Pack the half-pounder of Kraft American in the picnic basket. Keep a two-pound loaf of Kraft American in the refrigerator for cooking and snacks. Or, (after you've *seen* the name Kraft American on your dealer's big five-pound loaf) get sandwich-size *slices.*

This summer, cheeselovers, you can let yourselves go—have all the mellow Kraft American Cheese sandwiches you want. Have 'em cold, have 'em hot, have 'em often now that there's plenty of your favorite cheese to be had!

BROILED OPEN-FACE SANDWICH. Toast a slice of bread (crusts trimmed) on one side. Spread untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise, cover with a slice of peeled tomato, then a slice of Kraft American. Top with two strips of partially broiled bacon. Place sandwiches under low broiler heat or in moderate oven, 350°, until cheese is melted and bacon is crisp.

Copr. 1947 by Kraft Foods Company



ALL 3 GOLDEN KRAFT VARIETIES ARE PLENTIFUL AGAIN. "Old-English", the smooth-melting pasteurized process cheese with the delightfully *sharp* cheddar flavor is back! And there's plenty of the children's favorite, too . . . the famous cheese food . . . rich yet mild Velveeta. Like Kraft American, they come in ½-lb. and 2-lb. sizes. Dealers also have Kraft American in the 5-lb. loaf for sandwich-size slices.

IT'S GREAT TO HAVE A WHOLE KRAFT SHELF AGAIN

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT facing the problem and arguing over it; but there was neither argument nor delay. She turned and met him as he came along the seat; she fitted herself into his arms and raised her mouth and took the stinging shock of the kiss and felt it surge along the receiving channels of her body, and in the single detached place of her mind she heard her inner voice saying: *I hope—I hope so much.*

She wanted it to go so well—she wanted to think good of this, she wanted him to think good of it. She hung to him, her tissues soaking up the moment; somewhere a solitary warning made its faintest sound in her head. She tried to ignore it, but the sound kept on and finally she drew away from him.

She touched her hat; she reached for her purse. She murmured, "This gets pretty fundamental."

"Yes."

"I think I'm afraid."

JIM started the car at once and backed around the meadow to come upon the road. She laid her hands in her lap and the glory faded before a doubt and her thoughts, struggling back to their cool place, gave rise to a quick self-hatred. She was shallow, she was cheap. On their first meeting she had waited to be kissed, knowing nothing of what was in his mind, knowing nothing of her own lasting desires. She had been greedy and had let it sweep her away; she who had scorned the casual affairs other women sometimes talked about now found her own standards falling apart. She was angry at him for the easy way he had asked for his kiss, and at her own readiness to give it. She was shocked by her eagerness, and by the discontented wanting he left within her.

She had these thoughts all the way home; she was locked silently within herself. When he stopped the car before the apartment she opened the door.

He said, "You know, of course, I'm trying to break it up between you and Gordon."

"You're doing all right," she said. "But what do you think about? Only this sort of a thing? I mean—who does the work, who worries over the world, who believes in the things in the copybooks? Is this all—just you and I trying to fill ourselves with something for one night, trying to pretend nothing else matters ever, and that this is all right because it's us?—And that it will go on forever—one sensation after another, one delight after another, until we're dead?"

He said, "There's time later for all the tears you and I are going to shed."

"You said there wasn't time enough for anything."

"Tonight's been short, hasn't it? Any happiness is short. We're afraid of it. We think there's something wrong with it."

"Is this happiness? There must be more to it than this."

"Why do we always ask questions when it comes? Why can't we take it as it is and believe in it?"

She said, "Your mouth—there's lipstick on it," and left the car.

She brewed herself a cup of coffee and got ready for bed, and sat on the edge of her bed and drank her coffee. The phone rang. She let it ring, knowing it would be Gordon; she didn't want to hear his voice now. She put aside the coffee cup, rolled into bed and turned out the light. She tried to bring Gordon close to her. She summoned all his good qualities and she searched him for those things which had meant much to her—so much that she had been willing to marry him. But he didn't march out of the growing mist; he was unreal, he was fading, he lost force to her and became only another man. Quite unexpectedly she found her eyes wet; she had to tell him, she had to hurt him.

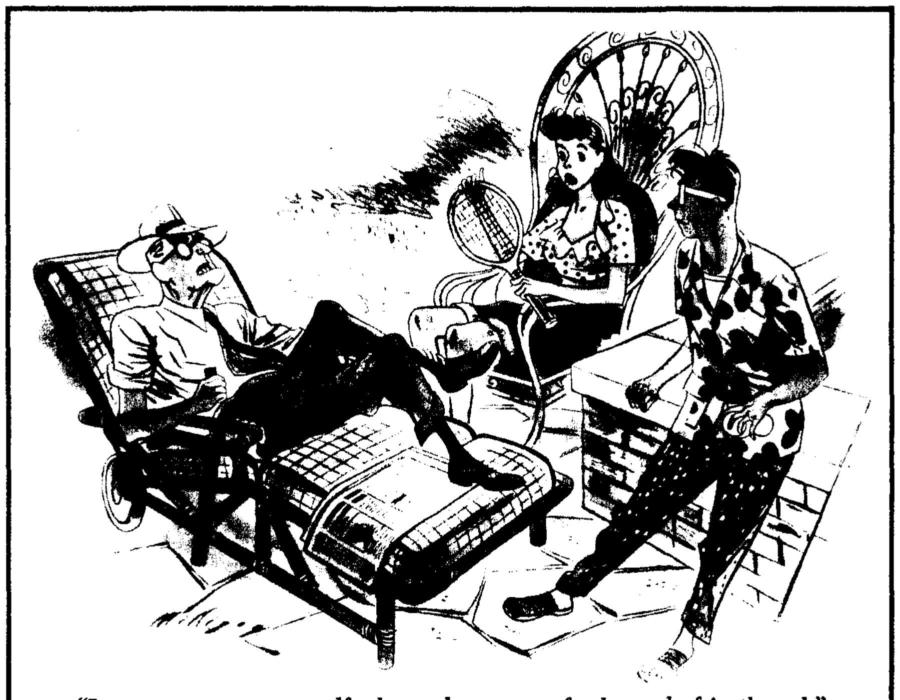
But what was to be said? She lay on the bed with tremendous things unlocked and ungovernable within her, feeling her hopes and her loyalties swinging toward a man of whom she knew so little. He had promised her nothing and she hadn't asked for anything. Lying with these strange new anarchies in her head and these new pains running through her—pains that frightened her because she waited for them and was proud of them—she wondered at herself and didn't know herself.

Gordon came to her desk somewhat before twelve. "Lunch?"

"Where?"

"I'll meet you at the Dorchester in twenty minutes."

He was in the lobby waiting for her with his smile and his nice courtesy, but there was difference enough in him to be noticeable to her. She knew he felt something was wrong. They found a table in the middle of the large and crowded, noisy dining room. She noticed how neat and how precise he was in his dress, and found this a less admirable trait than it had seemed before. His mouth was smaller than Jim's, his whole face was gentler and more considerate, but when she looked at the lines around his eyes and lips, she thought she saw a dryness of sentiment, which caused her to wonder if her old loyalty to him had made her blind, or if her new loyalty to Jim made her unkind.


"I was young once myself, always been sort of ashamed of it, though"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

He said, "You look nice. What are we eating?"

They ordered and they went on with small, fencing talk. He had something to say but he waited for her to create the opportunity for him to say it. He liked smoothness, he hated to press, he had a deep feeling against immoderate display. But when he saw no easy opening, he asked his question direct:

"Is it Daniels?"

"I don't know. But it's us anyhow. I mean, for us nothing's possible now."

The food came and the waiter hovered over them a moment and went away. Gordon said, "Would you like some of this sauce on that salad?"

"No."

He said, "When did it happen?"

"Last night."

"You were out with him last night, I suppose. Could I say something, Margaret? Your conscience isn't hurting you for anything that happened, is it? If that's all it is, I don't mind. Well, I mind, but people make mistakes."

"I don't think I have a conscience."

"You've got a very good conscience," he said, with a degree of sharpness.

"I don't know a thing about him," she said, "yet if I never saw him again you and I would still be wrong for each other."

"You're entirely certain?"

"Yes. You know I'm not impulsive."

He said, "This isn't a good meal—not at all a good meal." He caught the waiter's eye and got the check and paid it. He looked over at her, much too proud to wear his feelings openly. "I'm sorry. Nobody knows about those things, do they? Is there anything I could do about it?"

"I'm so terribly sorry."

"No," he said, "I don't think you are. This thing fills you up so much you've really got no room in you to be actually sorry for me." He was tired and restless and he gave her a critical glance, trying to understand her. "Everything seemed fine," he said. "It just went on as far as I could see. It would have been wonderful." He made several small lines on the tablecloth with his thumbnail and stared at them. "How do you know you love him?"

"I don't know."

"Then what have you got?"

"I don't know that either—but it's something we didn't have."

"You're sure it's good?"

"No," she said. "I'm sure of nothing."

He rose and drew back her chair. Walking to the lobby with him she knew he would never again quite feel the full trust he once had had in her. She had meant certain nice things to him, but this raw change had come upon her and he disliked it and drew back from it. She thought: I wish it would come to him—then he'd know. She stopped in the lobby and quite unexpectedly she got an impression from him that gave her self-confidence and took away from her the feeling of being adrift. It was such a brief thing, but in that flickering of a moment she saw on his face a preview of what he would be when old—that smiling, courteous expression of a man looking upon a world he didn't understand, feeling no heat, remote from passions he never had experienced. She turned from him quickly.

She walked up the stairs to the mezzanine and along it toward the powder room. Women sat on the mezzanine lounge chairs, alone or in pairs, and as she went by them she looked at them with her deep-stirred curiosity. For whom were they waiting and what did they want—and were they strong, or weak, and what price did they put on themselves, and how lonely were they, and did they dream, or simply sit as unlighted candles, and were they afraid of what they were, or did they wait in open rebellion for the first man's appreciative eye?

There were two girls in the powder room, and one of them had taken too many cocktails. She was a pretty girl with a milky skin and a soft face that would soon be fat. She stood by the long mirror, slightly swaying, and she stared at herself and cried in small whimpering gusts. The other girl was politely exasperated. "My God, Betty, put a cold towel on your face. I can't take you home this way."

Margaret got out her compact and lipstick; she watched the crying girl with her deepest interest.

The crying girl said, "I don't care if I don't go home."

"Yes, you do," the other girl retorted. "George will say I got you into this and he'll give me hell."

"The apartment's stinkin' hot," said the crying girl, "and there's nothing to do and all I've got to look forward to is cook dinner, and he'll come home tired and if I want to go out he'll crab at me, and we'll go to bed and lie there and hate each other. Don't do it—don't ever do it."

"Put a cold towel on your face."

"I mean it. A girl traps herself. I'll be old and sloppy in a couple years. I thought it would be wonderful. Well, it's not. You'll get fooled too. Love at first sight—you know there's no such thing. You know what fools you, don't you? Don't let it—don't ever let it."

"You're a tramp. Get yourself together. I wish I'd never brought you."

"I'm not a tramp."

"You're a tramp. Put a cold towel on your face."

Margaret left the room. It was such a silly scene, this girl and her crying jag. But it wasn't really silly. Actually it was a tragedy.

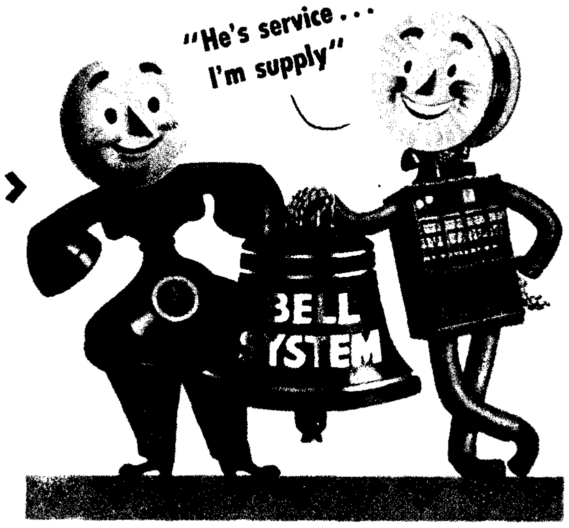
She was back in the office promptly at one and worked steadily at her desk through the afternoon and had no impulse to look toward Gordon's office; she whose thoughts had been so loyal to him, who had waited for his glance, who had thought of him possessively and had wanted to be thought of by him possessively, no longer cared. That allegiance was broken. She found herself wanting to look toward Jim's office window, the impulse angered her and she was glad to go home at five o'clock.

IN HER apartment, cooking supper, she wondered if a woman were a magnet swinging toward the strongest iron. That was a hard thing to believe, for it meant that no woman would ever be fixed but would always be swinging. She ate her meal, both legs folded beneath her on the alcove seat; she was loose and sloppy in her house coat and she felt free. Well, it was more than freedom from a bond; it was more like a freedom to choose, to be herself. It was strange what self-respect came out of this break. She didn't need Gordon and maybe—and she thought of it with a livelier interest—she didn't need Jim Daniels. The little crying girl could be right. It could be a trap that a woman walked into because she dreamed that passion would bring every other necessary thing with it.

She washed and put away the dishes. She walked idly around the apartment, picking up things and putting them away. She looked at her clothes in the closet, she washed out a pair of stockings, she found a magazine and settled herself into the stuffed chair. She tried to interest herself in the magazine but presently she became aware of the street noises rising to the window and of the loudness of the electric clock's ticking. She laid aside the magazine and looked about the room and suddenly fear went through her with its painful sharpness. She wasn't free. She couldn't be free. She was tense, she was waiting for the phone to ring.

It was the house buzzer that rang. She walked to the wall and lifted the receiver and heard Jim's voice come over the line

Putting a telephone in for you ...a sample of teamwork by these two ››



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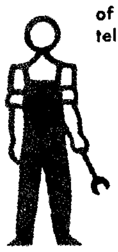

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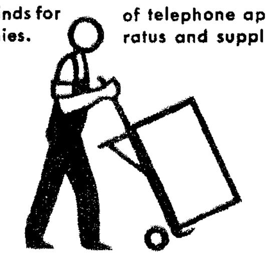

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with its fuzzy unnaturalness. "I took a chance," he said. "Come for a ride?"

She said, "Wait ten minutes and come up."

She was excited again and the same rapid scheming came to her; she dressed, she touched up her hair and her lips. She stood before the mirror and stared closely at herself as she made her small last changes. She walked to the middle of the room and stood there with so many puzzled, candid thoughts running back and forth through her head. I'm confused, she thought. I've lost my way. How can I know what it is I'm going through? Does anybody ever know?

She opened the door for him when he knocked. He stood in the hall and seemed something like a stranger who doubted he was at the right address. He gave her a close glance, and for a moment he reminded her of herself—the same need in him, the same rebellion, the same wonder. He passed her and stopped in the room and looked around. His voice was entirely matter-of-fact. "It's a nice place."

"Sit down."

"I thought," he said, "we might take a ride. It will be cool."

"We had a ride last night."

"Have we got a rule against two rides?" he asked.

"Look," she said, "I don't know you. You make me a terrible woman. You touch me and I break up with another man overnight. I can't help it, but what are we to call that sort of thing? I don't even know what you're after—I don't know if you're honest, if you want me for one day or forever. I don't know, yet I threw over a good man. I don't like myself, Jim, and I don't like you. What can we be proud of? We're just hungry people kicked around by something bigger than we are and it's making fools of us. If you can do this to me now, maybe another man can do it a year from now, and I'll ditch you as I did Gordon. I ought to send you away."

HE WATCHED her with his intent steadiness. An expression moved over his face and lighted his eyes for a moment and he turned and went to the window; he took hold of the cord on the Venetian blind and idly switched the shutters up and down. His back was very broad and he recently had been to a barber, the new edge of his scalp white against the otherwise brownness of his neck. "What are you afraid of?"

"It's too much, too strong. It came too suddenly, it knocked me over. Where are all the nice little things—where's the security—where's the faith we ought to have in each other?"

"You want it proper and right," he said. "You want the copybook rules you asked me about last night."

"Everybody does. Even the wildest people wish they had the copybook rules. We've got to break it up, Jim. You've got to keep away from me. I won't be pulled down into something."

He still had his back to her. He spoke in the slowest and gentlest way: "I want the same things, Margaret. I want them right. Everybody walks along in the dark. It's like a black night. We bump into one another and slide by. Nobody sees anybody. Then I touch you and something warns me to reach out and I lose you." He turned around. "How many trips do you think I took to the water cooler before I had will enough to come to your desk?"

She looked at him with full surprise rushing through her. "You're—afraid, too?"

"I was," he said. "It came along too fast for me—just as it did for you. We're so skeptical nowadays, so damned educated and smart that we don't believe love comes like that. We think it must be something else and we suspect the worst. We put a funny name to it and we make it look bad."

The answer was so simple, the awareness of it so instant and so complete. She was in his hands and at his mercy; but so was he in her hands and at her mercy. She smiled, she believed in him, she believed in herself. She touched him and was sweetly insolent with her confidence. He was nice—he was decent. She said, "Do you suppose everybody goes through this? Is it the way it always happens?"

"You ought to know. You had Gordon."

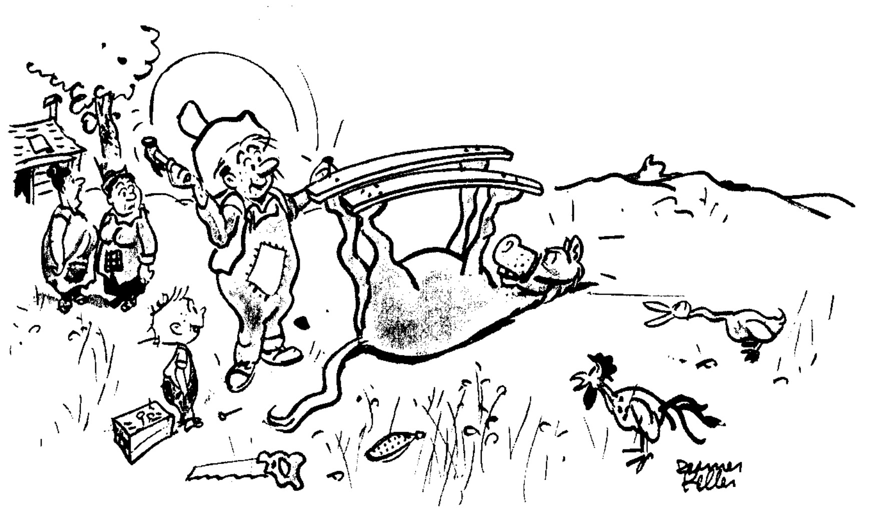
"Oh, no," she said. "It wasn't like this—never. It was like a warm quiet day. This—this is pretty rough."

"I know," he said. Then he smiled and he said something that went through her and left its warm glow and bound her to him completely. He said it with the same softness, almost with a reluctance. "It's real. That's what makes us afraid it isn't so. It's the way people dream it ought to be, a way they don't dare believe it will happen for them." He moved toward her and looked down. "Is this all right now, Margaret?"

"Yes," she said. She was impatient to be kissed, to go tumbling along that violent stream again. Everything got so complicated when people tried to tear simple things apart—things as natural as the tide rolling in. He hesitated, so anxious not to be misunderstood; he knew he had shaken her in a way no other man had done; the knowledge of it was so clear in his eyes. He was proud of it, and proud of her, but he was placing a discipline upon himself because of it.

She said, "We can talk about it later, Jim," and made a small motion with her shoulders, restless at his delay, and making it clear that she was waiting. When he put his arms on her she had a swift and passing thought: How wonderful it was to walk through storm, and to come out safely.

THE END



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BALLANTINE ALE

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

BROTHER JAZZ

Continued from page 13

"Irrelevant, inconsequential, and incompetent as evidence," Hostetter said.

"He still has two dollars in his pocket," Bix said.

"A point for the defense," Hostetter said.

"He makes forty-five dollars a week and we can borrow all but his room rent," Bix said.

"Reprieve granted," Hostetter said.

They lifted me back over the bridge and set me on my feet.

"Give us the two dollars," Dave said. I handed it over and we went back to the ten-for-a-dollar place and split twenty beers among us.

We ate in a self-service restaurant, where the customer paid a fee, and was free to eat anything that didn't eat him. The napkins were of good quality and rather dainty in size; we didn't buy any handkerchiefs while we were in Syracuse. Just before Christmas the band broke up; Johnny Eberhardt and I went back to Chicago; Bix Beiderbecke headed for a job in New York City.

After a Rugged New Year

I was at home for the holidays. After a quiet New Year's Eve with several thousand people, I boarded a train for St. Paul nursing a hang-over. I was rejoining Peavey's Jazz Bandits, an outfit I'd played with before.

Peavey, the perfect man, met me at the St. Paul station. With him was Johnny Lane, manager of the Arcadia Ballroom; they had a hired limousine; I got between them in the back seat and tried to shake quietly. Lane pulled out a pint of whisky.

"Better have a drink on the New Year," he said. "That is, if you drink."

"Well," I said, "I don't mind breaking a rule for a special occasion."

Sixty seconds later I was alive. I began telling Peavey about Bix.

I kept it up for weeks until Peavey finally surrendered. "I'll write and offer him a job if you'll promise to stop talking about him," he said.

"I don't want to be a bore," I said, "but what is the point in playing instruments four or five hours every night unless we have a musician in the band?"

Bix finally answered Peavey's letter. He wrote in pencil on the back of a penny post card. "I will come to work for you for $75 a week." Originally he had put down sixty-five; there was a smudge where he had erased the six, but it was still plainly visible under the seven.

Peavey handed me the card and watched me fidget. "I don't think I want him in my band," he said.

We toured all that summer through Minnesota, Wisconsin and Ontario, then took a job at the Roseland Dance Gardens in Winnipeg. Our music wasn't bad, but I couldn't forget Bix. I kept thinking of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, too, and of Louis Panico's cornet. Chicago was full of hot music; King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band was playing at the Lincoln Gardens; every cabaret on the South Side kept an outfit worth hearing.

"I think I'll go South for the winter," I said to Peavey.

"To Florida?" he asked.

"No," I said, "to Chicago."

"Remember me when you go to confession," he said. That was the last I saw of the Jazz Bandits.

Back in Chicago, I played high-school and college party dates and got work in some clubs. That summer I took a job with Wop Waller at Lake Delavan, Wisconsin. We were housed in a bowling alley converted into a dormitory; I slept in Alley 4. The food was good, the swimming was excellent, the canoes were seaworthy. It was Lazy through Dinah that summer. I never slept less or felt better.

As I packed up to leave Lake Delavan, a new idea nudged me. The college kids I had met during the summer were like me but they had a different manner.

"Who is Proust?" I asked Wop one day.

"What does he play?" Wop said.

That was it. Education was something you couldn't see, but it was there, like being able to throw a curve. I decided to get some for myself. It doesn't come in bottles, I figured, so it can't hurt me.

Back in Chicago, I went to live at the Allerton House. My brother Jim also had a banjo now and was playing club dates. We found two other banjo players and formed a quartet, doing specialty numbers with bands. One of the quartet was Herbie Kaumyer; later he changed his name to Herbie Kay, started an orchestra and married his singer, a girl named Dorothy Lamour.

Bix Beiderbecke

I started studying at the home of Mrs. Reid, a retired professor. She had half a dozen boys and girls in addition to myself; I was due at nine in the morning and I had to take a bus to get there. It was grim, but I had something to find out: Who was Proust?

I began with French, English, mathematics, and some other stuff. I never got time to do homework and I never got time to sleep. I arrived at nine o'clock with my eyelids taped. When the questions were asked, and the other students began writing their answers, I sneaked into the kitchen, lighted a cigarette on the pilot of the gas stove, and looked out of the window. "What am I doing here?" I asked myself. "I can stay home, get some sleep, and be just as stupid. This way I don't get any sleep, and I'm still stupid." But I kept going. Somewhere ahead of me was Proust.

That winter I ran into Milton Mezzrow, who was addicted to the saxophone. Mezz knew the leader of the band at Ike Bloom's Rendezvous on Randolph Street. He got jobs for both of us. It was

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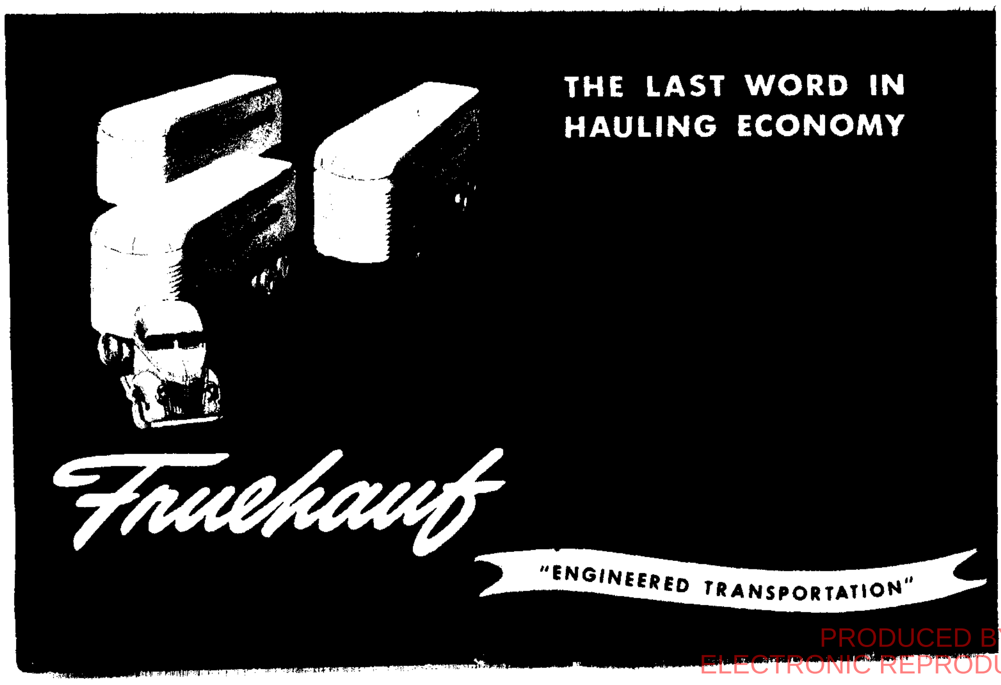

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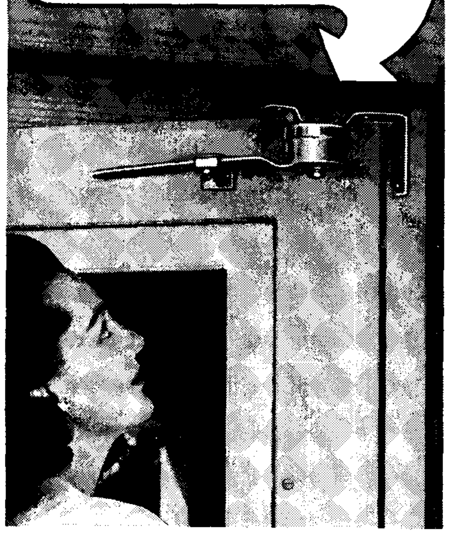

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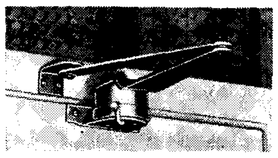

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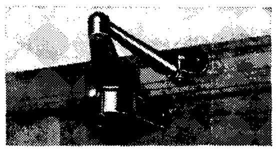

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steady and pleasant work. Everyone was friendly with the band, and the band was friendly with everyone else. We did our best to help the tone of Mezzrow's saxophone. We put cigarette and cigar butts, ash trays and damp paper napkins into the bell, but they didn't help.

Bix came to town that spring. Charlie Straight hired him to play at the other Chicago Rendezvous, on North Clark Street. Every day he walked to the Allerton House and played the grand piano. Jim and I sat listening to him by the hour, as hopped up as if we had been blown through an opium pipe. My schoolbooks stayed on the table, unopened.

One day Bix saw them. "What are these?" he asked.

I explained that I was getting an education. He looked perplexed.

"What are you going to do with it?" he said. "If you can't read music, why do you want to read books?" He sat down at the piano.

"By the way," I said, "who is Proust?"

He hit a chord, listened to it, and then said, casually, "A French writer who lived in a cork-lined room. His stuff is no good in translation."

I leaned over the piano. "How the hell did you find that out?" I demanded.

He gave me the seven-veils look. "I get around," he said.

He was having the usual trouble with his pivot tooth; it was in front, upstairs, and it frequently dropped out, leaving Bix unable to blow a note. Wherever he worked, it was customary to see the boys in the band down on the floor, looking for Bix' tooth. Once in Cincinnati at five o'clock in the morning while driving over a snow-covered street in a 1922 Essex with "Wild Bill" Davison and Carl Clove, Bix shouted, "Stop the car!" There was no speak-easy in sight.

"What's the matter?" Davison asked.

"I've lost my tooth," Bix said.

They got out and carefully examined the fresh snow. After a long search, Davison sighted a tiny hole; in it he found the tooth, quietly working its way down to the road. Bix restored it to his mouth and they went on to The Hole in the Wall, where they played every morning for pork-chop sandwiches and gin. It was natural for Bix not to get the tooth permanently fastened; he couldn't be bothered going to the dentist. It was easier to look for it.

He ran into some of Jean Goldkette's boys while he was at the Rendezvous. They were playing a prom date at Indiana University; Bix had a strong following there, led by a piano-playing student named Hoagy Carmichael. Bix was asked to go down and play the date with the band. He turned up at the Allerton House in the usual dilemma—no tuxedo. Jim and I put him together: Jim's jacket and trousers and shirt, my studs and tie. For good measure and the cool spring nights we gave him a topcoat and a hat.

A few days later he returned and brought us the borrowed articles. There was a tuxedo, complete with studs, tie and shirt. But the tuxedo was not Jim's, the shirt was not his, and the studs and tie were not mine. The topcoat and hat were also different from those we had given him.

"Did you have a good time?" we asked politely.

"I don't know," Bix said.

That spring, Bessie Smith also came to town; we went to hear her at the Paradise, a battered joint which had been slept in by everyone but George Washington.

Once I turned to Bix and said, "How do you think Bessie would sound in that cork-lined room of Proust's?"

Bix didn't hear me. He was leaning on the table, eyes glazed, listening to Bessie. His pivot tooth had fallen out. I picked it up and handed it to him.

Between midnight and dawn in those days, you met all sorts of people in Chicago. You might be sitting quietly in a speak-easy and be informed that for the rest of the evening, drinks were on the house: Capone, the owner, had wandered in, ordered the doors closed, and settled down to enjoy himself.

Drummer Too Good at Crosswords

Once Dave Tough played in a cabaret which had a clientele composed almost exclusively of baseball players, gangsters and detectives. It was managed by an ex-prize fighter named Jake, who weighed three hundred pounds and was addicted to crossword puzzles.

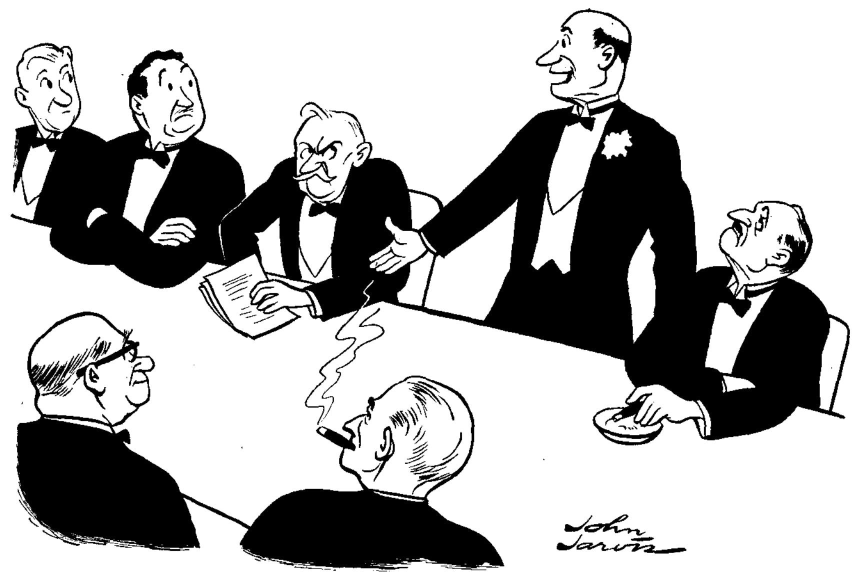
One night in the bar Dave helped him with a couple of words. From then on, Jake grabbed him every night and asked him *all* the words. If Dave got stuck, Jake would reach across the table, put his six-pound hand on Dave's shoulder, and say, "Come on, think!" So Dave worked the puzzles at home in the afternoon and went to work prepared; anything else for a drummer weighing 108 pounds would have been suicide.

One night after finishing the puzzle and grabbing a double rye at the bar, Dave was hurrying to the bandstand. An inconspicuous-looking man standing in front of him didn't move.

Dave put both hands against the man's shoulders. "Get the hell out of my way!" he said.

One of the boys on the bandstand looked at Dave with admiration as he sat down at the drums. "I guess you don't care how long you live," he said. "Or aren't you afraid of Bottles Capone?"

Bottles was Al's kid brother. Dave



"—And now it gives me great pleasure to present a man who needs no introduction. I give you James—I mean Robert Baxter—No, Braxton—Mr. James Braxton"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS

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played the set involuntarily; he shook enough to beat the drums in perfect time.

Once when Jim Lannigan was playing at the Friars' Inn, some of the Capone mob came in and took the place over for the night. The other customers left and the doors were closed; the band played, and the hoods drank.

One of them noticed Jim's bass fiddle. The bulge on its underside caught the light and made an attractive target. The hood kept looking at it, measuring the distance and cocking one eye. Finally he took out a revolver and fired at it. The bullet hit the fiddle on the seam and the whole back opened up. The band kept on playing; the hood asked Jim how much the fiddle cost, and stripped off enough from his roll to buy a new one.

In all of the joints, the bands kept on playing no matter what happened, though sometimes the drummer would hold his bass drum over his head to keep it from being smashed. Muggsy Spanier saw two people killed in front of him one night; he kept on playing but he was so nervous that afterward he couldn't remember what tune it was. His clothes were so drenched with perspiration he had to change even his shoes.

All this was educational, but Northwestern did not accept such credits. When spring came and Bix arrived, I got to Mrs. Reid's later and later, and finally I did not arrive at all. Next year, I said to myself, I will find out about Proust.

For about a year, Bix played with Frankie Trumbauer at the Arcadia Ballroom in St. Louis. Then he went to Hudson Lake, Indiana, with a combination of the best hot men from the Arcadia Ballroom and Jean Goldkette's band at the Graystone in Detroit.

Three Old-Maid Moonshiners

He and "Pee Wee" Russell, a tall, mournful-looking kid, lived in a cottage near the lake with three other guys. The place was always a shambles. The only commodity kept in sufficient stock was a local whisky, purchased in large quantities for five dollars a gallon from three old-maid hillbillies fifteen miles away.

Bix and Pee Wee were without a car. It bothered them; they couldn't visit the old maids when they wanted to. One day, having received some pay—usually they owed it all—they went to La Porte to buy an automobile. Bix found a 1914 Buick which could be had for eighty dollars. It ran around the block well. "This is it," Bix said to Pee Wee.

They drove back to the lake and hid the car in a side road. Just before starting time that night they sneaked off, got into it and drove to the pavilion. As they reached the entrance and caught the attention of the boys on the stand, the motor stopped. It refused to start; the owners had to push it to the cottage.

Next day they got it going and decided to visit the old maids. Halfway home the Buick went dead. They had to find a farmer and hire him to tow it by horse to a garage.

The car was delivered next day at the cottage. "Park it in the back yard," Bix said to the man who towed it from the garage. It never ran again. It had a fine mirror, and the owners used it while shaving.

Ten years later, Pee Wee was driving to the Coast with the Louis Prima band; he detoured to reminisce at Hudson Lake and found the cottage. The car was still in the back yard, on its wheels but groggy with rust.

Pee Wee pointed it out to the Prima boys. "I own half of that," he said.

In 1927 I was singing at the College Inn, and Bix was playing with Paul Whiteman, who had an outfit as massive as himself. Late in the fall they hit the Balaban-Katz circuit, opening at the Chicago Theatre for a week.

After the show I met Bix and took him to a speak-easy. Bix played the piano, and some of the other Whiteman boys joined in. There was some singing, too, by the Rhythm Boys—Al Rinker, Harry Barris, Bing Crosby. They were sharp-looking lads, slightly young.

One night I called for Bix backstage, and he said, "We are going to a party out in Cicero. Some big shot has invited Crosby. He is going to send a car."

The three of us stood outside the theater and waited. Finally a long, black car drove up to the curb, and we were told to get into the back seat. At the Greyhound, we were greeted with open arms and bulging hips. There was a lot of drinking and talking, and pretty soon Bix was at the piano and Crosby was singing. About the time I began to worry about internal drowning, the long black car returned and we were put into the back seat again. The guests waved us off with the same open arms and bulging hips.

As we drove along, Bix said drowsily, "Lovely party."

"Lovely people!" Crosby croaked.

After a while I said to Bix, "Remember the guy you kept telling to shut up?"

"Sure," Bix said. "Why didn't I knock him down? I'm too good-natured."

"I thought you'd like to know his name," I said.

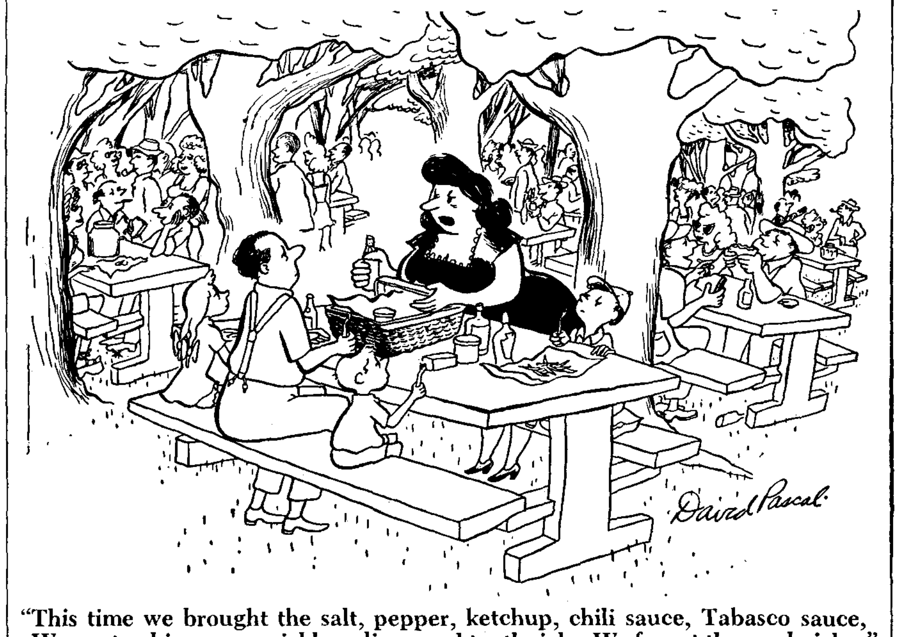
"The hell with his name!" Bix said.

"His name is Capone," I said. "Bottles Capone."

"Lovely people!" Crosby repeated.

Poor Bottles! He was always getting pushed around.

(To be continued next week)



"This time we brought the salt, pepper, ketchup, chili sauce, Tabasco sauce, Worcestershire sauce, pickles, olives, and toothpicks. We forgot the sandwiches"

COLLIER'S DAVID PASCAL

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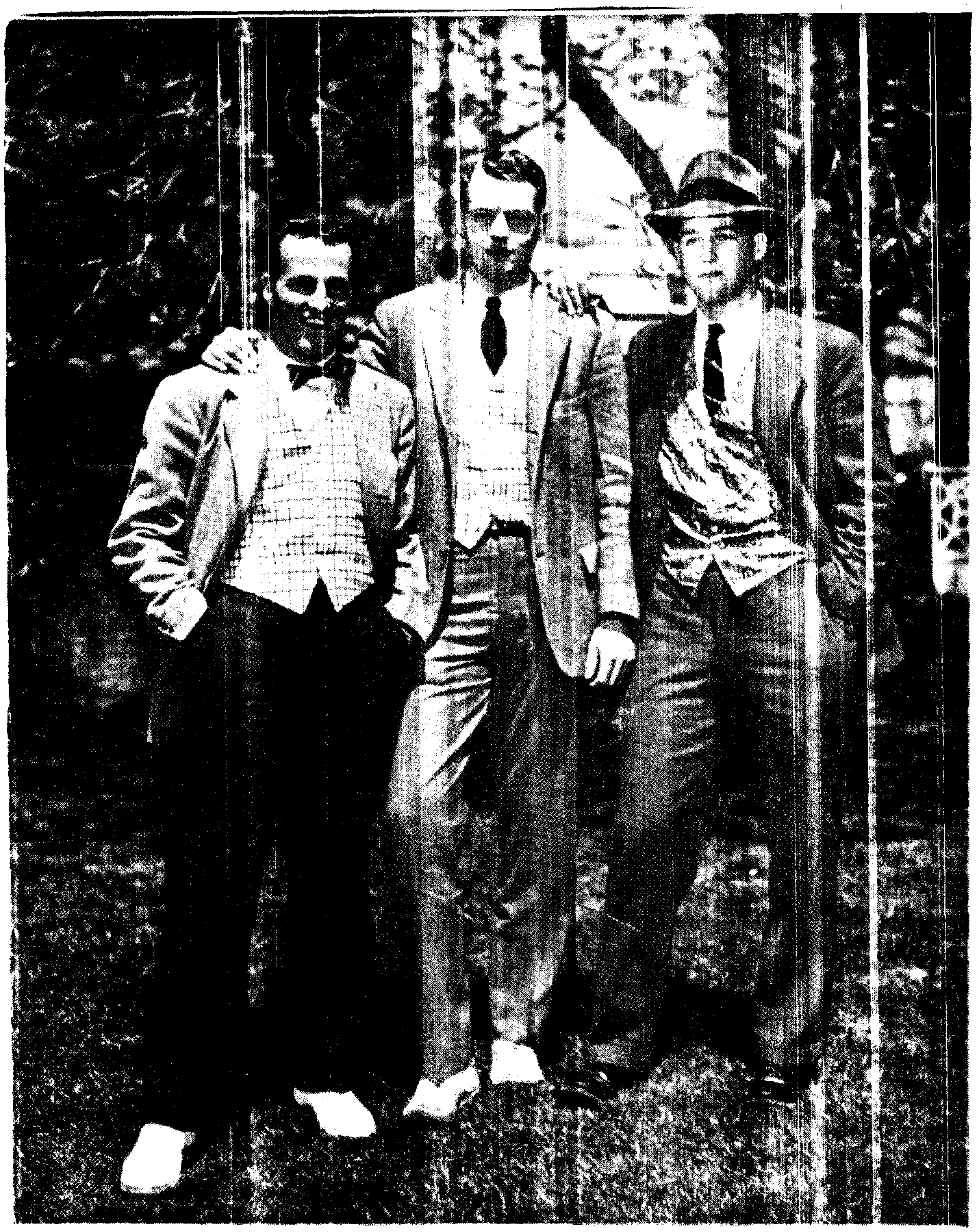
FALL GUISE

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

When college classes are resumed this fall here's what the smartly dressed student will be wearing on and off the campus



Typical university fashions are Shetland sport jackets, flannel slacks and all-white shoes. Fancy waistcoats are making their debut on the campus, worn with odd jackets, flannel suits

At Eastern colleges the single-breasted, shawl-collared dinner jacket is preferred. In the West, the Middle West and the South, students prefer the double-breasted jacket with peak lapels

WE DON'T want to be puritanical in these matters but it looks as if the boys will really turn it on this fall, and fix up like peacocks.

The uniform of our national Army was a noble garment. But it did little for the spirit. Any young man who has shuffled around in o.d.'s can be excused for wanting a sport coat that would shame the cockatoo.

Just look at these sport coats, for example—tan Shetlands in fancy weaves and stripes and plaids that blind the eye. For contrast, they will be worn with slacks in gray flannel, tan gabardine and covert. For classes the uniform is slacks, sweater (loud), wool socks (thunderous!); brogues, moccasins or all-white shoes.

When it comes to a big-time date or a week end in town, they restrain themselves out of fear and shame and stick to suits of dark blue worsteds, Oxford-gray flannels and Glen-plaid Saxonies. Then they really sink to normal with plain shirts, inconspicuous ties, regular town shoes and a snapbrim hat.

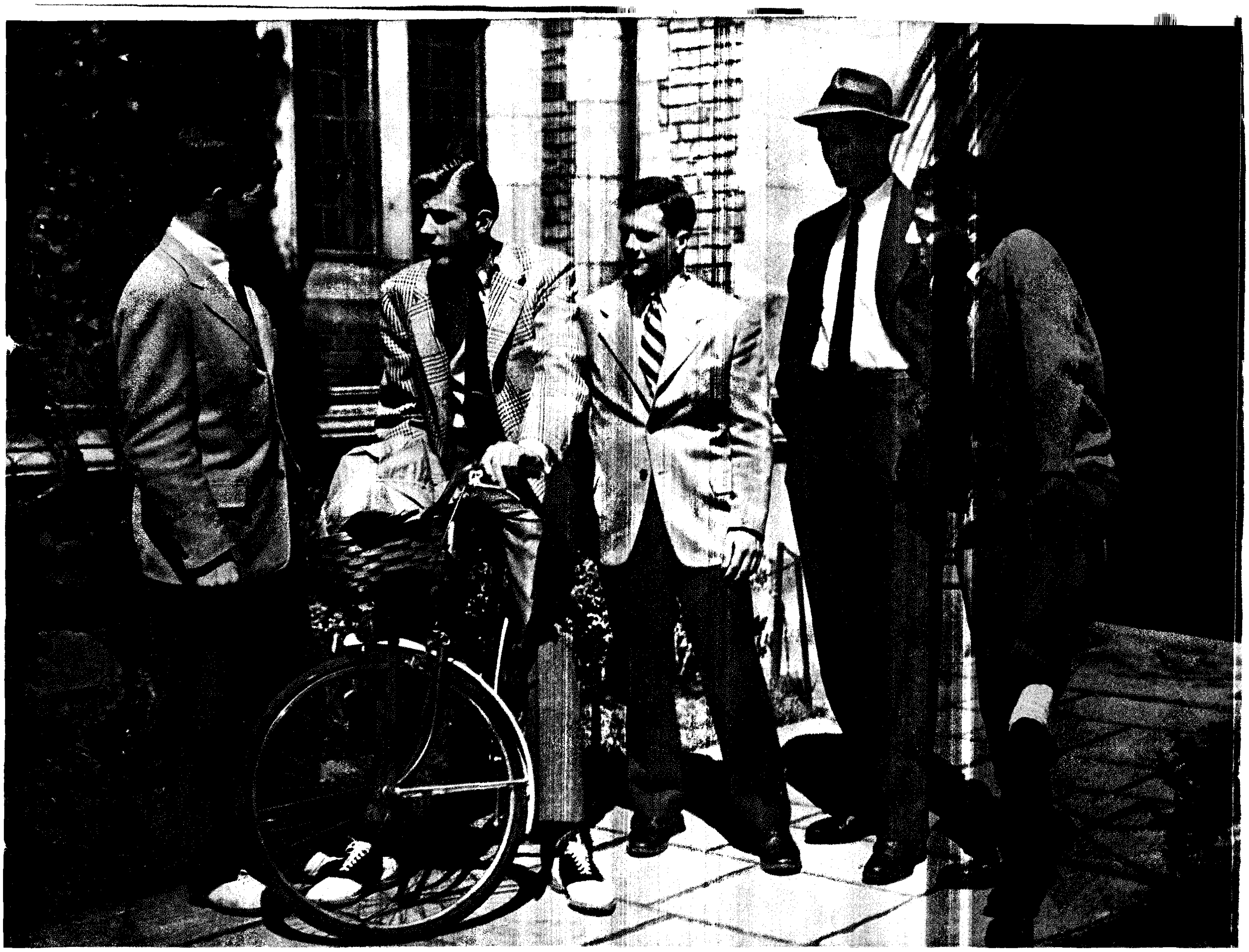
What will really amaze you is that college men's tastes differ in various parts of the country. In the East, jackets are cut long with natural shoulders, carry center vents, and the three-button single-breasted model is preferred. Trousers are narrow and cut short. Now you'd think that in the Middle West where men are thick-chested, heavy breathers they would like the narrow-shoulder business, but not at all. Out there it is the two- or three-button single-breasted coat with broad shoulders and slight waist suppression. The Southern and Southwestern gentlemen turn out to be the formal ones—cotton slacks, casual jackets, sport shirts and moccasins. And get this, will you—the East favors dark gray flannel suits, the Middle Westerners prefer medium gray, on the West Coast light gray is the thing.

In dinner jackets the East likes the single-breasted model with shawl collar, but the rest of the country sticks to the double-breasted midnight-blue model with peak lapels. Most sections prefer patent-leather Oxfords, but the dudes of the West Coast are now wearing patent-leather moccasins. At swish affairs in the larger schools, they go in for midnight-blue tail coats.

Our old friend the camel's-hair polo coat is back for a graduate college course, but you will also be seeing raglan and box-style tweed overcoats. Most popular is the "university hat," a welt-edged, snapbrim in khaki color, reminding the young men of the recent past. A shaped "campus cap" is worn in the East.

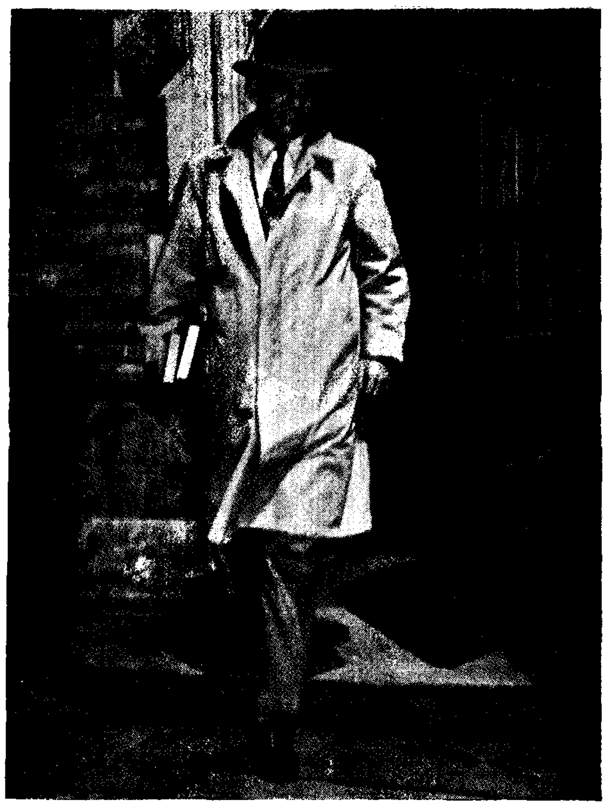
Other important items are solid-color or candy-striped Oxford shirts with button-down or spread collars, English foulard ties, striped rep ties, knitted ties in both plain colors and stripes, woolen ties in woven prints, narrow leather and Western-motif belts, wide-striped suspenders, natural-color pull-over sweaters with crew or V neck and long sleeves, heavy shaker-type sweaters, knitted cardigans and sleeveless pull-overs. Crew socks of heavy white wool are popular, but when the lads want to burn the joint up they stick to Argyle socks in colors that would knock your eye out.

The young gentlemen in the East wear a gold safety pin in their ties instead of the old tie clasp. Around their necks are mufflers of solid-color wool, preferably cashmere, and their gloves or mittens are of fancy knitted wool. Wowsie! ★★★



Left to right, brown-green-mixture sport jacket, gray slacks and white shoes; Glen-plaid jacket, flannel slacks, Argyle hose, saddle shoes and wool tie; Shetland jacket, blue Oxford button-down shirt, striped tie and brogues; gray flannel suit, university hat; cashmere sweater, covert slacks and white crew socks

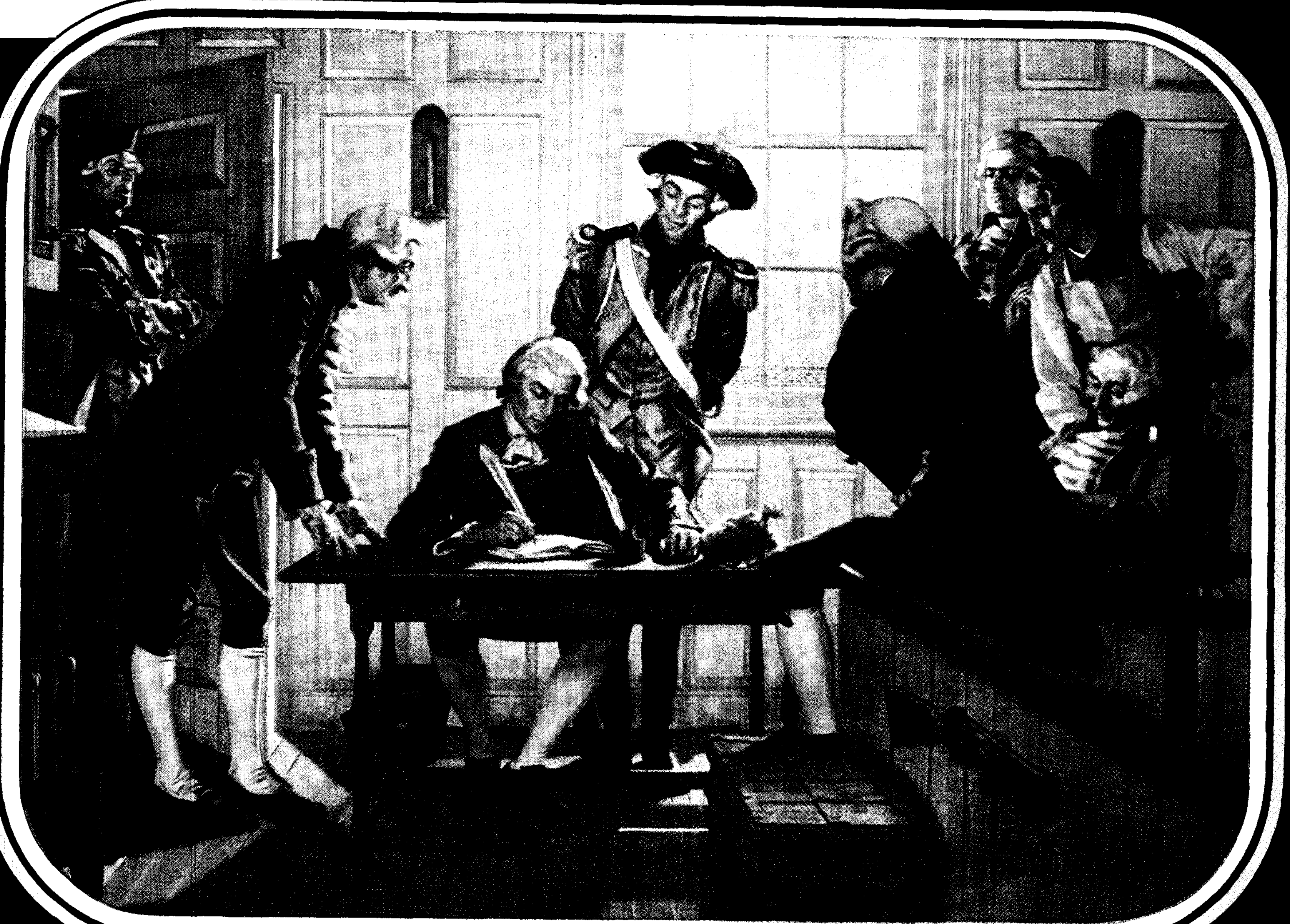
Fly-front raincoat with raglan shoulders, military collar, khaki-colored university hat, striped tie, button-down shirt, brogues



For cold weather: doubled-breasted cotton-gabardine coat lined with alpaca, carrying alpaca collar and lapels. Fine for football and general campus wear

Newest style at Eastern schools is a dark blue blazer, single-breasted with gilt buttons. It is worn with flannel slacks, white shirt, foulard tie and brown shoes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MAURY HAMMOND



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THE FIVE DRESDEN ANGELS

Continued from page 25

That supper. It lasted all evening, more than four hours. Now and then there was a pause, as Father warned:

"Das Leben ist kein Eilzug—life is no express train. We have the whole night before us. And another pot of *Rotkraut."*

"The *apéritif* thus far has been most encouraging," said Fritz von Pagel, who had just stowed away his third helping.

Dolfee, accepting another thick slice of steaming ham and his fifth glass of port, said, "We can always adjourn later for a snack at Semmel's Tavern. Say a couple of pigs' knuckles in jelly or a haunch of *Sauerbraten."*

Mother laughed, for she knew these men, and they were shining with bliss. Mother had cooked the red cabbage in two big iron pots, flavoring them with apples and vinegar and crisp bits of bacon. The bowls of the long, glistening shreds vanished one after the other. The ham was almost gone. The caviar, *Sardellen* and goose breast had been mere palate ticklers before the meal started. It was incredible, but the platters were at last empty. I did not, of course, keep count, yet I am certain that Dolfee and Fritz von Pagel had each consumed at least five pounds of ham and half a peck of cabbage. Father, never a great eater, ran third, and we children kept a big place open for the *torte* and marzipan cookies. At the very end, Mother brought pots of coffee and the assorted cheeses and pumpernickel.

Then Fritz von Pagel leaned back, lighted a cigar, and said, "When such meals are no more, men will be no more. Look at the Vikings, hearty, earnest eaters, not so corrupt and decadent as the Romans. Ah, when I read of their feats at table, my eyes go dim with sadness and my mouth puckers with desire. America is becoming a race of bean poles. Look, I have seen with my own eyes what is happening. In the big cities they are starting something new—cafeterias, they call them, and maybe you have one of these abominations even in Milwaukee. You run in line like a machine and pluck up food from the counters and shelves. And what food! Colored salads, a little leaf of lettuce with maybe a spoonful of potato salad on it. Or eighteen peas. A real man can eat half a head of lettuce just as an appetizer, a mere mouthful. On eighteen peas you cannot raise a race of rabbits, and even a rabbit eats slowly, as befits one. Such pitiful nibblings may very well be fatal, I assure you."

He stared moodily into his wineglass, then brightened. "Well, let us drink a toast to cabbages—and kings. Kings of the kitchen. And to our hostess, the queen."

THE men clinked glasses. Mother, blushing, joined the toast, before she began to clear away the debris from the big table. She gathered the empty dishes a little mournfully, I thought. Perhaps she had held some wild hope that there would be a little warmed-over cabbage for tomorrow's lunch.

When Mother rejoined us, Fritz von Pagel interrupted some casual chatter to say, "By the way, Dolfee, you said something when you first joined us that interested me. Something about heaven being a kitchen."

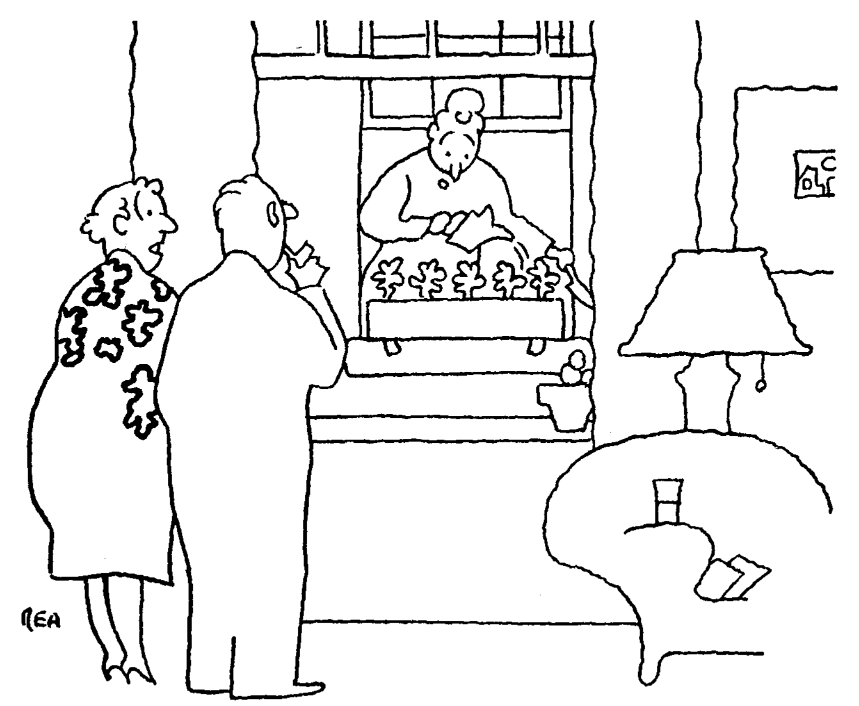
"Oh, that!" Dolfee laughed. "Just idle words about the Lord being the High Chef and all the seraphim sauce makers."

"That was it. It made me remember something." Then, turning to Mother, Fritz von Pagel added, "What I remembered was your little set of five Dresden angels, Frau Meyer. Not sauce makers, no, but clever little things, for all that. I recalled how you cherished those figurines. So tonight Dolfee's remark about angels made me wonder whether you still possessed the charming group. I prowled in your parlor and, sure enough, there they were on the mantelpiece. It was really like meeting some old friends. And what pleased me was that after all these years they are in such excellent health, so wonderfully preserved. But then, to be sure, angels are indestructible."

Mother shook her head. "There you are wrong, Herr von Pagel," she said. "If you had looked closely you would have seen they were badly chipped, with pieces missing. It was only a few years ago that the harp player lost a wing."

Fritz von Pagel opened his eyes wide. "But *lieber Himmel*, Frau Meyer, I did examine them closely. And I assure you, you must be suffering from a queer delusion. There was no wing missing. Of that I am positive."

"In another moment you will have me believe that I am totally blind," Mother said. "I shall fetch the harp player just to show you."



"I don't see how she gets her housework done. She spends all of her time in the garden!"

She got up and went into the parlor. There was a silence, then something like a little scream.

Presently Mother stood in the doorway, the harp player in her hand. Her face was bewildered.

"It is true what you say," she said in a whisper. "The wing is there. And the missing parts of the others, too—the foot, the hand. All the little chips vanished. I cannot—"

"A miracle!" shouted Dolfee. "An authentic resurrection. Never have I heard before of the resurrection of an angel. That makes it a double miracle, and I shall write a story on the heavenly magic in the Meyer home that crowned a mundane feast of ham and cabbage."

"I have heard somewhere," my father said, "that when a certain kind of lizard or salamander loses its tail, the animal promptly grows a new one. If a simple salamander can perform such a feat, surely it would be no trick at all for an angel."

Mother walked slowly over to the table and sat down. She set the tiny harp player in front of her, and the new wing gleamed bravely under the light from the chandelier.

"No. It was no miracle. Such things do not happen," Mother said, looking fixedly at the angel. "It was a little trick played by one of you here tonight, for I dusted the angels only this afternoon and they were my old damaged set. Oh, I know very well that the one who played this trick meant it kindly, and I should be grateful. Yet I beg whoever it was—please, please give me back my old set of angels."

"But this is fantastic," my father said. "I know that for many years you have searched in vain for just such another set, and now you . . ."

"I agree. There is no logic at all in it." Mother nodded. "But there is something besides logic, Georg. It is hard to explain. The five Dresden angels were a wedding gift from a dear sister. Yet they were more than a gift. They came to be a sort of daybook, a journal of our many queer adventures in the New World. Oh, this all sounds very foolish."

"Please go on," Fritz von Pagel said gently.

"Well, then, it is like this. When I look at the angels, many things come back to me, good and bad. Do you remember, Georg, when the little cherub with the writing tablet lost his foot?

"Yes, I thought you had forgotten. That was almost fifteen years ago when Ernst here was still a baby. That dreadful, hard year in Chicago. You had been out of work for months, and it was April, and your birthday, Georg, and nothing in the house. So I took one of my finest tablecloths, of pure linen, and went out and sold it. It would never be missed, I knew, for you never notice such things. And there was enough money for a decent noon meal and a small bottle of cheap wine and two cigars, my birthday gifts to you. And we tried to be festive. I will say you tried very hard, Georg. But in the afternoon when I was cleaning house and you were just sitting there, waiting, waiting, I felt a great fear. How many tablecloths were there to sell? How many pieces of silver? And the simple jewels that my mother left me? If they all went—well, what would follow later? So I thought as I went stupidly, blindly about my work.

"And it was then—oh, you must remember, Georg—that the doorbell rang, and there was the boy with the telegram. And you quickly opened it, and you cried loudly and happily: 'Anna, wonderful news! That position as editor in Dubuque is mine. And they are wiring money immediately for all our moving expenses. Anna, think of it!' And I stood there so weak with sudden joy that I dropped the little angel I was just dusting. The angel with the writing tablet. Its left foot came off, and in all the excitement I stupidly stepped on the fragment and crushed it.

"That is how it was, Georg. And ever after when I looked at that angel, even in the bad days, I felt cheered, for the memory of that happy moment came back. Well, little angel, I said to myself, it is sad that you lost a foot—but how much sadder if we had lost heart."

MOTHER stopped; her eyes were still lowered. She had spoken as if she were in some sort of trance, and I looked at her in astonishment because never before had I known her to make so long a speech.

My father patted her hand and said, "Go on, Anna."

"There is really nothing more, Georg. The memories are not all so happy. There was a day when I dropped another angel and a hand came off. That was in Denver, and I was really not to blame, for I worked in a kind of mist. It was the time our baby Meta died. . . . No, Georg, that is not a happy memory, and I do not dwell on it, but there are others, so many others. Good and bad, because that is the way it has been with us. All that I want you to understand is my silly feeling about those old Dresden angels. They have been so tied up with our lives, so much a member of the family, you might say, that it is like losing a living part of oneself. . . . Now call me a silly old woman."

Fritz von Pagel blew his nose. It sounded like a trumpet blast. "Frau Meyer," he said, after clearing his throat, "I confess it was I who played the trick, but my intentions were kind. It was last year, when I was abroad, that I chanced to be in Dresden. And it was there, in a very old shop where I had gone to pick up some trifles for my wife, that I saw in a dusty corner the exact duplicate of your set of angels. And I thought to myself: This is splendid. Those are the figurines that Frau Meyer had in Milwaukee when I boarded there, the very ones that were so chipped and broken. Someday, I know, I shall return there, and I shall perform a miracle. And I bought them. . . . Ah, what a sad miracle this was tonight! But I did not know. . . . *Gott sei Dank,* I have preserved the old ones."

He reached into his coat pocket and carefully extracted a handkerchief. In it were the chipped, the footless, the handless, the wingless five Dresden angels, and he placed them with infinite care on the tablecloth.

"Herr von Pagel," my mother said joyfully, "I do not know how to thank you. This—this—"

"This calls for a fresh glass all around," said Dolfee, reaching for the port. "And a toast to the angels, the recording angels, who keep diaries of even the little things in the lives of the humble. *Potztausend!* I am babbling like a friar of the Faith."

After the toast we all made a great ceremony of restoring the angels to their perch. Mother placed the five old angels in a circle on the mantelpiece. And around them, in a larger circle, she placed the five new angels. The new, the shining, the strong, guarding the old, the weary and battered. Perhaps that is as it should be.

THE END

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HOW TO HAVE ANCESTORS

Continued from page 17

ancestrophiles of the Mayflower Society. There were 50 Mayflower passengers who had children; they have about 90,000,000 living descendants. In self-defense several Mayflower families have set themselves apart from the thundering herd by legally proving that they are descended from *all fifty* Pilgrim Fathers. This is as distinguished as you can get in pedigree circles.

The Victorian English ran high genealogical fevers when they came into money. The record for pedigrees was scored in the 1850s by a *nouveau riche* Scots family named Cowtart. They respelled it "Coulthart" and christened their new stately home the same, so that they became the Coultharts of Coulthart. Then they hired a genealogist to get them into the next edition of Burke's Peerage.

According to his account, the family had originated in the third century, when a Roman legionnaire named Coulthardis signed a marriage contract for the daughter of a Pictish chieftain. The promising young warrior had been mentioned in the writings of the Roman historians, Tacitus, Livy and Suetonius.

From this take-off the Coultharts began begetting. One of their menfolk was an artillery captain at Bannockburn. Another Coulthart was a Royal Navy officer at the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588. So it went down through history.

Exposing a Phony Family Tree

A bemused pedant read the Coulthart epic in Burke and his brows ascended in amazement. Some time later a little book devoted to the Coulthart genealogy came onto the stalls. Among its points were: (a) Marriage contracts were unknown until the thirteenth century; (b) Tacitus, Livy and Suetonius had not mentioned any Lieutenant Coulthardis; the scholar had read all of their works to make sure; (c) Artillery was not in use at Bannockburn; (d) There was no Royal Navy in 1588. The Coultharts switched back to Cowtart and began all over again.

In America the bull market in ancestors leveled off after the female invasion of the nineties. The next high came in the 1920s. The pedigree prospectors of those bonanza days tried to sink their picks into William the Conqueror, who had a hundred million descendants by 1925. He had operated widely in France and Britain, so that scores of authenticated lineages were all ready to be plugged into the customers.

The Conqueror is still the champion ancestor of them all. Some genealogists were disappointed that they could not peddle Harold of Wessex. He had an even bigger *potential market in* the United States because he had lived in East Anglia, from which came many of the original English colonists in North America. But Harold had a fatal lack of sales appeal; he had been the English leader against William the Conqueror's invasion in 1066, and had lost. Nobody wanted a loser.

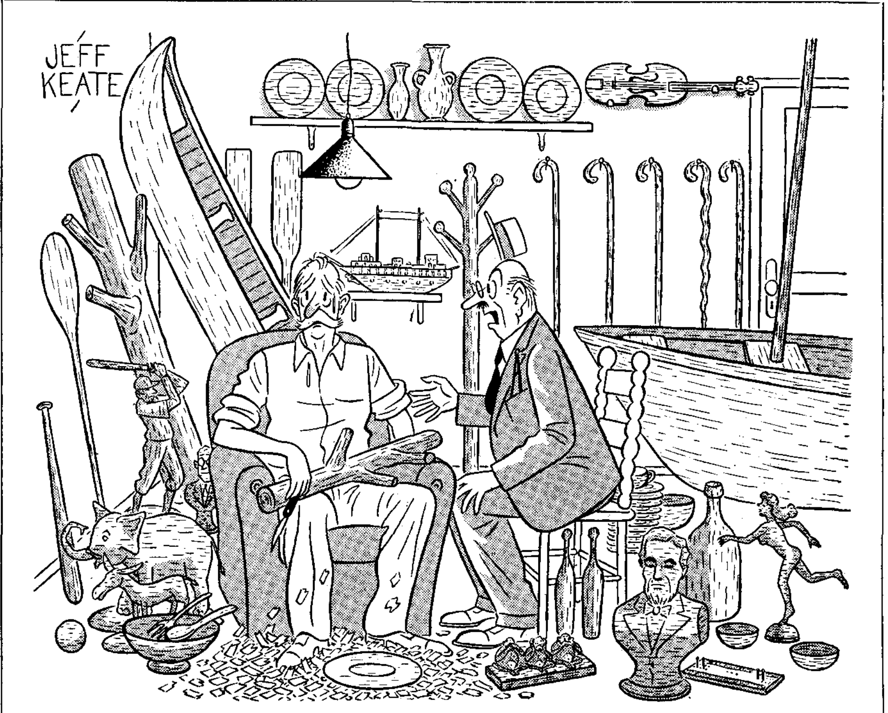
If William I is the Most Popular Ancestor, then Brigham Young is the Ancestor Most Likely to Succeed. The Church of the Latter-day Saints has the most nearly perfect lineage archives in the world in its Salt Lake City church office building. There are 5,000,000 card-indexed names which lead to files of millions of family charts.

George Washington disqualified himself in the ancestor stakes by having no children. Franklin and Jefferson had children, but for some reason or another, never became popular as ancestors.

The case of Abraham Lincoln is unique in genealogy. Lincoln has only two living grandchildren, making it impossible to crash his direct primogenital table. But thousands of people are pleased to claim distant cousinship to the Great Emancipator. This is a breeze for a genealogist. If the researcher can't splice you into the Middle Western Lincolns, he may be able to tap a bloodline running from the Linkhorns of Norfolk right into your veins.

World War II launched 14,216,097 future ancestors. In two generations it will be almost impossible to avoid being descended from the brave girls and boys of '41. By the third generation, it will take the massed research institutes of the land to prove that none of your eight grandparents served.

The most unsociable ancestor club is the Order of the First Crusade, 1096, confined to those descended from "the seven leaders of the First Crusade, 1096." A lawyer named Howard Kellogg James founded it in Alameda, California, in 1934. Up to then, the deepest dive that any group had made into genealogy was that of the Runnymede Order, a Philadelphia bunch who traced themselves from the Magna Charta barons of 1215. James crowed, "I went 119 years behind the vaunted 'Barons of Runnymede.' "



"You've been overdoing your hobby, Sangster. What you need is a business"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Eighty-three men and 154 women produced their ancestral visas and $20 to join the Order of the First Crusade, 1096. All the names on James' mailing list were direct descendants of Richard Warren, a Mayflower boy. James had traced a clue off Richard Warren back to Robert of Normandy, the frivolous Godfrey of Bouillon, Edgar Atheling, or another of the seven knights who had hightailed off to Jerusalem after they had heard Peter the Hermit preach the First Crusade.

By a literal interpretation of the Malthusian theory of population, the Order of the First Crusade should be open to about 500,000,000 direct descendants of the seven knights, or about one fourth of the human race now alive. Unfortunately Howard Kellogg James didn't have all their addresses.

Boston is the national hotbed of genealogy and the home of the trade paper of the industry, The New England Historical and Genealogical Register. At one time Boston even had a daily newspaper gossip column about the long dead and gone. Notes and Queries, a department in the now defunct Evening Transcript, was the Winchell column of ancestors. It was started in 1876 by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Here and in the agony column of the Register, ancestor hunters propounded their riddles of lineage. A recent insertion in the Register went: Mrs. Sarah (Ring) Berry was the third wife of Moses Cass, Sanbornton, N. H. Was she the Sarah Ring, born 10 May, 1738, daughter of Miriam (Jones) and Abner Ring?

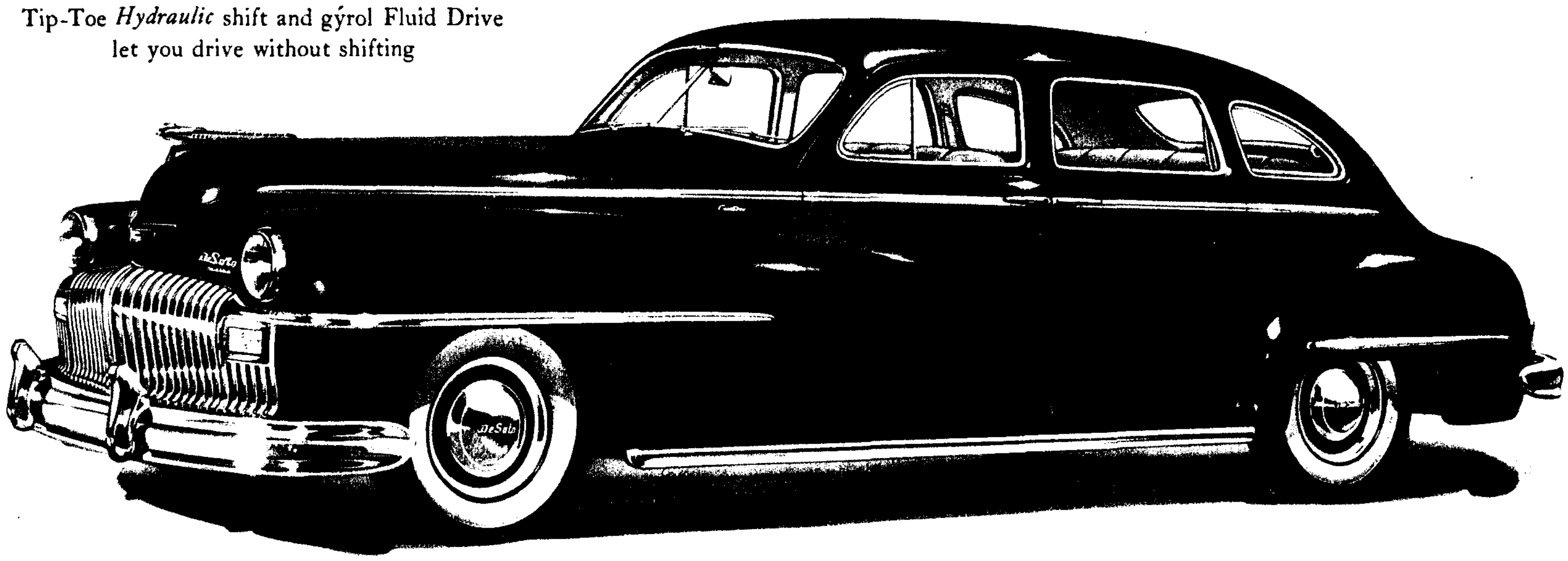
Is there a reader so hardhearted that he does not want to sing out, "Yes, that's her!" and make this advertiser ancestor-happy?

Virginia is second only to Massachusetts in pedigree collecting. In order really to matter among the first families of Virginia you should have a lineage strung all the way back to an English manor house. Revolutionary ancestry is too commonplace in Virginia. And colonial lineage has an annoying habit of originating with indentured servants or felons.

An old spoilsport named Professor Thomas J. Wertenbaker, of Princeton, got himself read out of Virginia social circles 25 years ago by publishing a book called The Planters of Colonial Virginia. Professor Wertenbaker made an exhaustive study of the family trees of the proud Virginia clans. He proved that only three present-day families in the Old Dominion are descended from English titled gentry, while three more first families originated among obscure squires.

Pedigree hunting has become too popular to escape invasion by quacks. Most professional genealogists are honest researchers, but the patent-medicine branch of genealogy is busy peddling prefabricated family trees. The common commercial practice is to advertise a list of common English surnames; if yours is among them, write in for your pedigree. You get a booklet which may or may not be the chart that fits you.

If your name is Lee, for instance, the odds are astronomical against getting your correct genealogy. The Lees are no family at all, but a vast crowd of people descended from several thousand unrelated English Lees. Lee, or lea, means "meadow" in old English. When Englishmen began to adopt surnames to accommodate a sixteenth-century law that parish records were to be kept of births, Just ask the first DESOTO owner you meet what he thinks of his new car. He will probably say, as did the sweeping majority in a national poll, "De Soto is the best car I ever owned, *regardless of price.*" Drive a new De Soto yourself and you'll know why.



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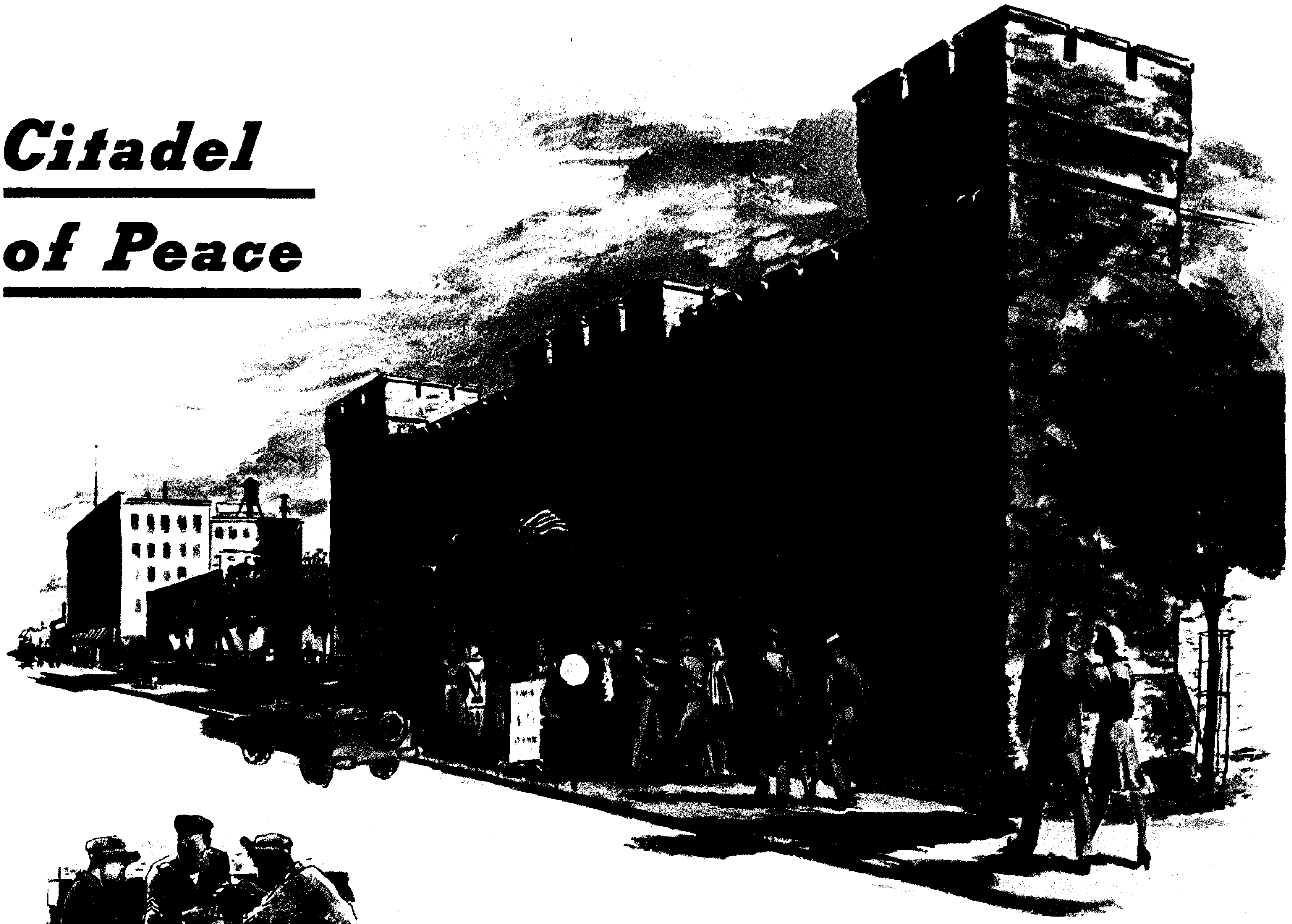

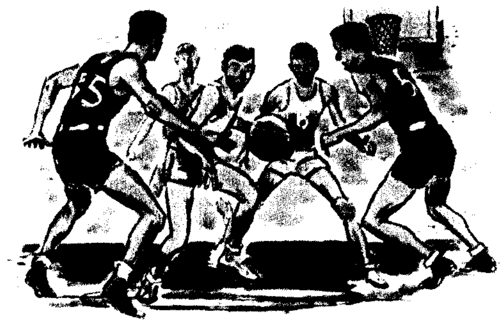

No old-world fortress, this—rather a meeting place for free Americans. It is an armory of the new National Guard.

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Yes—all this is the National Guard Armory. Its great bulk may seem grim like some castle of long ago, but its welcome mat is always out. For it is *your* Armory, *your* headquarters—and a symbol of the strength of a great people.

Listen to "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, Wednesday Nights, ABC Network.

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The National Guard

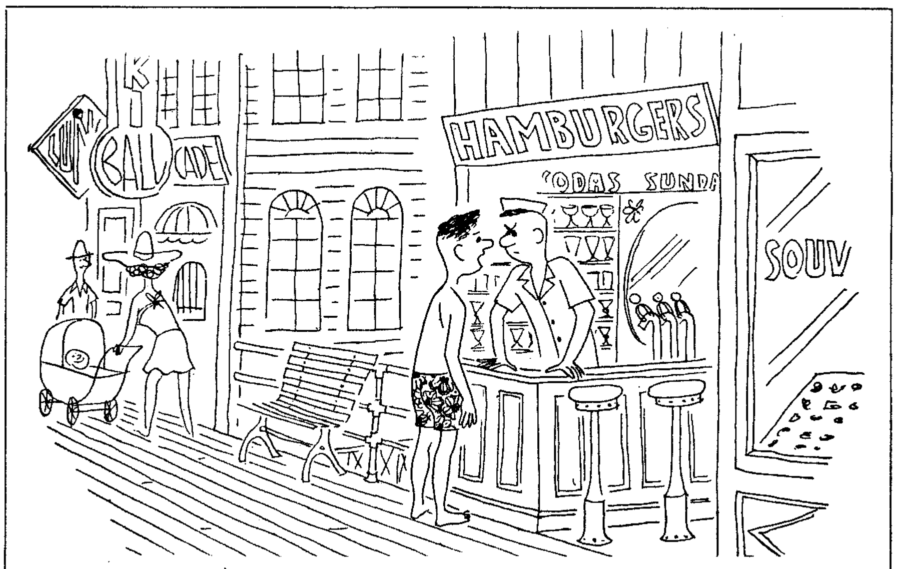
☆ ☆ ☆ **OF THE UNITED STATES** ☆ ☆ ☆

marriages and deaths, farmers all over Britain named themselves for a pasture.

Prime Minister Clement Attlee ("at the meadow"), the late George Apley (same thing in Welsh), and Vivien Leigh are all Lees. If your name is Lee and you have an ambition to share some of the martial glory of General Robert E., please note that Ching Lee, the laundryman, may have as good a claim as yours.

The legitimate genealogist is a scholarly detective. He is not much interested in the ascendant type of genealogy, which is a person looking for a noted ancestor. If your grandparents were born in the United States he can fix you up with a Revolutionist or a Pilgrim eight times out of ten, and the proof will be good enough to hold up in court.

Genealogists prefer the descendant type of genealogy, which is an ancestor in search of descendants. This form gives him a brisk workout, since he selects an early immigrant and runs down all of his progeny to the present day. Then he puts all the charts in a book and the descendants are supposed to come and buy the book.



"Nine to go: one with mustard and relish, one with mustard, relish and onion, one with just mustard, one with mustard and onion, one with just relish, one—"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

Descendant genealogists get a big kick out of gumshoeing after missing persons, who may have jumped from the family tree as long as a hundred years ago. Turning up a long-missing ancestor sometimes disturbs the genealogist's clients, especially if they have collected all of Grandfather's estate and are suddenly confronted with 89 litigious cousins in Texas who have an equally valid claim to the boodle.

Mayflower tribal societies were thrown on their ears last year when a genealogist found a man who had been missing since 1741. He was Ebenezer Alden, the great grandson of the famous backward beau, John Alden. Ebenezer had gone to Cuba on a fortune-hunting expedition in 1741. No word came from him; after seven statutory years, his relatives had him declared dead and whacked up his farm.

Two hundred and five years later a genealogist, examining an Alden line in another part of New England, came up with proof that Ebenezer had returned from Cuba in 1751, and apparently never bothered to look up his relatives. Ebenezer then proceeded to marry twice and father eight children. The result of this discovery made the John Alden descendants a lot less exclusive.

Genealogists get to be worldly and tolerant people. When they throw open family archives, skeletons are likely to drop out. Thieves and murderers thrive in the foliage of a lusty family tree. Unmarried mothers are a persistent problem if the descendants are squeamish. In such cases, genealogists have been known to invent a father and a marriage date, but this changes family names and makes untidy work for the scrupulous researcher.

One of the greatest American families is descended from a great-great-grandparent who had no father of record. The descendants have not tried to cover up this eighteenth-century oversight. They have a fine time laughing at the undistinguished descendants of the respectable branches of the tribe. Genealogists must be very careful about putting such discoveries in a lineage book because they can be sued by all the descendants who want to profit by Great-great-great-grandma's frailty.

Daughters in a Dilemma

Personal matters are touchy and so are many historical truths about colonial ancestors. D.A.R. members do not like to be reminded that most of them with military ancestors are descended from paupers. But they must establish eligibility by showing a name on a Revolutionary pension roll. In order to get a pension in those days a veteran had to prove that he was "indigent."

The Mayflower passengers are another historical scandal. They were not Puritans, but Brownists or Separationists, and they believed in public ownership of property and equal shares in the product of labor. W. E. Woodward, the historian, says, "If they were here today we would call them Communists."

Genealogy is a tough profession. Going down into the ancestor mines is cold and dirty work. An ancestor detective's happiest moments are spent in genealogical libraries. Today no proud city can do without its local genealogical collection. The ancestor sleuths are very chummy; they help one another run down suspects. They write hot new discoveries in the margins of old library books, and every so often a genealogist will spring into the air and rush across the reference room, carrying an ancestor to a colleague.

One of the most brilliant American genealogists was the Reverend Aaron Thorneycroft of Scituate, Massachusetts. When he retired from his pastorate in 1887 he devoted all his time to finishing the Thorneycroft lineage, which was already the talk of the pedigree world. The reverend was rumored to be forging direct links between Adam and Eve and the Thorneycrofts.

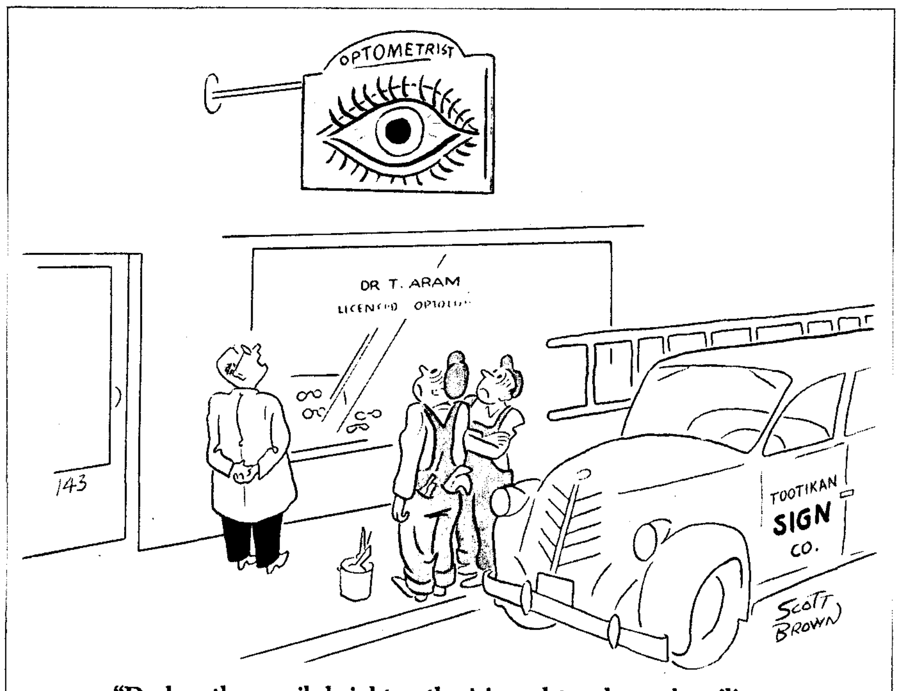
As his notes appeared each evening in the Transcript, the Back Bay teemed with excitement. Thorneycroft had long since driven past John Tilly of the Mayflower and was rampaging in Tudor England, unearthing ancestors with masterful ease. Thorneycroft was the Babe Ruth of genealogy; he called his shots in the Transcript each evening and the next day knocked out another ancestor.

The reverend was momentarily checked at Runnymede. Wiseacres on Beacon Hill predicted that he would never get past the thirteenth century. But Thorneycroft called the signals for an end run and carried the line through an old family across the Channel in Caen. He stiff-armed the early Egg Kings and broke into the clear on Watling Street, the Roman road in the west of England. The generations sped by under his nimble feet as the reverend made his epic backward run. The clergyman raced through Spain and came in sight of the Holy Land. Lights burned late in the Back Bay as his fans opened their evening papers and realized that Thorneycroft was only ten yards from his goal.

Then silence.

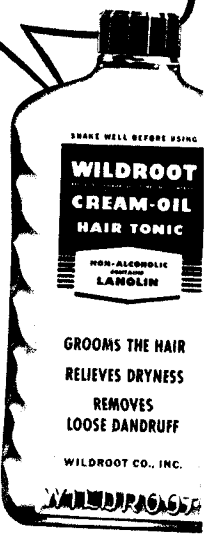
The next word came a few days later in the Globe. The police had detained a demented old man from Scituate, who had been found haranguing an idle mob in Warburton Street. He had been quietly remanded to the custody of friends for removal to a nursing home. The police said he had been laughing uncontrollably and crying over and over, "Everybody is descended from everybody else!"

THE END



"Darken the pupil, brighten the iris and touch up the ciliary muscle. Never mind the long ciliary arteries, but—"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN



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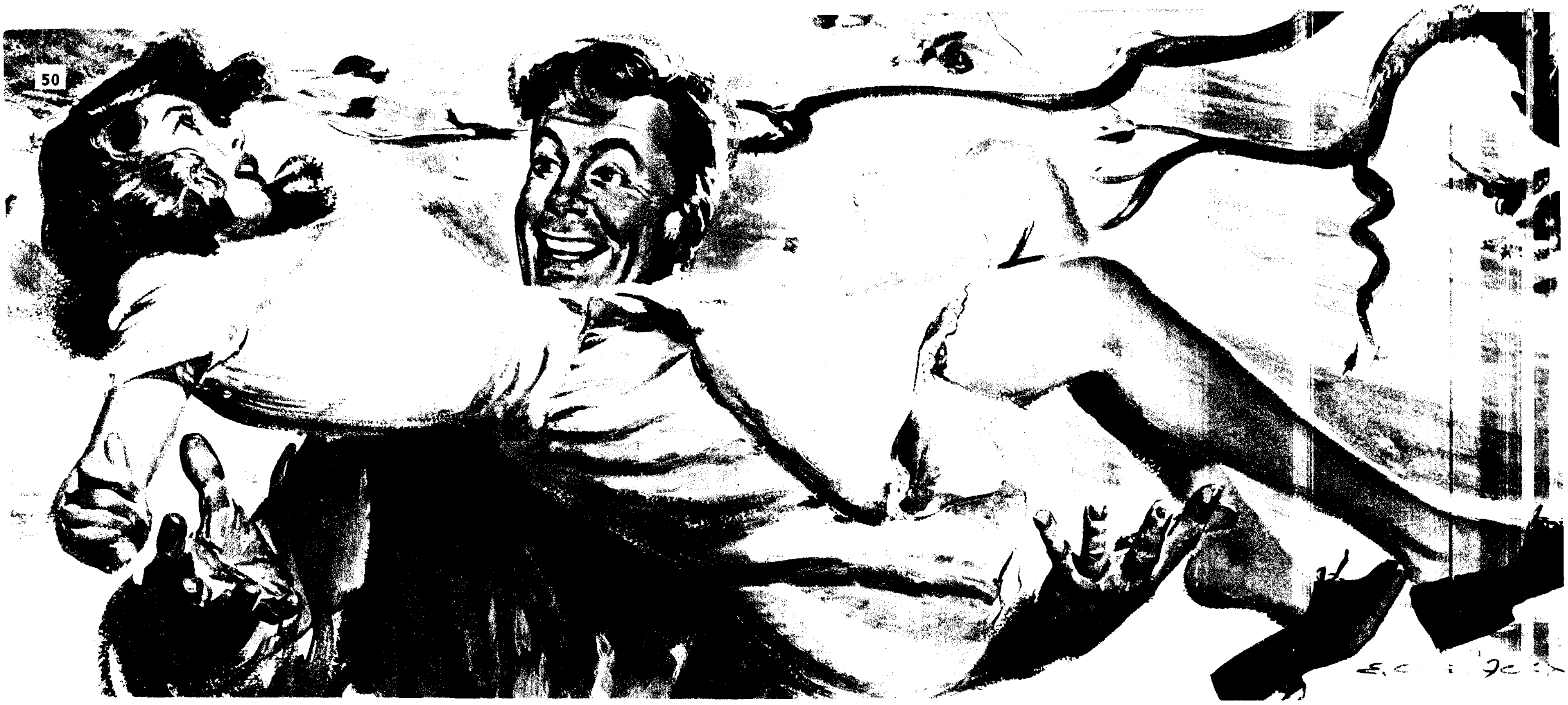


Cousin James caught Mama as she came down. He was laughing. "Carrie," he said, "a woman don't take a whip to a man unless she loves him"

A GOOD WHIPPING

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

AFTER Papa died, Cousin James came down from Sugar Creek to live with Mama and me. Folks considered this proper enough, because Papa and James Pedigo had been double first cousins. Some folks, though, remembered that Cousin James had courted Mama, too, before Papa cut him out.

Grandpa Pedigo told Mama that James would be our salvation if we could keep him sober.

Well, Cousin James turned out to be a caretaking fool. He made our little river farm bloom with better crops than Papa had ever managed to grow; he had more and fatter hogs for butchering, and he raised more veals for the market. At this time he was thirty-two years old, just the same age as Mama, and he was one fine-looking, great big man, the biggest in our county, the strongest, the nerviest. And the hardest worker. Cousin James was understanding, too: He understood Mama and he understood a twelve-year-old boy like me. And he stayed sober for a year and a half.

Folks said he could hold more liquor than any two men in the county, but Cousin James told Mama and me that, with him, drinking was a thing of the past. Just didn't pay, he said. A man was a fool. Especially, he added, a man who had been blighted in love.

"You talk so foolish," Mama said. "The chestnut trees got blighted, but they didn't start drinking."

"Funny thing," said Cousin James. "I was talking to a dead chestnut tree the other day. A boy chestnut tree, and seems like once he was in love with a girl chestnut tree on the next ridge. But another boy chestnut tree moved in and he had a river farm and—"

"Jackie," Mama said to me, "run shut up the chickens for the night." She was a slim, trim little person and when she blushed she was lovely and she was blushing now.

"That's what started the blight," Cousin James said, as I went out. "This chestnut tree I'm talking about sickened and died and all the others caught the disease and now there ain't a living chestnut tree in all these hills."

The next Saturday Cousin James disappeared and did not show up again until Tuesday. He was as high as a Georgia pine as he came singing up the road.

Mama waited for him grimly. "You need a good whipping, James."

"Sure do, Carrie. Sure do. But I'll work like hell the rest of the week to make up for it."

And he did. You never saw a man pitch hay the way Cousin James pitched it. By nightfall Wednesday he had worked the poison out of his system, and from then on he went through that hay like a brush fire in the foothills.

"A man's a fool," he told Mama on Friday. "I'll never touch the stuff again."

"I'm so glad, James," Mama said warmly. She looked very pretty that night, with a ribbon in her hair.

BUT Cousin James disappeared again the next day and we didn't see him again till late Monday. All day Sunday and all day Monday, Mama kept telling me that when he came home Cousin James could just take his foot in his hand and get back in the road. But when he showed up, she fixed him a hot supper and gave him half a gallon of cold buttermilk to drink. I guess I realized then that Cousin James could do just about as he pleased and that Mama would never run him off the place. I realized that Mama was in love with him.

That summer was something, I tell you! Every Saturday, Cousin James disappeared and didn't come back until late Monday or early Tuesday. Then for the rest of the week he punished himself by doing the work of two men. By the next Saturday noon he had worked the remorse out of his system and considered himself a good citizen again and off he'd go.

But Mama quit fixing hot suppers and cold buttermilk for him. She got mighty grim about the whole business. I felt something was going to break and I was right. It almost broke one hot Tuesday noon when Cousin James came rollicking up the hill.

Once again Mama said, "You need a good whipping, James!"

He stood before her, big and tall and strong, proud of his strength and proud of his reputation for strength and looked down at her. An eagle looking down at a sparrow. He chuckled, that amused, tolerant chuckle he had when he was drinking.

"Yes, Carrie, I need a whipping. But, Carrie, who will give it to me?"

Mama whirled on her heels, her black eyes flashing, her cheeks red as fire. Cousin James turned to me. "Come on, boy, we've got work to do. I'll be all right before sundown."

And he was. We did more work that week than we'd ever done before. Cousin James swore off again. A man was a fool. I must look at him and take warning.

Saturday, right after breakfast, Cousin James disappeared again. Mama and I went to town to buy groceries. And while I loaded the car, Mama went to Fayette's Hardware Store. In a few minutes she came back with a tightly wrapped package under her arm. I noticed then that Mama had a grim look about her.

Cousin James was jolly and full of himself when he came home Monday at noon. He had brought me a cap pistol and Mama a box of candy. Mama let me keep the pistol, but she threw the candy in the kitchen fire.

"James! You need a good whipping, James!"

He was mad about the candy, but he could still laugh. He was still the eagle. "You mentioned that before, Carrie. I know I need a whipping. I need the boss dog of all the whippings that ever were. But, Carrie, who is going to give it to me?"

"Meet me in the back yard," Mama said, "if you're man enough to stand up to a woman."

A moment later she was in the back yard herself with that hardware store package in her hands. She ripped it apart and out came a blacksnake whip. In her hands it was suddenly a living, beautiful thing with grace and symmetry in every one of its folds and curves.

"I'll show you who can give you a whipping. You're already a no-good and a liar, and if you run you'll be a coward!"

"Stop it!" Cousin James shouted.

THE blacksnake whip flashed out and grazed his chin. Cousin James backed up. Anger and incredulity blazed in his blue eyes and in one short instant he was cold sober.

But he didn't retreat another inch. He just walked through the cracking and the lashing of that whip. Mama had the butt of the whip in both hands now and she cut the shoulders of his shirt to shreds, but he kept walking. The whip sang again. Blood oozed over Cousin James' brown, naked shoulder and ran down his brown, naked chest. And still he kept walking.

Then he caught the whip, wrenched it out of her hands, and flung it away.

"You finished, Carrie?" he asked gently.

Mama began to cry. Cousin James picked her up, tossed her into the air, caught her as she came down. He was laughing.

"Carrie," he said, "a woman don't take a blacksnake whip to a man unless she loves him. Lord, Lord, I feel good!"

"Who'd even think of loving you?" Mama cried. "But I showed you who could give you a whipping. I—"

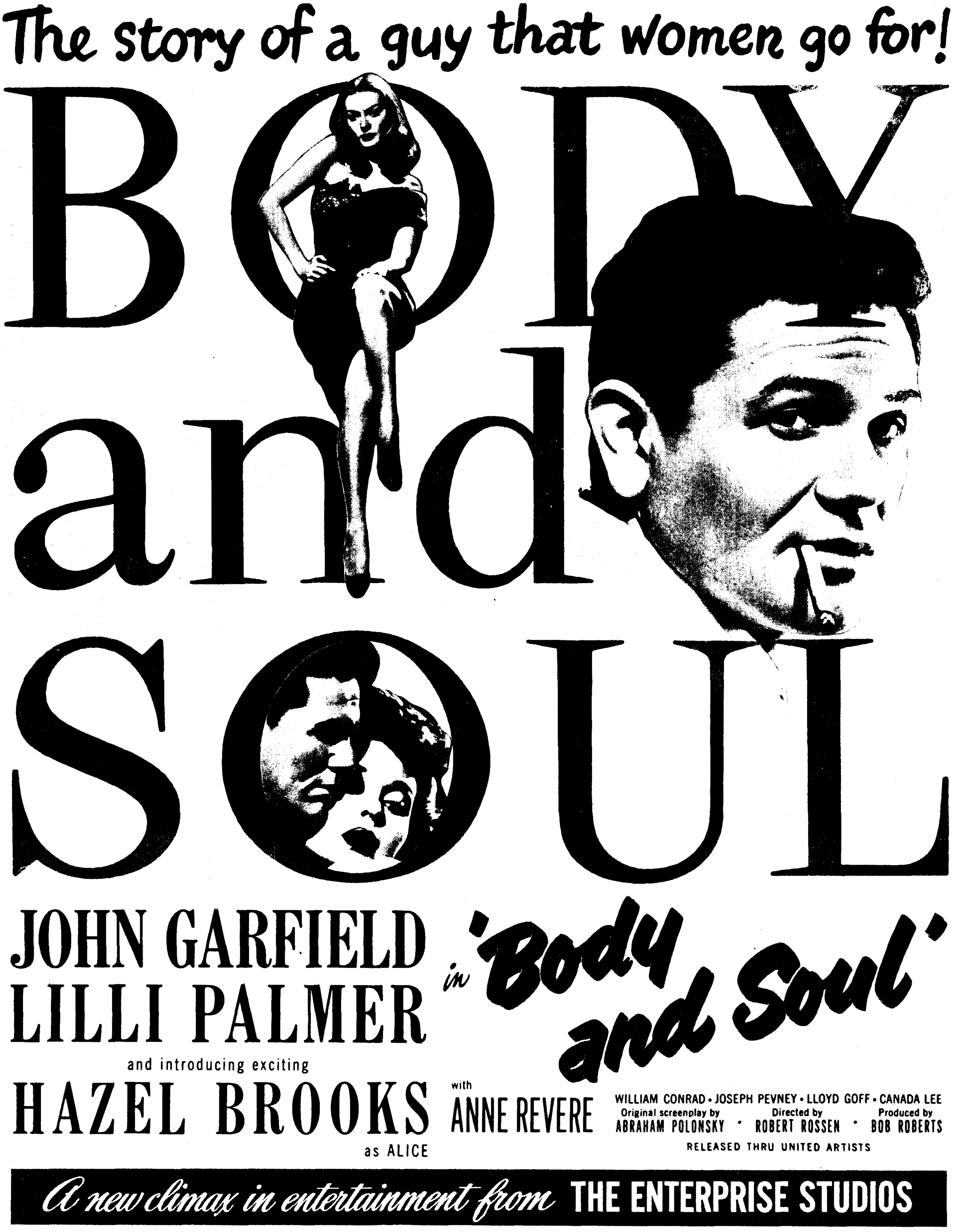
"You sure did," said Cousin James. "Lord, I feel good!"

That was twenty years ago. Yesterday Mama and Cousin James came by my house. I offered him a little nip.

"No," he said. "Guess not. A man sort of gets out of the habit after twenty years. Little bitty woman with her blacksnake whip. You remember that, Jack?"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA



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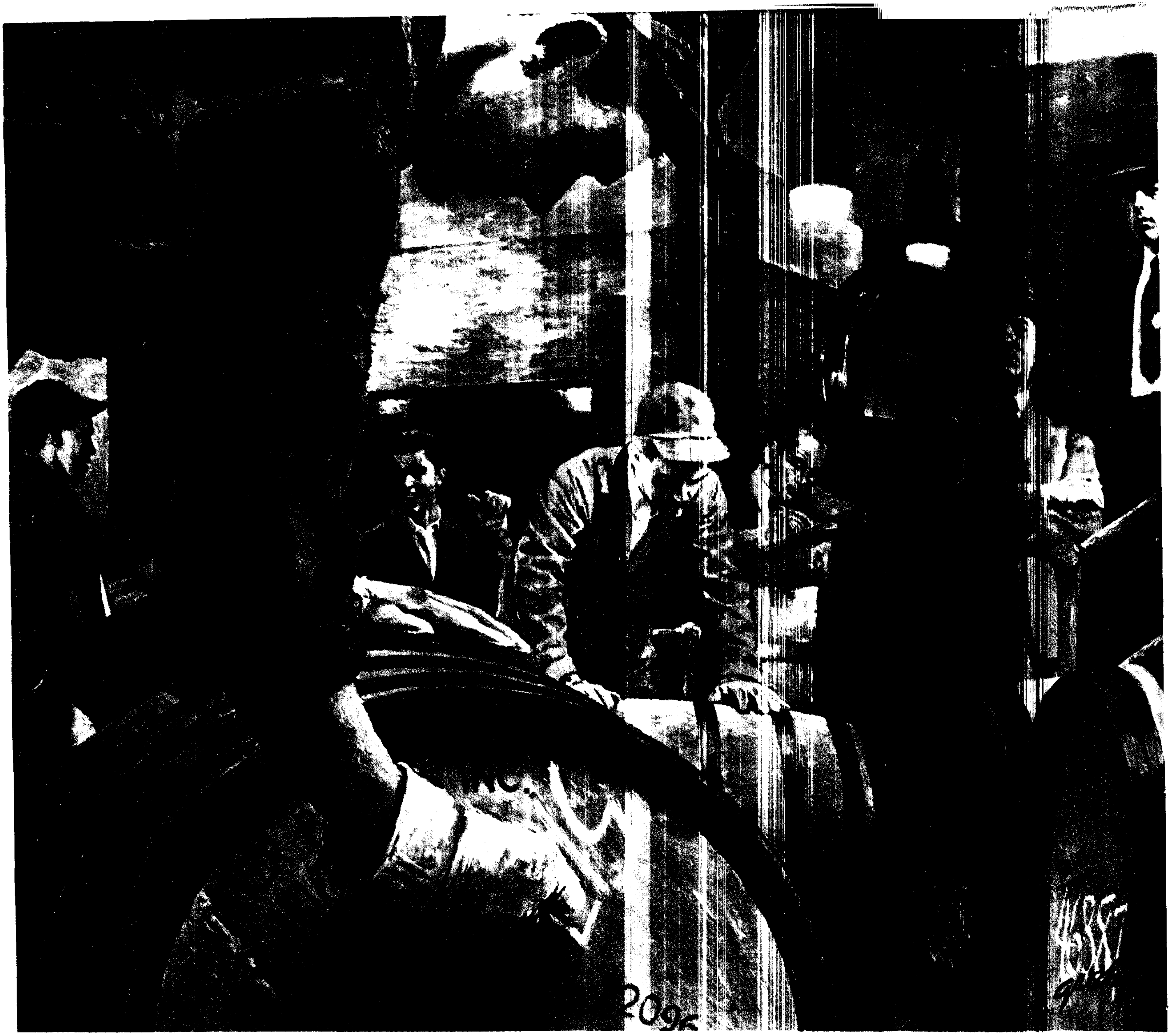

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MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 26

"You won't have to."

"Yes?" she said, and I knew I had my foot in the door. I asked briskly:

"Has Mrs. Inwood found anybody to take your place?"

"No. She tried, but the agency didn't send anybody. It's my belief they didn't want to. She can't keep anybody for more than a few weeks, except for Groves—he's the butler, and Mr. Inwood's pet. The others haven't been here any time at all."

"Then it's simple, Ellen. All you have to do is tell Mrs. Inwood that you have a friend who might suit her, and would she care to see her?"

She looked at me doubtfully.

"You?" Her glance moved over me. I won't say her doubt vanished at what she saw, but it did not increase.

I held out the letter I had written this morning. She examined it cautiously.

"That's a very good reference." Her voice was envious. "But—but you're Miss Gill."

"And 'Dorothy Simpson.' "

"It's—it's forgery!" she said.

"Is it?"

There was a pause in which she tried to work it out. I held my breath. Finally she said, "No. Not if you're Miss Gill, it isn't."

She took her eyes off me to look at the twenty pounds, and as clearly as if she had spoken I saw her decide that she owed Charlotte Inwood no kind of loyalty, and if that lady got herself into the papers, it was what she deserved. In the end, when she found she had helped bring a murderess to justice . . .

She picked up the notes and folded them quickly, putting them in her pocket.

"But do you know, miss, about being a lady's maid?"

"Nothing that I can't guess—or you can tell me. I won't let you down. I promise." I reached out and solemnly we shook hands.

We arranged that she should tell her mistress about me the moment she had a chance, and telephone to me at once. I wrote "Dorothy Simpson" and the Thurloe Square number on a piece of paper and gave it to her. I told her I would wait by the telephone until she rang. She promised she would not be later than five, because she planned to leave for Catford about then. She was all packed and ready to go, but she agreed to break her journey at Thurloe Square to spend half an hour coaching me in my duties.

She had no doubt now that I would get the job.

"You see," she explained naïvely, "you can think quick, you're nicely spoken—but not too la-di-da—and you look *quiet.* People like *her,* and in fact all those as think they can't look after themselves, always look for a maid to be *quiet.* And speak only when spoken to."

I left the scene, more than content with the progress I had made, and picked up the car where I had parked it out of sight of the house.

I WENT straight to Thurloe Square, and lay on the couch in the living room with the telephone on a table at my elbow. Aunt Florence had gone to Harrods for the afternoon and the house was silent; but I did not sleep in spite of having so much to make up.

The cloakroom ticket went on worrying me. If I saw Jonathan before the police did, which I doubted, I might get hold of it—provided he had managed to keep it.

The telephone rang suddenly, making me jump. My heart was thudding so loudly I thought Ellen Good must hear it at the other end.

"Madam," said Ellen sedately, "will see you at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. She will be expecting you."

"Thank you, Ellen. It's very kind of you to have spoken to her. I'll be there punctually. You've told the policeman?"

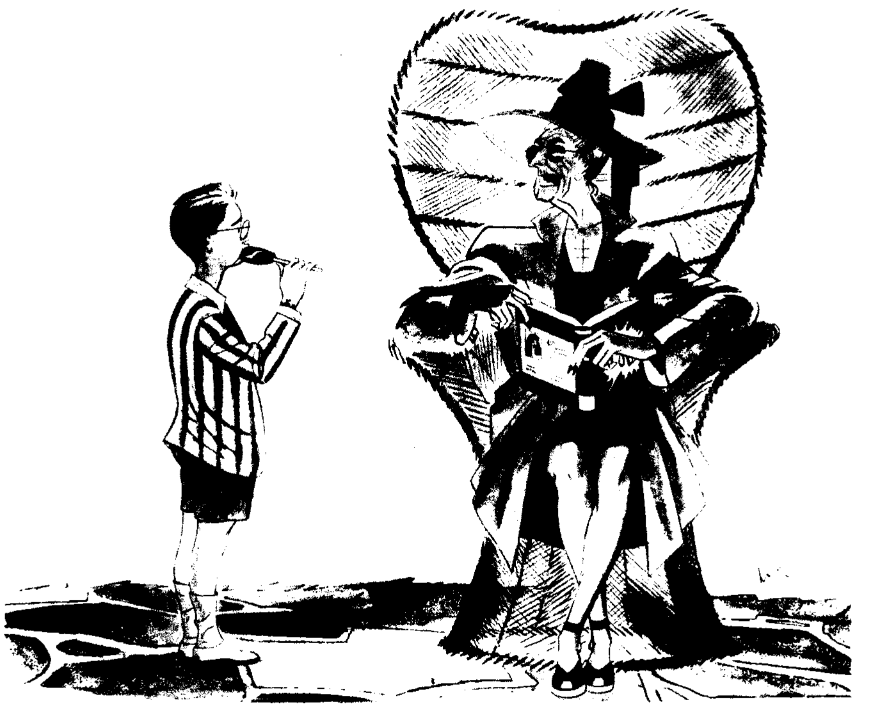
"Yes," and she added, "see you later," with just enough casualness to rob it of any significance.

When she arrived I told her to keep the taxi, as she had her luggage on it, and that I would pay for it. Her first words were encouraging. She thought Mrs. Inwood would take me on. She couldn't manage for herself and she needed someone to fuss over her—"as part of the act," said Ellen.

"Act?" I seized on that. "What act?"

"Bereaved widow, at the moment. You see, she's always playing a part, mostly for her own benefit, but she loves an audience. You see, she's that selfish."

"Surely she loved her husband? It can't be all put on?"



"I don't see why you don't play with Morton. I think he's a nice little boy. Besides, I was almost his grandmother instead of yours!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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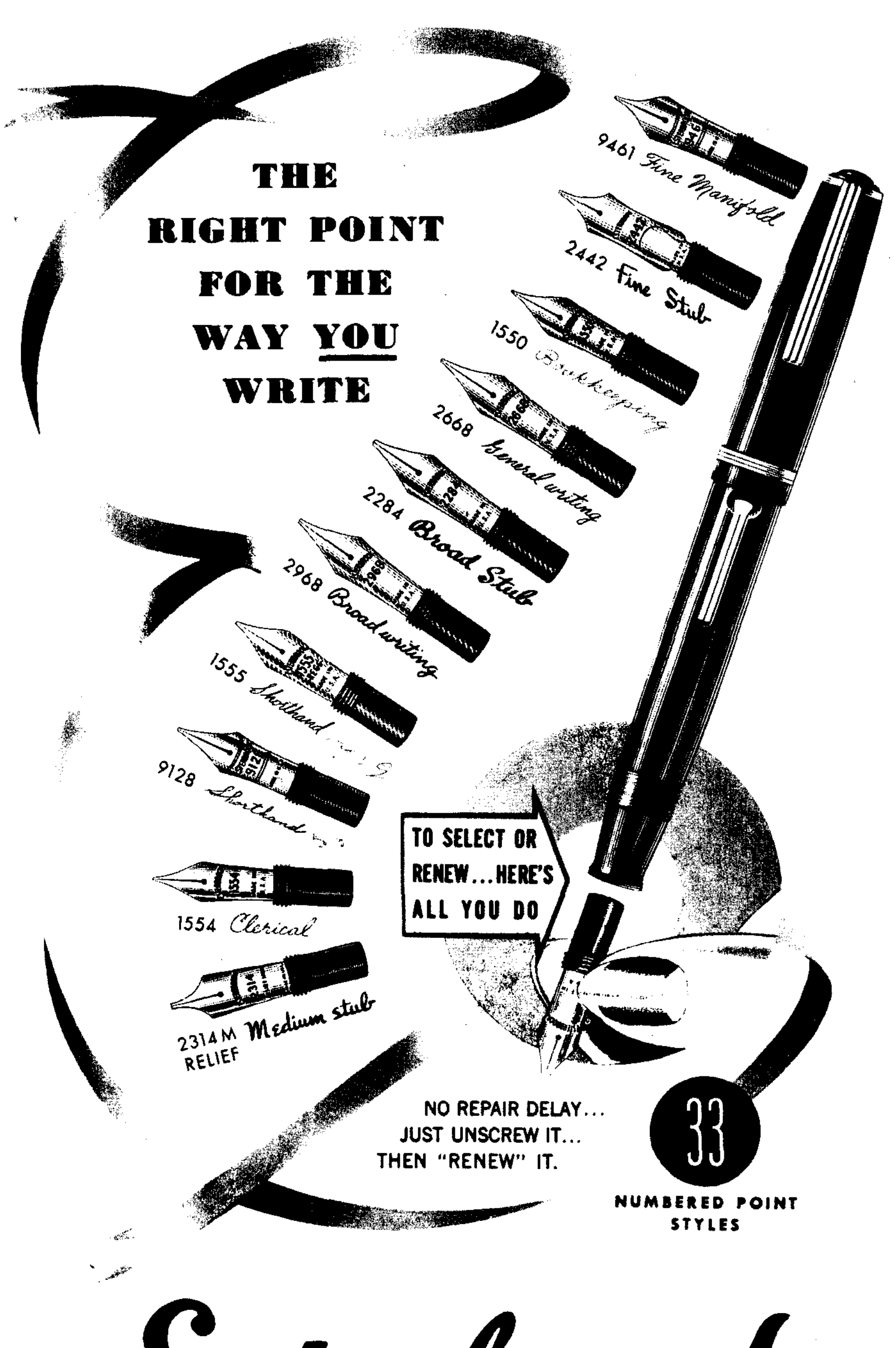
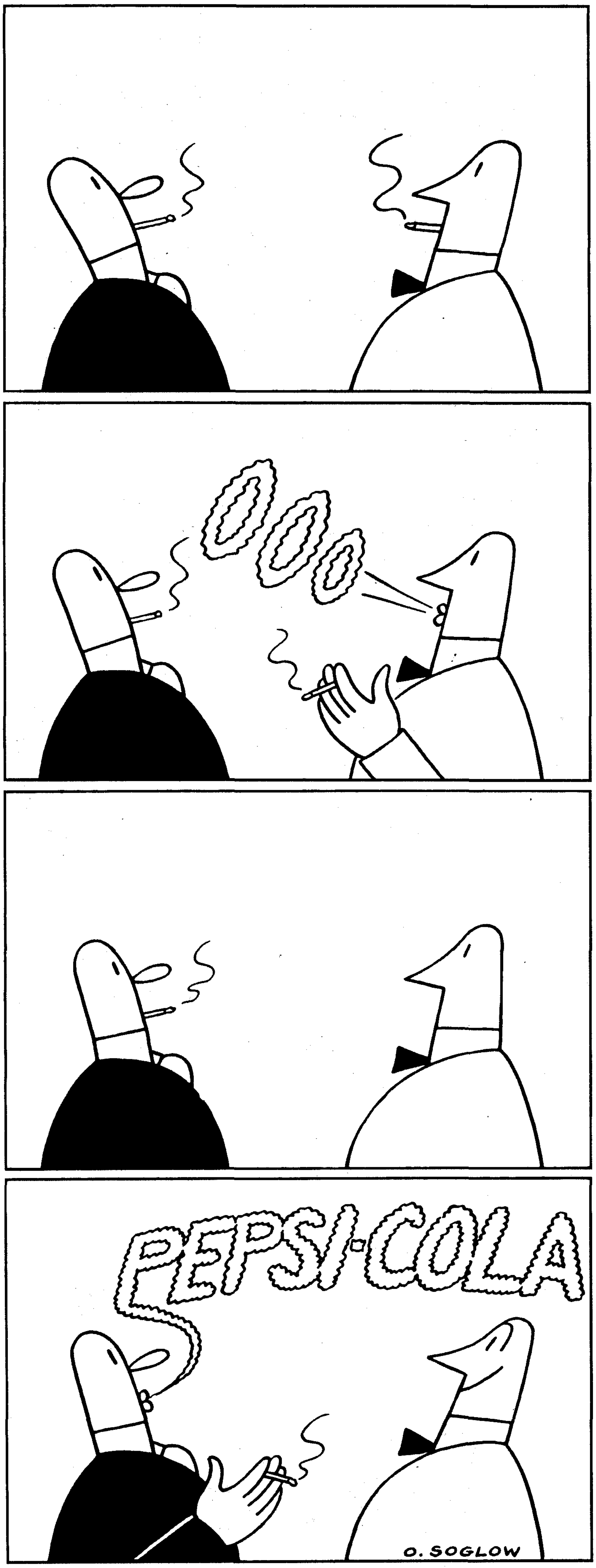


Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN



Ellen came as near shrugging her shoulders as an English girl could and remarked that her late mistress wasn't one to neglect the buttered side of her bread.

"He is—that is *was*—stuffed with money. She always needs money. She's got seventy-three dresses, five fur coats, a dozen suits, and more nylon stockings than anyone in London. Each pair in its own Cellophane box. And underclothes! You've never seen such lovely things. She's got a Frenchwoman in Acton who works for no one else."

And for twenty minutes, while I made tea and we drank it in the kitchen, she gave me a picture of Charlotte Inwood as seen by her maid.

SOMEHOW it failed to tell me any more about her than I knew already, which was little enough. I realized that this was due more to Ellen's limitations of interest than of opportunity for observation. Clothes filled the girl's mind; she knew much more about that vast wardrobe than the woman who wore it. I tried twice more to find out what she knew of Charlotte's relationship with her husband and met the same rather vague belief that she knew "how to manage" him and get money out of him when necessary. She had "lots of friends" and went out and about continuously, had a "smart, society life," and did not discuss it with her maid. In short, Ellen's attitude toward Charlotte was one of sartorial envy uncomplicated by curiosity.

Hopefully, however, I brought the conversation to the fateful night.

"You were there, of course, when they found him?"

Yes, she had been in bed when the night bell began ringing in the passage outside Mr. Groves' bedroom on the top floor. It rang and rang all the time Mr. Groves had been putting on his dressing gown and going down to open the front door. At first she had thought it was Mrs. Inwood who had forgotten her key.

It had been a policeman at the bell. She had looked over the banisters and had seen him. He'd had a silver candlestick in his hand. She had recognized it at once as one of those from Mr. Inwood's desk. He'd looked funny, carrying a candlestick. She'd known for certain then that something was wrong. A few moments later they had found Mr. Inwood dead on the floor of his room, the back room where he worked when he wasn't at the office.

"They wouldn't let me in, so I didn't see him myself." She was regretful. "But Mr. Groves told us his head was terrible. Thank God I'm going home. They don't murder millionaires in Catford."

She drank two more cups of strong tea while she told me as much as she could think of about the job of being Mrs. Inwood's lady's maid. I listened carefully. It sounded tricky in places. Finally, Ellen went on her way, bubbling with excitement at a proper holiday in prospect, assuring me with her goodbys that even if I found Mrs. Inwood a bully I would surely have a wonderful time with all those beautiful clothes.

Aunt Florence came in shortly afterward and hoped I had had a nice time, but hadn't I started the day rather early, without any breakfast too? I realized that I would have to give her some reason for using her flat as a hotel, even more than I usually did, and said that I was starting a job tomorrow. She was pleased. It would make me less involved with the Commodore. "I'm so glad, dear. I know you don't need the money, but you're quite right to want to be independent. If you're working he can't keep rushing you off in that dangerous boat of his, and so on. What sort of job is it?"

"Well, it's difficult to give it a name. It's a sort of research job. I shall be able to tell you more about it once I've started."

"I do think science is so *useful,*" said Aunt Florence comfortably. "There's a young man in the drug department who's working for his B.S. in the evenings. So enterprising. I've written to Sir Harold Briggs about him . . ." And she was off again. I was able, however, to slip into the conversation the news that I would be out to dinner and starting work soon, probably tomorrow. . . .

At twenty past eight, which I judged to be about the right amount late, I entered upon Detective Inspector Smith at Carletta's.

His round cheeks went pink when he saw me. He got quickly to his feet, having trouble with his chair, and apologized for starting his meal without me.

"Quite honestly, I didn't think for a moment you'd turn up."

I opened my eyes at him, so that he went gratifyingly pinker still. "But I told you I would if I wasn't doing anything else. And I wasn't."

"Even so," he said, arranging my chair, "I didn't think you would. I couldn't see any real reason," he added with alarming modesty, "why you should."

I did not propose to spoil his pleasure, or my purpose, by giving him one.

We discussed what I should eat, and decided on wing of roast chicken, sauté potatoes and a green salad. He ordered a bottle of wine, quite a good Aloxe-Corton of '43, which the Germans had presumably overlooked at the time. With coffee I said that I wanted to contribute a brandy for him and a nice sticky liqueur, a Benedictine for myself.

I found no difficulty at all in talking to the man and letting him talk, finding as the evening went on that although the danger to Jonathan had increased a hundred times since last night, I was in nothing like the uneasy haste I had been yesterday to get *him* to talk about the case.

And when he said without warning, "You know, I am very grateful to you for bothering to waste your time like this," I did not, as I might easily have done, despise him a little for being the "grateful for small favors" sort of man, which I do not believe any woman really likes to have around, even though it tends to put her on that pedestal where she is always leading herself to believe she likes to be.

If this goes on, I told myself, I shall begin to have a bad conscience about making use of him.

MY REWARD for keeping off the subject of the Inwood murder finally came. He began on it himself, and neither now or ever after could he accuse me of trying to pump him.

"We nearly caught Penrose today."

Luckily I had just swallowed a sip of Benedictine, and I neither choked nor looked as startled as I felt.

"Only nearly?" I asked.

"Can you keep secrets?"

"I got used to them during the war. I used to drive a car for the people who sent agents to organize French resistance. Even my father thought I was working for the Ministry of Food."

He nodded and said he had noticed that women did not seem to have the same urge as men to bolster up their inferiority complexes by telling secrets when they got hold of any, and proceeded in principle to put himself in the same category by telling me about how Jonathan had been seen and chased in Romford. Unsuccessfully chased.

"He got away, but not for long, of course. We have a better description of him now. He seems to have found a change of clothing."

"You're sure it was he?"

"Yes. And we're not publishing the story, because we don't want him to know we've spotted him. He was seen by a constable in Romford Market, buying food. The constable was faintly suspicious about him in a routine way and strolled up to have a closer look. It never occurred to him it might be Penrose until the man suddenly bolted when he realized someone was taking an interest in him. Very silly thing to do, of course." And Detective Inspector Smith proceeded to explain the psychology of flight to me as it affected both pursuer and pursued in nearly the same words I had used to Jonathan a few hours ago. In short, that the innocent do not run.

"We're pretty sure he's making for the east coast," my friend went on.

And I was glad he thought so. Only a complete fool would leave the east coast, supposing he had got to it, in order to come to London where the crime had been committed; only a complete fool like Jonathan, and the best of detectives could not know how complete that was.

"I've been thinking over," continued Ordinary Smith, "what you were saying about the social types and the crimes they are more likely to commit, and I must say that what I've learned about this chap Penrose seems to show that he's a contradiction not only to architects in general—they don't rob with violence, if at all, for they're a very honest lot—but he's even behaved out of picture with his own character."

This was very promising. "Yes?"

"He had a brilliant career as a student, won a big second prize just before the war for a design for a new Argentine government building, competing with some of the best architects in England and America, and did very well as a G-2 Intelligence officer in the enemy-documents branch of M.I. at the War Office. So far, until last night, in fact, he's used his head rather than his muscles to deal with life. It would be interesting to know what changed his pattern. The judge will be harder on him than ever, because he'll hold quite rightly that a man of his intelligence should have known better. He won't hang any faster, of course, but he'll hang in greater condemnation."

As he spoke, his ordinary eyes changed, and I saw something new in them, or rather more often hidden.

"You're very keen on your job, aren't you?" I said. He looked at me shyly.

"Even as a small boy I wanted to be a policeman. There are quite a lot of us who feel the way I do. We're not policemen by accident. It's difficult to put into words, but I get into a kind of hot, burning rage when I hear of, or see, one man taking advantage of another and getting away with it because he doesn't mind breaking the rules while the other tries to play according to them. It outrages something—a sense of justice, I suppose."

"It has its dangers, though, hasn't it?" I said. "If you get too enraged by wrongdoing, mightn't it spoil your judgment in seeking the right wrongdoer?"

"I don't follow."

"I would be afraid of reading facts wrongly in anxiety to satisfy my anger," I explained. "Afraid of trying to prove guilt at all costs, even to punishing the innocent."

"Anything for a prosecution? No, your sense of justice doesn't disappear with the anger. Once you've caught your criminal you find yourself wanting to give him the benefit of the doubt. Naturally, you get the careerists, as in every other kind of job, who think the more successful prosecutions they are responsible for, the quicker the promotion. But it doesn't work, thank God. . . . We *are* being serious, aren't we?"

More serious than he thought. But I did not come down to cases. There would be a time for that, and it was not now. In the meantime I had learned what I had hoped and believed I would learn: that he was an honest man.

He would not shut his eyes to the possibility of Jonathan's innocence if I ever managed to bring him evidence of it.

"Inquest tomorrow morning," he said.

I HAD forgotten the inquest; of course there would be one. Tomorrow morning? I had a moment of panic. I tried to remember about inquests and what happened at them. There had to be a verdict as to cause of death. A coroner sitting with a jury could find that Joseph Inwood had been murdered and name the murderer—couldn't he?—if the police had a strong enough case.

"What will happen at it?" I asked as casually as I could.

"We shall ask for the usual adjournment, after formal evidence of identification. That way, cause of death won't be gone into until the coroner sits again on the case. It's no good going off at half cock, even in an open-and-shut case like this one."

"I see," I said. "So Mrs. Inwood will be well enough by tomorrow, you think, to deal with things?"

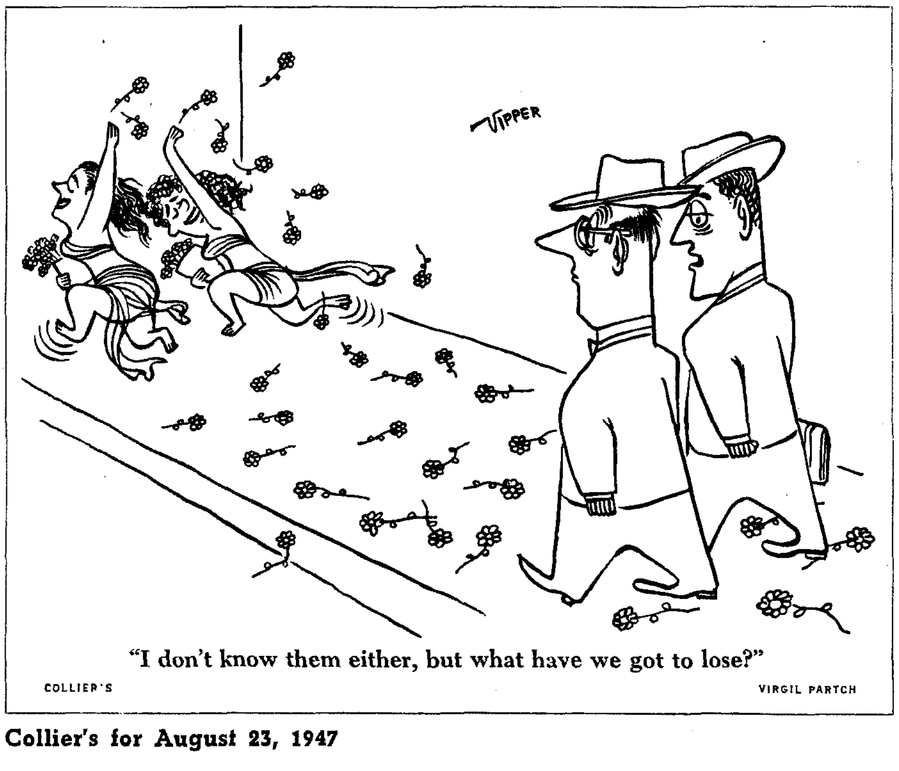
"I doubt it, from her doctor's ultimatum that she mustn't be disturbed for at least a week."

I toyed for a moment with the attractive thought of asking him if the doctor might not be exaggerating Mrs. Inwood's condition, if she was able to interview a new maid tomorrow morning.

It was time to break up the party. He wanted to pay the bill for both of us, but I insisted on paying my share. He wanted to be masterful, but did not quite know how; he gave way to his fear of doing the wrong thing, and the moment passed.

We stood on the pavement outside.

"The Daimler's around the corner," I



"I don't know them either, but what have we got to lose?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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A card upon your door
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You've got to make quite sure
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Texcel Tape

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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

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said. "I'll drop you at your flat. It's on the way to Thurloe Square."

At Sloane Avenue House he got out and asked if I would like to come in for a drink. He was almost shivering at his own temerity.

I was careful to consider the invitation in the most matter-of-fact way before saying, no, I thought I'd better be getting home. "Another time," I added.

"I hope there will be another time."

"Why not? I've enjoyed myself very much. I know so exactly what you mean about a sense of justice. I suffer from it myself, so we share a disability, don't we? That's more of a bond than most."

"But I don't know how to get in touch with you!" he said anxiously.

I laughed lightly as though that had not occurred to me until then.

"My Aunt Florence," I lied, "won't have a telephone in the house. The Kessingland number isn't any good to you because I'm not there. But if you've a number where I can reach you . . ."

He reluctantly made do with the slight possibility that I might actually ring him up, and gave me the number of Chelsea Police Station, and that of his flat. He did not add what was in his mind, that the police station would twitter with undesirable excitement if he had a private telephone call from a young woman.

He wrote the numbers on a page of an official-looking notebook, and tore it out. It was a valuable document, but I would have traded it gladly for Jonathan's cloakroom ticket.

SUPPOSE, I said to myself as I drove on to the garage behind Thurloe Square, suppose Jonathan hasn't destroyed it, and doesn't destroy it before they catch him, what will they do when they find it? They will most certainly, and in the natural course of routine, collect whatever he deposited at Piccadilly Circus on the day of the crime. A bloodstained frock! Whose blood? Whose frock?

Mightn't that start something rather satisfactory? How would Jonathan account for it?

Following this train of thought I came suddenly to the reality of that frock as belonging to Charlotte, identifiable as belonging to Charlotte, and by whom, with greater certainty than Ellen Good, so knowledgeable on the subject of Charlotte's wardrobe?

Ellen Good had gone to Catford. Just "Catford." And, idiot that I was, I had to wait until now before I understood her importance. But wouldn't she have given her address to the housekeeper at Number 4 in case letters came for her after she had gone? Failing even this, Ordinary Smith, who had interviewed her, would have made a note of it, surely?

Yes, I would be able to find her when I wanted her. But she mustn't be left too long; her memory of that wardrobe would not last forever.

I felt again the sense of urgency, of precious time flying while I seemed to be doing nothing but make endless preparations for possible action later on. I wanted to go straight back to Ordinary Smith and blurt out the whole story. He would listen to it and believe it. He was sufficiently interested in me to understand why I had done what I had done, even to tricking him into friendship with me. Yes, he would understand.

But Jonathan would not. I could fool myself now and again that nothing mattered but to save him. But it was not true. As long as I had a remote chance of saving him without being hated by him, I would work for it.

Where was he now? In some ditch, trying to sleep to fortify his strength for tomorrow's further flight? Hunted. Hunted.

I was, of course, completely exhausted. Apart from any question of nervous strain, I had driven over five hundred miles and slept less than nine hours in the course of the last forty eight. But no daughter of Commodore Rupert Gill should have cried herself to sleep on account of the sound of a word.

But I was young and healthy. I woke up at half past six to a bright morning with a rested mind full of practical considerations. The wheels were at last going to revolve, and the guessing and worrying would be easier once I was at grips with the thing. I had one major thought. I had not given "Dorothy Simpson" the right sort of start-off as far as her appearance was concerned. She was still too much like me.

I could see in the dimness of the future a possibility looming that one day I might have to become Eve Gill among the people who had seen Dorothy Simpson and that it might be very awkward if they recognized me as the lady's maid.

So far only two people had seen me as Dorothy: the policeman who had let me into Number 4, and Ellen Good. The first would shortly drop out of the picture and would be unlikely to reappear in it, and the second knew the secret anyway and, being a party to it, would not give it away. And she had left the scene.

First of all, clothes. This would be all right. I had begun on the right principle of ordinariness. Second, general appearance; I thought I could get into the habit of stooping a little, keeping my head forward, allowing it to droop a little, and let my arms hang rather limply with hands away from my body. I would alter my normal stance without straining muscles which might get tired. Third, facial appearance.

I set to work. I scraped my hair back into a low bun, flattening it and straightening its curls by dampening it; as long as the bun was well pinned together it could not escape easily. Next, I soaped my face well, rubbed it until it shone, and then applied a thin dusting of Aunt Florence's white-mauve powder. By slightly compressing my lips, which without lipstick almost disappeared in any case, I completed the dullest and most unattractive face imaginable. It seemed to me to look like fifty thousand other faces, and that no one would favor it with a second glance.

Fourth, I searched the many odds-and-ends boxes which stood about on pieces of furniture all over the house until I found what I was fairly certain of finding, a pair of Aunt Florence's steel-rimmed reading spectacles, probably discarded years ago as her eyes came to need stronger lenses. Apart from the further great change they gave my face, they made my eyes look larger and rather blank. At the same time they made objects farther than a yard away become blurred enough to cause me to peer rather than look at my surroundings, which would match the drooping head effect.

LOOKING at myself, I was reasonably sure that if Aunt Florence or the Commodore were in the same room with me, I could count on their not recognizing me. Unless, of course, I spoke.

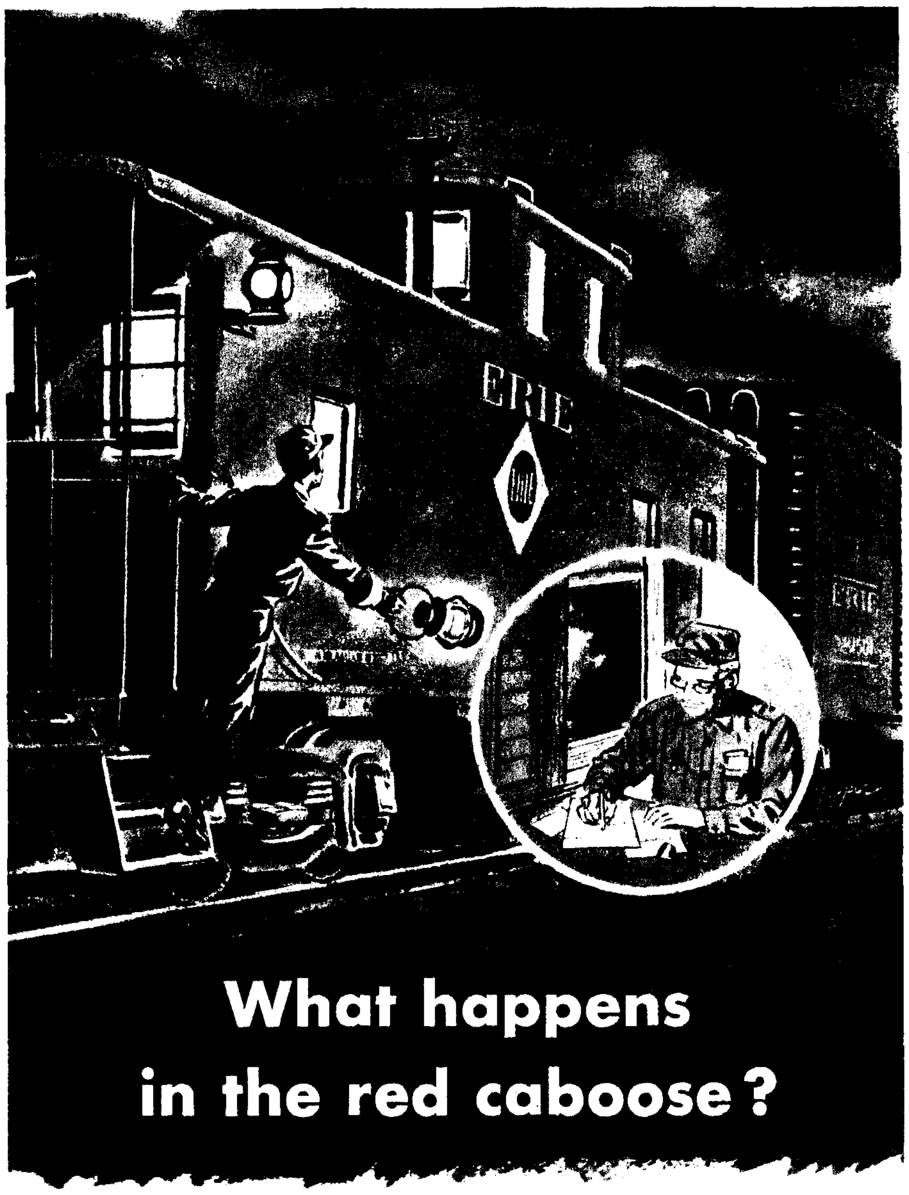
I experimented. I could whisper, or croak, or put my tongue in my cheek as I spoke, but none of this seemed right.

Finally I tried talking through my nose, at the same time pitching my voice high. The result seemed very satisfactory, a series of squeaky and extremely adenoidal sounds which were, however, still perceptible as words and sentences. Moreover, they matched the droopy, dopey appearance.

In the meantime, Aunt Florence's day was beginning. Her daily "Irish Peggy" was letting herself into the basement door, and there would be breakfast and getting Aunt Florence off to Harrods.

I dressed in the black suit, put the spectacles straightly and primly on my nose, drooped, and knocked on Aunt Florence's door with proper timidity.

She stared at me and asked at once if I was Peggy's daughter Iris. I clenched my nose muscles tight and said that that



YOUR passenger train conductor is a familiar figure . . . but did you ever think about a *freight train* requiring the services of a conductor?

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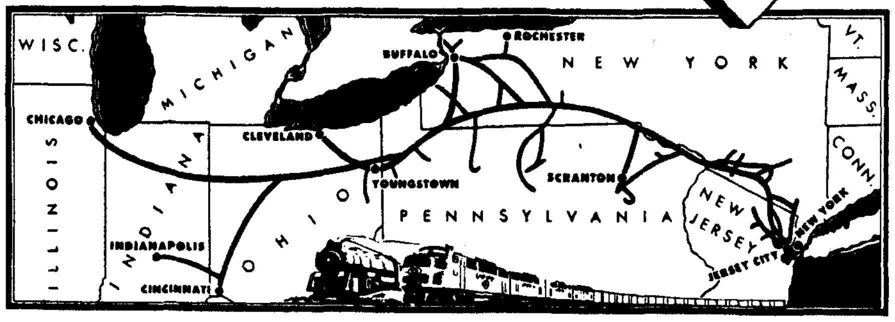

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was so, and that Mother had a bad headache this morning.

"In that case, if you lay the table, I'll make the tea. You'll find the cutlery in the sideboard middle drawer and my niece is here so there'll be two of us. Eggs in the pantry. Three minutes."

She went on looking at me and asked presumptuously if I had a young man. I said, "Yes'm," and then, in my own voice, taking off the glasses, asked if she considered me sufficiently like a research worker to impress a shortsighted scientist looking for a reliable girl.

She laughed, said it was truly remarkable, and that Mrs. Drew (handbags) would be tickled to hear about it as her niece was an actress too, but was it "quite honest," dear, to deceive the poor man so? After all, I was quite a good-looking girl by nature, and no man would give me a second thought if I went about like that, for no doubt even scientists sometimes fell in love and married like other people.

I told her firmly that I would never marry a scientist, and escaped.

JUST in case he was the same policeman, I kept the spectacles in my pocket until the door opened. He was not, however, and he had Dorothy Simpson's name on a short list of permitted callers. He fetched the butler, and I put on my glasses. Mr. Groves was nearly all that you would expect a butler to be: pale-faced, distant expression, correct, noncommittal voice, elegant tail coat, black tie and striped trousers with knife edges to their pleats. But he was on a rather small scale. You knew at once that he would have liked to be at least four inches taller, with a thicker chest and wider shoulders.

He led me up to the first floor, and said nothing until he paused at a white door: "Please remember that Madam has had a recent and severe shock."

"I will indeed," I said. "The poor lady."

He tapped the door with deferential knuckles; I heard her voice for the first time and I felt a little tremble of excitement. This was the moment for which I had worked and waited.

She was in bed; the floor was littered with crumpled newspapers and opened letters. My first impression was of whiteness everywhere—walls, carpet, furniture, brocades and Charlotte Inwood herself. Her hair and eyes were the only dark things in the large room. Later, when I had time to look at it without Aunt Florence's glasses, the whiteness showed variations of tone and even of shade, from pure, dead white to almost cream, so that there was no monotony. The foamy bed curtains, for instance, which cascaded in many folds from the ceiling, were ivory, as was the telephone, but the glass bedside table on which it stood by a crystal bowl of white roses was a flat white. The thickest of carpets entirely covering the floor had a creamy texture in its white, and there were flecks of silver in the long brocade curtains. It was a clever room, a room to bring out all her soft coloring.

This morning, however, she had hidden herself palely in it, and wore no make-up, withdrawn from the horrors and terrors of the ugly world, her personality so muted that I could see nothing of it.

I stood drooping and negative by the bedside and said my name was Simpson, and understood my friend Ellen had spoken to Madam about me.

She had glanced at me only briefly when I came in, and was now staring rather vacantly at the bowl of white roses on the bedside table. She conducted the interview in a voice which was almost a whisper, asking me perfunctory questions about my age and previous experience. I offered her the letter of recommendation, but she waved it away delicately with a beautiful, slender hand. I was to see that she was fighting bravely to avert complete collapse.

"I must have someone. I'll try you for a month. I think I pay £160. Mrs. Marshall will arrange that."

"Thank you, Madam," I said through my nose.

"You may start at once."

"At once, Madam?" I pretended to be a little flustered.

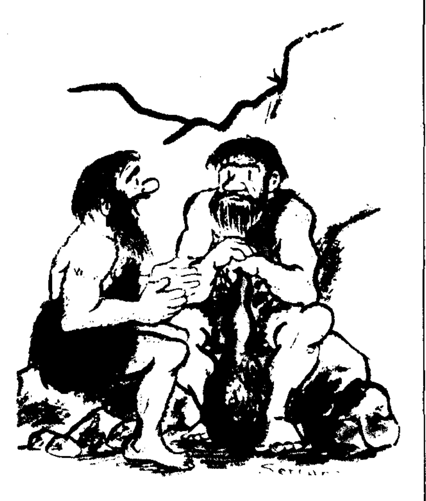
"I told you I can't go on like this. Your friend Good showed a very great selfishness in leaving me at this moment. The least you can do is to realize it and make amends for her."

"Yes, Madam, I understand. If I could have a day off next week, perhaps, to fetch the rest of my things from Suffolk? I have only a suitcase in London."

"I don't care what you do or where you go next week as long as you're here now. Ring the bell—twice. Mrs. Marshall will show you your room and explain things to you. What did you say your name was?"

"Simpson, Madam." The bell push on the end of its cord lay on the bed a foot from her hand. I pressed the button twice.

"Simpson. I must try to remember it. Come back immediately. I have to get up. At least into negligee," she sighed profoundly and I thought she was going to burst into tears. "Some awful policemen are coming. As if I could possibly be any help. They're *so* inefficient. What's the time?"



"My grandfather can remember way back when humans started fooling around with the atom"

COLLIER'S JOSEPH SERRANO

She could see the white crystal clock on the bedside table much better than I could; I peered at it, however, and told her that it was ten minutes past eleven.

"He's coming at twelve. Well, he'll have to wait, that's all. I shall never be ready. I'll see him in my sitting room. That's through the door over there. The other door is the bathroom. I like the water at a hundred and four degrees. Tell Groves to keep him in the hall until I send for him. Mrs. Marshall, this is Samson. She's a friend of that girl Good, and I only hope she doesn't prove as ungrateful. Oh, and, Samson, I forgot to tell you. There is one thing I will *not* in any circumstances tolerate. I will not have people trying on my clothes—any of them, you understand?" Her voice was much stronger.

"Of course, Madam." I hoped my tone was the proper mixture of humbleness and surprise that anybody should imagine me capable of such heinous impertinence.

Mrs. Marshall led me out. Her attitude remained formal during the next quarter of an hour while she was showing me my ten-by-six bedroom under the roof and generally inducting me into the belowstairs life of Number 4. Finally she said, "I hope, Samson, you'll be comfortable—and give satisfaction."

I tried to tell her my name was not Samson but Simpson, but she merely observed that as Madam preferred to call me Samson, it would have to do.

In the meanwhile I was thinking that my first impressions of Charlotte were much what I had expected them to be; in short, I had expected to find that she was two-faced and able to get away with it.

Downstairs, however, after I had been introduced to Groves, Molly the housemaid, and a parlormaid with the stern name of Havelock, I found myself alone in the back part of the hall at the door of Joseph Inwood's room. This time it was half open, and since the constable on duty at the front door was sitting with his back turned to me, I went in; I was immediately struck by the way a portrait of Charlotte seemed to dominate the large room.

I took off my glasses and stood for several moments studying it, the cool, assured beauty of the exquisite face, soft, folded hands on the black velvet dress. There was a small plaque at the bottom of the frame with black lettering on gold: The Actress, by George Elmhurst, A.R.A.

I realized at once, although I had realized it upstairs but with much less force, that Charlotte's performances of the stricken widow followed immediately by the spoiled society darling engaging a new maid were of very considerable virtuosity, but they had revealed nothing of the real Charlotte. Her hands, according to Elmhurst, were just as soft and small as I had noticed them to be, but with the strength and ruthlessness of character and personality he had discovered in her eyes. Not "Mrs. Charlotte Inwood" but "The Actress"—she became infinitely more formidable than I had realized.

Jonathan, for instance, crazy about her to begin with, would have had no chance against her.

I saw vividly the kind of woman he had told me about, the clinging, desperate, haunted girl who had flung herself into his arms that night in blind flight from the consequences of a momentary outburst of violence.

My mind reverted to the impending visit from the police. It would be either Chief Inspector Jupp or my Ordinary Smith, and I wanted very much to know how it went. She must be worrying her head off lest they had caught Jonathan; the number and condition of the newspapers around her bed told of more than a mere interest in the world's obituary on Joseph Inwood.

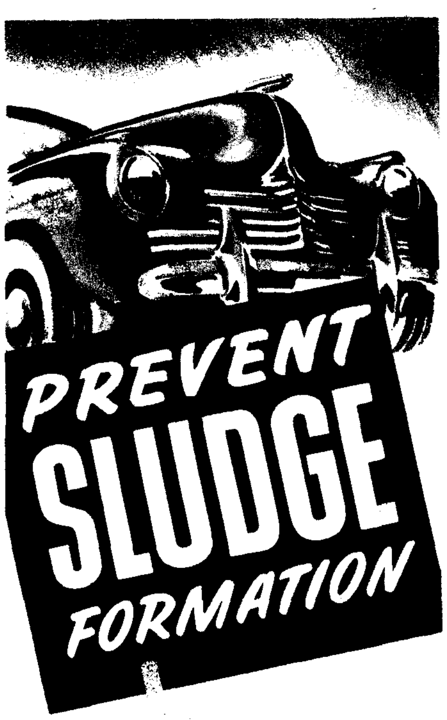
LUCK continued with me. After I had drawn her bath, making sure with the thermometer that it was exactly a hundred and four degrees, and had helped her out of bed, she said, "It's not fair of them. I shan't be able to stand it. Oh, why do I have to *talk* about it—a needless torture. Samson, I want you to stay in here, near the sitting-room door, and when I cough twice—like this—you will knock and say that the doctor is here. The man will have to leave then."

I thought that it must be the first time in history that a would-be eavesdropper had been so neatly made respectable.

While she bathed, I tidied up the bedroom and arranged the sitting room so that she could lie on her cream and gold Empire sofa and have the policeman's chair with its back to the bedroom door. As an afterthought I put another chair close to it in case there were two of them, and was pleased, although a little scared when Groves came through on the telephone (I realized that it must be linked with some internal system) to say that Chief Inspector Jupp was in the hall, accompanied by Inspector Smith.

I told him that I would let him know when Madam was ready to see them, but that she was still in the bathroom.

I watched her at work on her face in the triple mirror of the white dressing table. It was an instructive moment. Her hand hovered over the lipsticks and



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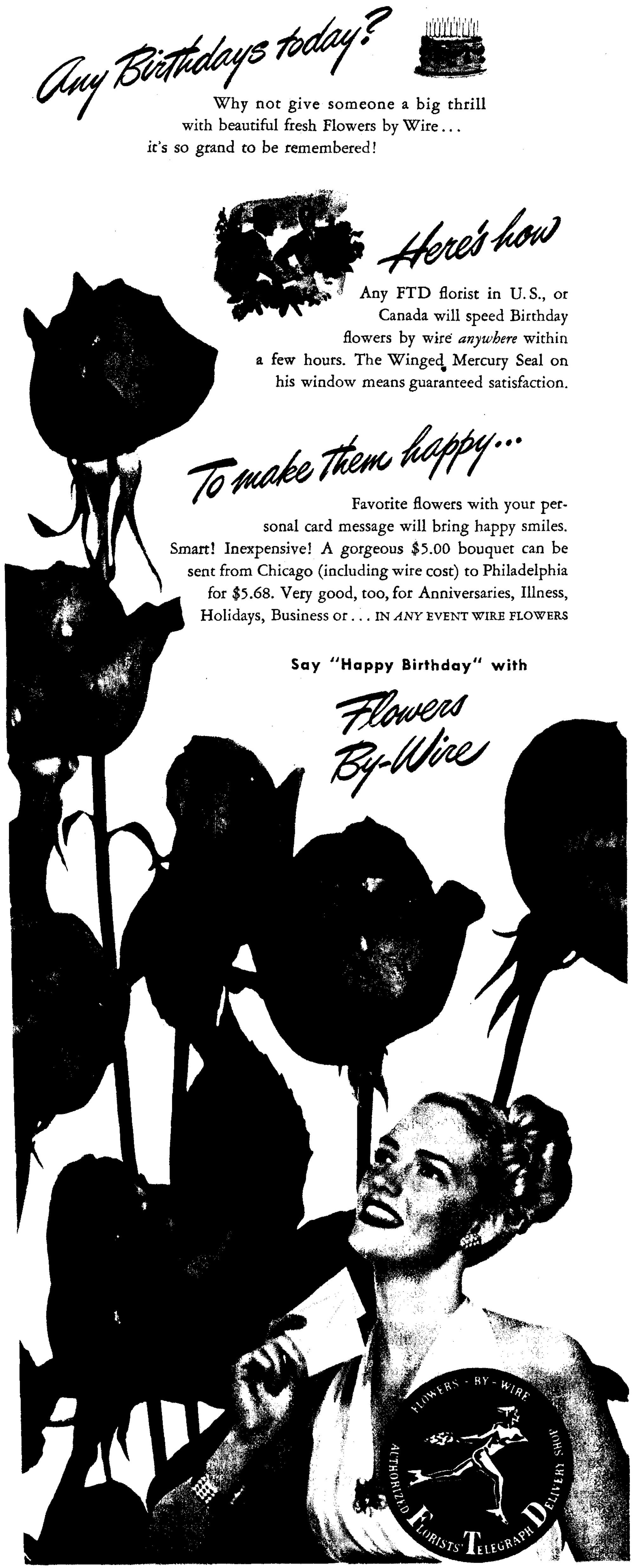
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left them with reluctance; she ignored the rouge pots, and used a minimum of powder. She was torn between a desire to be a beautiful woman condescending to permit two strange men a glimpse of her stricken soul, and a slightly less attractive woman who was in the hands of her doctor and ought not to have this intrusion inflicted on her. I saw her decide with good sense on the latter, and helped her to find a small jar of brown eye shadow which she used with a precise and sparing finger tip under her eyes as well as on their lids. Anybody could see now that she had not slept since the tragedy.

She chose a black negligee, straight and high-necked, which made her skin paler than ever.

I left the sitting-room door an inch ajar, and picked up the telephone by the bedside. Groves answered somewhere below, and I said Madam would see them now.

CHIEF INSPECTOR JUPP had a small, growling kind of voice. He was sorry to break in upon her at a moment like this, but if there was the faintest possible hope of help in shortening the murderer's days of freedom—

Charlotte replied so faintly that I could scarcely catch the words.

"First, then," said Jupp. "Can you tell us what money and valuables were in Mr. Inwood's safe? Was any of your jewelry kept in it, for instance?"

Charlotte was afraid she had no idea what was in it.

"I have my own wall safe in my bedroom, hidden in one of the wardrobes. My jewels are intact."

"You see," Jupp explained, "we often trace a man by the stolen property he tries to dispose of—"

Charlotte sobbed in an anguished voice, "I shan't rest until the man pays for what he has done—for this awful crime.... Oh, Joe, my poor, poor Joe—"

There was a moment of sympathetic silence.

"We're doing our best, Mrs. Inwood, to bring him to justice," Jupp told her. "You may be assured of that."

"But how long will it be—?" Charlotte's voice indicated clearly that she would not rest until vengeance and punishment had been exacted.

"A few days, perhaps hours," said the chief inspector with a certainty which made me shiver; it must have shaken her too, for she was silent.

Detective Inspector Smith spoke for the first time, and what he had to say made my heart turn over.

"Although so far we haven't gone into the possibility," he began in his quiet way, "it seems not unreasonable to suppose that Penrose may have had some connection with Mr. Inwood. Do you remember Mr. Inwood ever mentioning the name?"

That was almost exactly the thought I had been at pains to put into his head at dinner last night. I waited for Charlotte's reaction; it was not a line of inquiry she would care about. It may have been my imagination, but was there a very slight edge in her voice?

"Again, I am afraid I can't help. As I told you, my husband did not discuss his business affairs with me."

"Penrose," Ordinary Smith went on, "you are quite sure you had not heard the name?"

"Quite sure," said Charlotte and to my ear she should have answered a little less firmly and after a pause for memory-searching. But were the detectives' ears as sensitive to these nuances as mine?

Then Jupp came in with the second of my carefully planted seeds. "It's a bit puzzling, not knowing as much about Penrose as we would like at this stage, to find a man of his education and calling committing murder like a common housebreaker who loses his head, or even being a housebreaker in the first place."

Charlotte did not join issue with him on that.

"The more I think about it, the more certain I feel that there must be a connection," said Ordinary.

"But it *was* robbery with violence."

"That's how it ended. But it could have begun differently."

"He broke into the house."

"With another motive, perhaps. Suppose he had been refused an interview? Suppose he imagined he'd been done some injury by Mr. Inwood—"

"You seem to be supposing a great deal," Charlotte put in, and this time there was no doubt about the sharpness in her voice. It could of course have been attributed to the implied criticism of her poor Joe. "I feel just as sure as you do that he had never heard of this man."

Did they notice the contradiction? Two minutes ago she had said there had been a great deal about his everyday life her husband had not talked to her about, yet now she claimed to be certain he had not known a particular man.

But if they did not notice it, she herself surely did, for I had scarcely had time to discuss this interesting point with myself when she coughed twice.

I knocked on the door, turned the handle with a rattle as though the lock had been engaged, and put my head in.

"I beg pardon, Madam, but the doctor is here."

The broad backs of the two detectives turned, but neither looked closely at me. I felt I could stand up to being seen fairly closely by Mr. Smith but not unless absolutely necessary.

Charlotte reverted to her collapsed state, murmuring:

"Oh dear, yes—the doctor. You'll have to forgive me."

I moved back into the bedroom, but left the door so that now I could see them. They stood up. Neither could think of any reason for prolonging the interview, but it seemed to me that they would have preferred to leave at their own suggestion.

Charlotte professed herself glad to have had this talk with them. She turned her charm on them, all the more appealing for her pale grief.

"I know now that poor Joe's murderer will not escape as long as the case is in your capable hands. It's the one comfort you could have brought me—to know that something is being *done.*"

THIS speech recoiled on her, for Jupp, in order no doubt to make sure that she was really comforted, let out the secret about the Romford incident. "So we have been able to narrow down the search, to concentrate our best men in a comparatively small area. When I said it would be perhaps only a matter of hours, you see, I meant it, Mrs. Inwood. And may I again apologize for disturbing you. We policemen don't relish this part of our job, I do assure you. I think, too, we can withdraw our man from the front door."

"Yes, yes—" breathed Charlotte. "You can find your own way out? Or Samson can show you. *Samson*—"

But Jupp hastily affirmed that they knew the way, and mustn't be any more trouble.

The door of the sitting room closed quietly after them. I stood where I was, watching her as she lay there, unaware of my interest. Her eyes stared at nothing. I could see the uneasiness of her thoughts. She had been a worried woman before, but the situation had worsened by two factors: The police might be looking for a motive other than robbery and they were far more sure than she had expected that they would catch Jonathan.

Also I could see now, for the first time with my own eyes, the woman George Elmhurst had painted. She might be seeing disaster, but she was not frightened. Her nerve was intact. I realized that I must try to break it down.

"Samson? Are you there?" Charlotte asked.

"Yes, Madam." I went to the door.

"Have they gone?"

I looked out the window. "There's a car, Madam, it looks like a police car, driving away."

"All right. I shan't need you for a while. You'd better have your lunch. Tell Groves to bring me something on a tray. Grilled sole, I think, and fruit—and half a bottle of the white wine."

"Very good, Madam."

She had not moved, and still seemed wrapped in her thoughts. She stirred suddenly then, with a secret impatience; I thought she came to a decision, rejected it, and then accepted it.

"While you're downstairs, you might switch the exchange line through to me here—" There was another white telephone on a table by the sofa.

"Yes, Madam. I dare say Groves will show me how to do it."

"I dare say he will!" she snapped at me with sudden animation. "Don't stand there all day."

Groves showed me the simple mechanics of the telephone system, which had its small switchboard in a cubbyhole of a cupboard under the stairs. There was one outside line, with an instrument on the switchboard itself, a dial, and seven internal extension sockets to any of which an incoming call could be connected by putting the plug in the appropriate socket and turning the handle on the side of the box. This rang the bell on the instrument concerned. The sockets were numbered and on the wall was a key to the numbers.

"One" I noticed, was "Mrs. Inwood," while "Mr. Inwood" took second place with "Two." It struck me as significant, and again gave a different impression of the relationship between the millionaire and his wife from that which Jonathan had conveyed. Undoubtedly Joseph Inwood had been a tough and selfish egg, but whether tougher and more selfish than Charlotte might be debatable.

Groves explained that both "One" and "Two" had parallel instruments, so that Mrs. Inwood could speak either in her bedroom or her sitting room, while Mr. Inwood's line went both to his study downstairs and his bedroom. Each parallel instrument had a bell, so when you turned the handle the signal went to both simultaneously. I listened carefully to all this, realizing it might be important to me. Groves put the plug into "One" socket and pushed over a small lever, explaining that Mrs. Inwood was thus connected directly with the exchange, with the switchboard cut out.

"Normally," he observed with disapproval, "now that the policeman has gone from the front hall, an incoming call would be taken by me here. I hold the call by keeping this control switch upright while I ascertain whether it is desired that the caller should be put through."

I thought I would look deeper into his disapproval. "I see," I said. "And with the plug left in the socket like that, a newspaper, for instance, could get straight on to Madam before it could be stopped. Surely that's wrong, Mr. Groves?"

"It is not *our* place to question the wisdom of Madam's wishes," he said stiffly.

I had a feeling that questioning the wisdom of Madam's wishes was one of the butler's chief preoccupations.

"I am so sorry for her," I went on. "It's impossible to imagine such grief. How can she go on, alone, without him? Such a terrible, terrible death! Oh, Mr. Groves, she's making such an effort—I think she's wonderful!"

Mr. Groves was not looking at me. All he said was "Yes."

At this moment the switchboard bell uttered a small tinkle. We both looked at it, and both heard the very faint noise in the diaphragm of the earpiece, the sound of a dial being swung, seven miniature clickings of different lengths. These were almost immediately followed by a faint ringing tone.

Mrs. Inwood was ringing a number.

THE butler's lips disappeared altogether. He regarded the earpiece with what seemed to me to be an extremely disagreeable expression in which there was also thwarted curiosity.

If I had not been there he would have picked up the earpiece and listened—with difficulty, because it would be very, very faint—listened to whatever conversation took place between Charlotte and whomever she was calling.

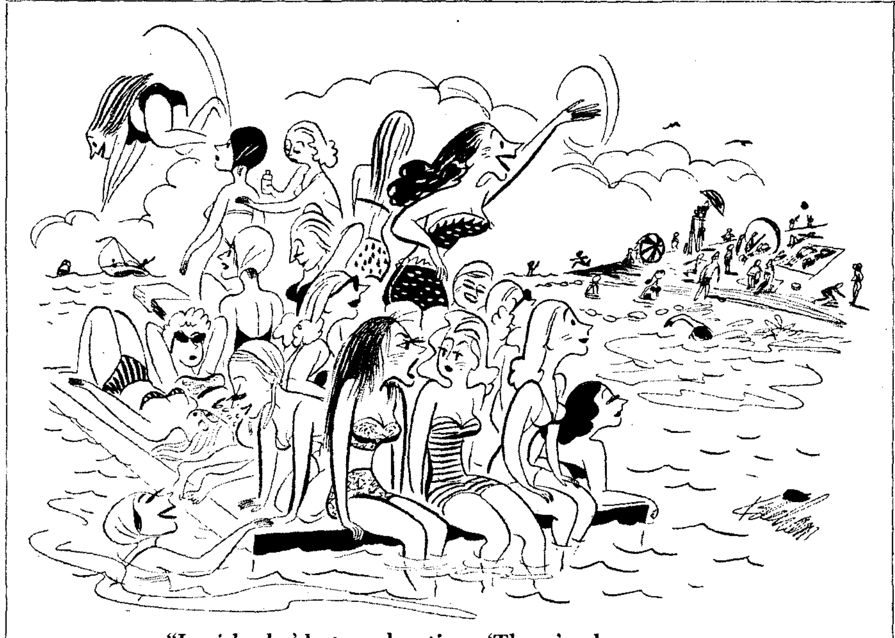
And if *he* had not been there, I would have done exactly the same thing.

Secretly, separately, our curiosity in no way appeased, the significant question was in both our minds.

Whom had she wanted to talk to, and why had she seen fit to try to obtain the number herself rather than ask someone to get it for her?

We went decorously downstairs to lunch. It was a serious, ample meal in the basement room where I had had my first talk with Ellen Good. Mr. Groves sat himself at the head of the table, Mrs. Marshall was at the other end. I was placed at the butler's right hand, and properly deduced that as personal maid to the mistress of the house I ranked third in belowstairs society.

Cook, Havelock the parlormaid, and the housemaid Molly were by no means



COLLIER'S "I wish she'd stop shouting, 'There's always room for one more,' until we're sure it's a man!" HANK KETCHAM

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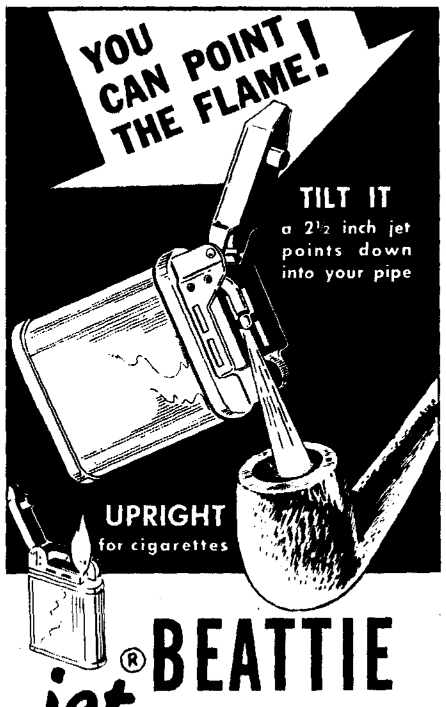
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colorless women, but it seemed that they were not expected to contribute to what little conversation passed between the head and foot of the table. This could with advantage leave me out also.

There were two roast chickens between the six of us. The housemaid got two drumsticks.

While I ate, I tried to think up a way of getting closer to Groves. Apart from the fact that Dorothy Simpson was not the sort of girl to stir a man's heart, even an elderly man's, he had an ingrowing reticence which came probably from his long habit of discretion as a "good servant." It was tantalizing to sit within a yard of his head knowing that in it there was probably more knowledge of Charlotte in relation to the dead Joseph than could be found anywhere else in London. I needed it badly.

I would value his opinion, but I did not see how on earth I could ever get it except by revealing my identity, purpose, and indeed the whole complicated business. And I was not prepared to go to that extreme; I did not know anything about him, or whose side he was on.

No, if there was any confiding done, it would have to come from him, and that looked very difficult to start. I studied him and could see no chink in his armor.

Mrs. Marshall was the first person to mention the crime. She observed that the inquest this morning had been adjourned.

"Naturally," said Groves, and Mrs. Marshall subsided. The others, momentarily brightened by the turn of the conversation, went back to their plates. Groves seemed a stern man, but why the censorship? I thought I would try to find out, and said diffidently, "I'm glad I'm new here. I wouldn't like to have had to give evidence in a murder trial."

"Begorrah! And who's going to give evidence?" squeaked the housemaid in alarm.

"Well, Mr. Groves for one," I said. "He found the body."

Mr. Groves took notice of me at last. He was frowning at me crossly. "That will be for the prosecution to decide. The police constable was actually the first to go into the study. His evidence should be sufficient. In the meantime, Samson, we do not discuss this very terrible affair any longer here."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I'm sure," I said. The rest of the table looked covertly at the butler, disliking him for his refusal to let them talk about the only thing in the world they wanted to talk about.

I decided I could risk his displeasure in the chance that he had an inkling, at least, of the truth and might betray himself.

"My trouble is that *crime* is so interesting. I wasn't meaning to be personal, so to speak. I say to myself: Why should an architect, a well-educated gentleman like this Penrose seems to be—why should *he*, of all people, want to break in and kill Mr. Inwood? Just for money, for valuables in the safe?"

THERE was a hush of pleasurable anticipation in what might prove, if it was allowed to continue, a deliciously speculative and exciting discussion; but the butler snorted at me with a mixture of anger and something else. It was the something else I wanted to know about.

"A most ridiculous theory!" he said crossly. "We don't wish to hear it. Get on with your lunch, Samson."

I bridled as I thought a timid person roused might bridle.

"My name's Simpson," I said, very much through my nose, "and if it's so ridiculous, why is Inspector Smith asking the same question?"

That got him.

"And how, may I inquire, do you happen to know what questions Inspector Smith is asking?"

"I *heard* the inspector mention the idea to Madam this morning. It was only an idea, I'm sure. He wanted to know if she knew of anything to show the murderer was a friend of Mr. Inwood, or had some *personal* connection with him. *They* thought it was funny too, for an architect—"

"Eavesdropping!" said Mrs. Marshall in a voice of ice.

"That's a very cruel and unjust thing to say!" I protested. "Mrs. Inwood told me to listen at the door, in case she couldn't stand it any more, poor lady, so I could come in and interrupt. I am *not* in the habit of eavesdropping! If this is the sort of thing I'm to expect—really!"

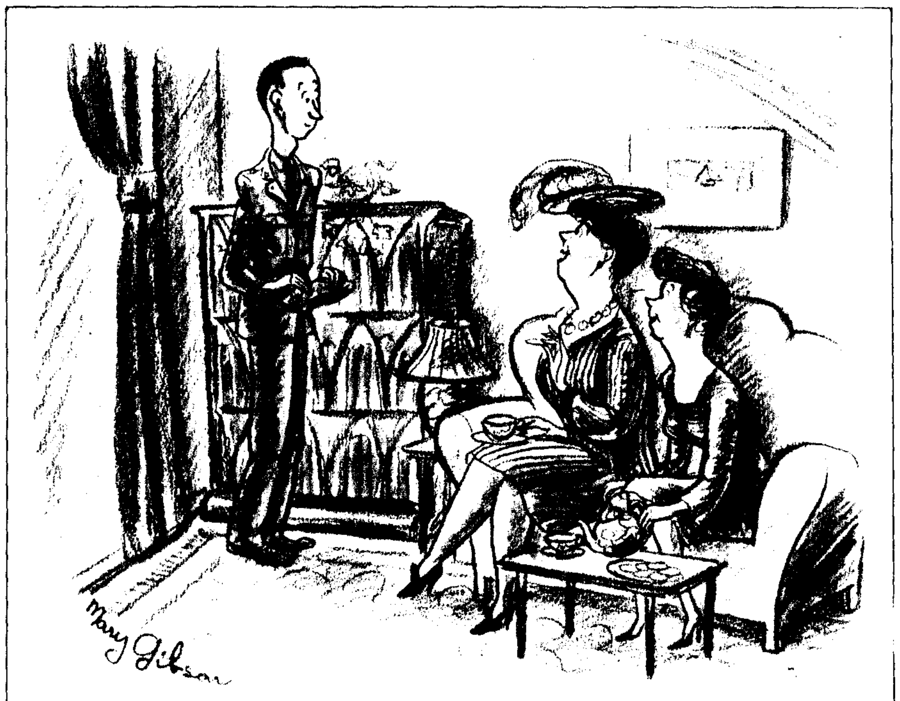
I was watching Groves carefully. He was concentrating on something other than my bad behavior; he had heard neither Mrs. Marshall's accusation nor my rebuttal of it. He looked at me.

"And what did Madam say to the inspector's suggestion?"

"She said she had never heard the name of Penrose in her life, from her husband or anyone else," I said.

He nodded slowly, and I thought I must be imagining the faintest of quirks which moved the corner of his mouth.

"Of course not," he remarked with sudden amiability. "The police are all the same. They're never satisfied with simple explanations. And now we'll finish our lunch, please."...



COLLIER'S "Before we know it you'll be promoted to university president or Secretary of State!" MARY GIBSON

Afterward I explored the house in a circumspect way, marveling at the costliness of everything, but found little of interest or importance so far as my purpose was concerned. All was quiet on the Charlotte front and she was presumed to be resting.

Speculating about that telephone call she had tried to make, I went up quietly to the telephone cupboard. The plug was still in the socket of "One" extension. Had she managed to get through? In the hope of finding out, I pulled out the plug and moved the switch to the perpendicular.

Nothing happened just then but after about ten minutes I heard the switchboard bell ringing and dashed to it.

The white disk over Number 1 was down. I picked up the receiver. Charlotte wanted angrily to know why she was no longer connected to the exchange and who was that anyway. I told her it was Simpson. "I mean, Samson, Madam."

"Have you been using the phone?" she demanded.

"No, Madam."

"Well, get Groves and tell him to give me the outside line at once."

"Very good, Madam."

"Have you fetched your suitcase yet? Then fetch it and be back by six."

"Yes, Madam," I replied.

I did not summon Groves, however, to restore the switchboard's *status quo;* I did so myself. I waited patiently, and two minutes later had my cunning rewarded. She tried the number again. The soft sound of the dialing tone reached the switchboard receiver; this time I was able to put it to my ear; I had been right in thinking there was a sufficient leak from the supposedly closed extension circuit to overhear quite easily on this instrument, if one pressed the receiver tightly against one's ear.

However, there was still no sequel to the dialing tone, and it seemed to me she let it ring for some time after reasonable hope had vanished that anyone was there to answer it.

FEELING more intrigued than ever, I slipped out of the cupboard. I wanted to hang around the switchboard but I had to fetch my clothes. I wasted no time about it. I got a taxi to Thurloe Square and kept it for the return journey. I hurried into the house, wrote a note to Aunt Florence to say that I had got the job, wouldn't be home tonight, would tell her all about it when I saw her, grabbed the Dorothy Simpson suitcase, and was back in Cary Gardens inside three quarters of an hour. Extension Number 1 was still connected to the exchange.

I changed quickly into the black dress, tied on one of the small lace-edged aprons, and went down again to keep an eye—and ear—on the telephone. As I reached the hall I heard a clatter in the letter box. The evening papers were in it. I was looking at them, making sure there was no stop-press paragraph to say that Jonathan had been captured, when Groves found me. He held out his hand for them and glanced at the headlined stories of the unsuccessful hunt.

"Madam will want to see these at once," he decided. "Take them up to her, Samson."

"I should have thought it was bad for her, in her state, to be reminded," I said, experimentally, "but you know best, Mr. Groves, I'm sure."

"I'm glad you think so," he said tartly, and added in a more friendly tone than I had heard from him yet, "Perhaps there's something in what you say, Samson, and we worry about her a great deal, but she gave definite instructions that she should have all the papers. You might let me know how she takes the news that the man is still at large." He was looking at me closely, as if wondering whether I

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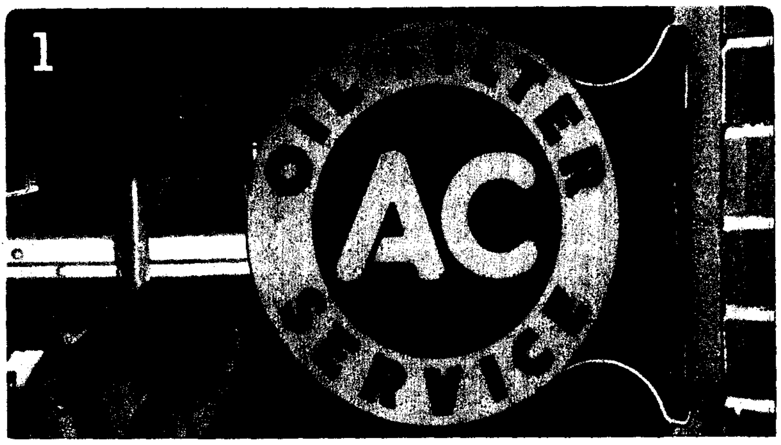
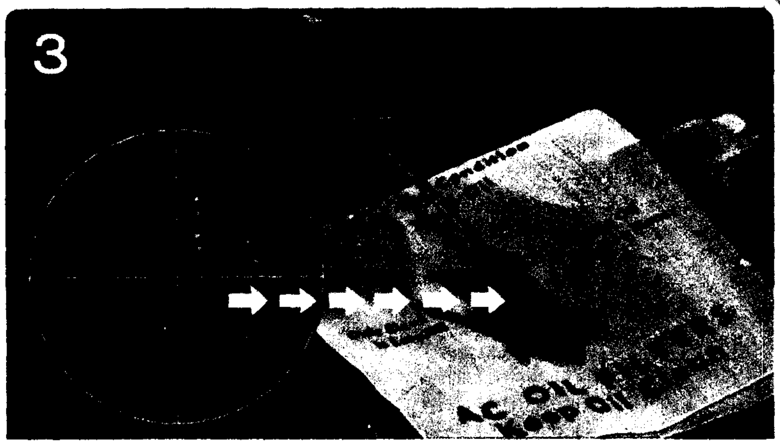


When Your Service Station

Makes this Free AC Oil Test



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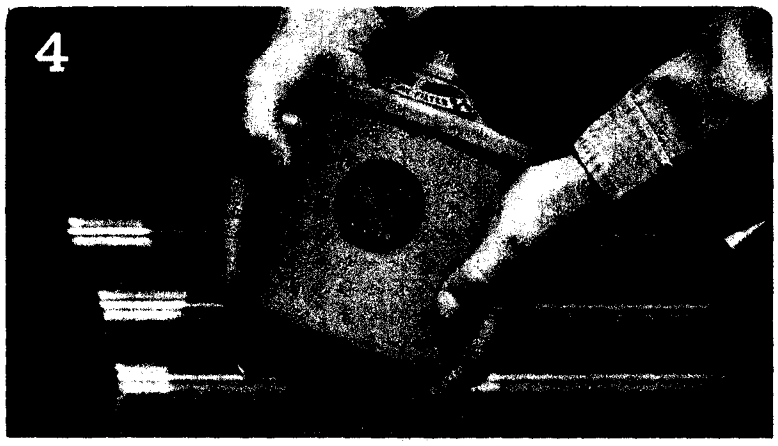

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could be trusted to bring him an accurate report.

He thought, thank God, that I was as stupid as I looked, otherwise he would not have dared, if he wanted to keep it secret, to give me this final evidence of his peculiar interest in Charlotte's reactions. I went up to the first floor with the papers, digesting this now certain aspect of the situation. He believed there was more in the murder of his master than robbery. I could no longer ignore the certainty that he knew about or at least strongly suspected her affair with Jonathan. He was thinking that Jonathan had killed Joseph Inwood because of Charlotte.

WITH such knowledge as this, why hadn't Groves gone to the police? What kept him silent? Loyalty to Charlotte? I did not think so. Loyalty to the dead man? If loyalty were in his constitution, surely he would see it as his duty to tell the police of her possible guilt. Of course, the repercussions might well ruin him professionally. Oh, yes, that's our new butler, the man who informed on Charlotte Inwood. He had his problems, had our Mr. Groves.

I took the papers in to Charlotte, who was still lying on the sofa where I had left her. She reached out for them without a word; Groves would not have criticized me for any lack of attention. I was impressed by the success with which she hid whatever she was thinking. Of course she was being too careful not to let me see her relief, and overdid it by the dramatic way she threw the papers on the floor in disgust.

But I did not disappoint Mr. Groves. I found him alone in the pantry, polishing wine glasses.

"I gave Madam the papers as you said."

"Oh, yes?" he said, and the tip of his tongue flickered along his lower lip. I let him stew in suspense for a moment before I added that I was probably imagining it, but could Madam possibly be *relieved* that Penrose had not been caught yet?

"Relieved!" he said. "Of course she couldn't be! Your eyesight isn't very good, is it, Samson?"

"No, Mr. Groves. It isn't," I agreed, hanging my head despondently and adding, "I thought she was, though, and she's a very fine lady, so it might be natural for her to be forgiving." I knew now I was right. I did not have to look at him to see the satisfaction my little piece of information had given him. He had thought she would be relieved but evidence to that effect from me, the silly Suffolk country girl with bad eyesight, had finally confirmed his suspicions; if he had not before been certain about the Charlotte-Jonathan Penrose relationship, he was now.

What would he do about it?

I had not long to wait before I got the answer to that one, and it was not at all what I expected.

In the meantime I gave some immediate thought to my own problem of how to keep Charlotte's uncertainty alive. I looked for and finally found an idea.

A little later, about dusk, when I was getting her ready for bed, and she was creaming her face at her dressing table, I went over to the window and stood there looking down into the street through the narrow gap in the white silk curtains. It did not take her long to notice me there, and she asked me what I thought I was doing. I had worked out the likely questions and was ready with the answers.

"Nothing, Madam, only—"

"Only *what?*"

"I thought the police had gone away. Of course he *may* be a plain-clothes policeman," I added doubtfully.

"What *are* you talking about, Samson? Come away from that window and find my yellow mules. I hate these blue beasts. They catch my instep."

"Yes, Madam." But I stayed at the window, and made my back more intent than ever. I could feel her eyes on me.

"I'm sure he can't be," I said. "He wouldn't mind being seen if he weren't, would he? At least, he wouldn't hide in those bushes like that, I'm sure. He'd be on the pavement, not in the gardens."

I felt rather than heard her moving behind me, and I went on quickly:

"There! Now he's gone altogether!"

Charlotte stood behind me; she did not come to the gap in the curtains.

"For God's sake, Samson, you're giving me the willies!"

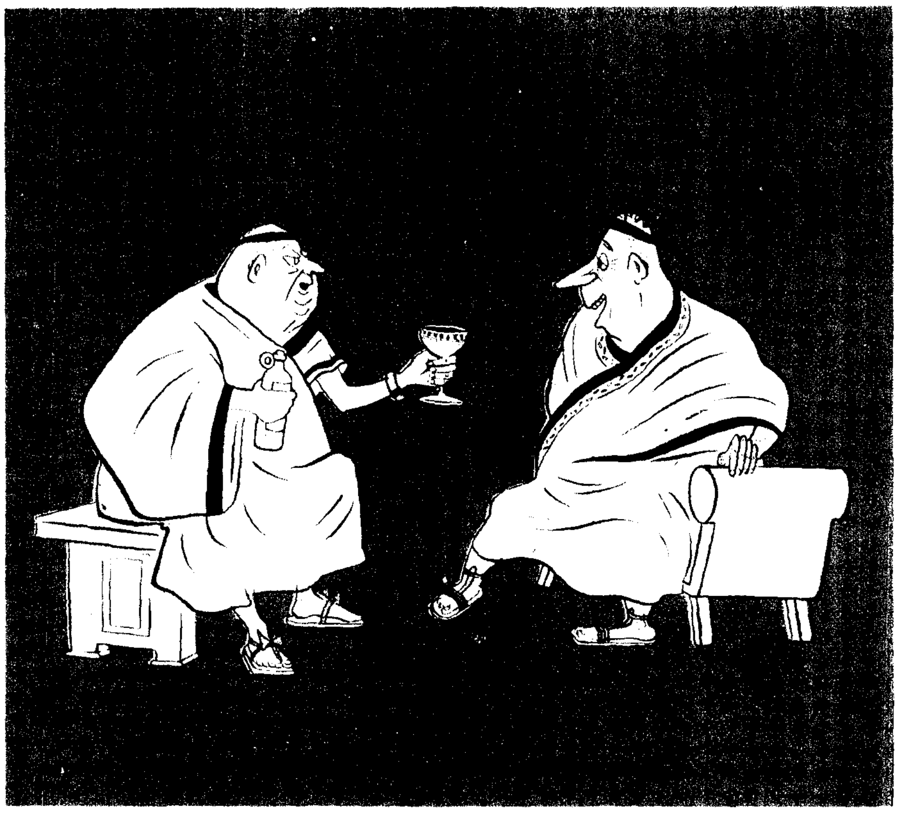
"Oh, he's gone," I said. "He went off to the left. It's too dark to see." Then I added, as if in afterthought, "A tall man."

"A tall man?" she repeated. Her voice was low.

"Without a hat, Madam. A detective would wear a hat, wouldn't he? Quite a tall man. Just one of those snoopers—I think it ought to be stopped."

I turned to look at her. Her self-control was again remarkable. The moment I turned, she did also, and went back to the dressing table.

"If you're a neurotic," she said, "you'd better say so, and I'll get another maid."



"But, Madam, I'm sure there was a snooper—"

"Brush my hair—"

"Yes, Madam."

I went over to her and she handed me one of her gold-and-tortoise-shell hairbrushes.

"I'm sorry, Madam, if I scared you, but he looked—"

"I said brush my hair, Samson!"

"Yes, Madam." I brushed it, wanting to twist it around her fair neck and strangle her with it. I waited a few seconds before I shot the bolt finally home. Then I dropped the hairbrush with a crash on the glass top of the dressing table and half screamed: "Oh, Madam—*it must have been him!* They say they always come back to the scene of the crime!"

That broke through her defenses, if only for a moment. She snatched up the hairbrush and whacked me across the front of my thigh with it in one furious movement.

"Shut up," she said through her teeth, "and get out of my sight before I lose my temper with you!" In the same instant she took hold of herself and her voice quietened: "My nerves are quite enough on edge without having a hysterical girl on my hands. I'll ring for you in the morning when I want you."

"Yes, Madam," I said, and cowered out of her room, closing the door. I stood holding my breath in the thought that if the police visit this morning had made her want to get in touch with someone outside, this new alarm might make it more necessary to her than ever.

I ran downstairs. The hall was empty and I was able to get into the cupboard and shut the door without being seen. I switched on the light in case anybody came, for to be in there in the dark would be more than suspicious.

I picked up the receiver. She had not wasted a moment; the dialing tone was already muttering its secret summons.

This time it was answered. I glued the earpiece to me until it hurt. But I could just hear a man's voice, thin and far away: "Yes?"

For a bad moment I was afraid I was not going to be able to hear Charlotte's end of the conversation, but I realized she was probably recovering from relief at having managed at last to establish contact, and it was like her not to want to show it.

"I've been trying all day to reach you."

It was his turn to pause. I realized afterward that those two hesitations were almost more significant than what they said to each other. I did not think that his was one of relief, however.

"Are you there?" she asked anxiously.

"Is this—sensible?" he said.

"I'm the best judge of that. In any case, *they* have gone. They had a man keeping out undesirables, but he went too this morning, after I'd seen them. I thought I had better get it over."

"It went all right?"

"Yes, of course. They wanted, naturally, to know if Joe or I had any dealings with him. Of course I said *I* hadn't, even if Joe might have."

"They did, did they?" He was not very concerned. Charlotte, however, reassured him to reassure herself. "It worries me a bit, but it's quite logical that they should have noticed it wasn't a *typical* thing for someone like him to have done. Look. I'm sorry, but there's something else—a reason I *must* see you."

"Not yet."

"Freddy—"

"Shut up!" he said sharply.

Freddy? This was the first clue, and in a moment I had identified him. He was the man she had gone to after the murder, the man she had told Jonathan would support her alibi for the critical time, if she were ever questioned about it.

My first reaction was disappointment; I had expected some factor I had not known. Then, as I listened, I realized she must have told Freddy—wasn't his other name Williams?—must have told him quite a lot more than seemed either necessary or safe.

After his swift reaction to her use of even his first name, she promised him that the telephone was perfectly secure, because not only had she got his number for herself, but she was alone in her bedroom and all the servants were downstairs at their supper. She went on to insist that she must see him, that something had happened for which she had not been prepared.

"Nothing can have happened which hasn't been foreseen," he said.

"How can you say that? You know me well enough. I wouldn't insist if it weren't necessary."

"My dear, what a woman regards as necessary—"

"Let's not argue. I shall come, say, between midnight and half past, after this house has settled down. I can come and go without anyone in the world knowing. Your downstairs door is locked at eleven, when the porter goes for the night. I'll ring your street bell and you can come down and let me in."

"No," he said. "I told you. Not before I am satisfied all the song and dance is over."

"Oh, for God's sake!" Her voice, small as it was to me, was full of urgency.

"Quietly does it," said Freddy Williams. "You say the telephone is safe. Go ahead. What's eating you?"

"No telephone is as safe as that—"

"You're losing your nerve. You've shown plenty so far. Now you're panicking. I know the signs."

"All right," she said. "Listen. *It is certain now that they will catch him.*"

He paused before speaking.

"They promised they would, I suppose."

"And he's making it as easy as possible for them."

"I don't believe it. He's damned intelligent, according to everything you've told me."

"In every respect except one—he can't keep away from me."

"He hasn't much choice about that. He'll have to."

"So you'd think. But then you aren't his type, darling, and you don't know what it feels like."

"I think you're getting windy."

"Am I? Now I'll tell you that he is outside this house *now*, or was, five minutes ago."

That shook him into momentary silence, then: "But *why?*"

"I just said you wouldn't understand. You haven't one of those things in your breast which beats and throbs and is supposed to provide normal people with the emotion of love."

"Quit fooling, Charlotte!"

"Who's to shut up now?"

HE SWORE at her. She laughed. "You mean he's hanging around to see if you're all right, or something?" he demanded.

"Or just to see me."

"He must be crazy!"

"About me. And that is no condition to be in when he has his sort of problem."

"And you have *your* sort of problem."

"*Ours,*" she said.

"So what?"

"So, I want to see you. I think we ought to do something about it."

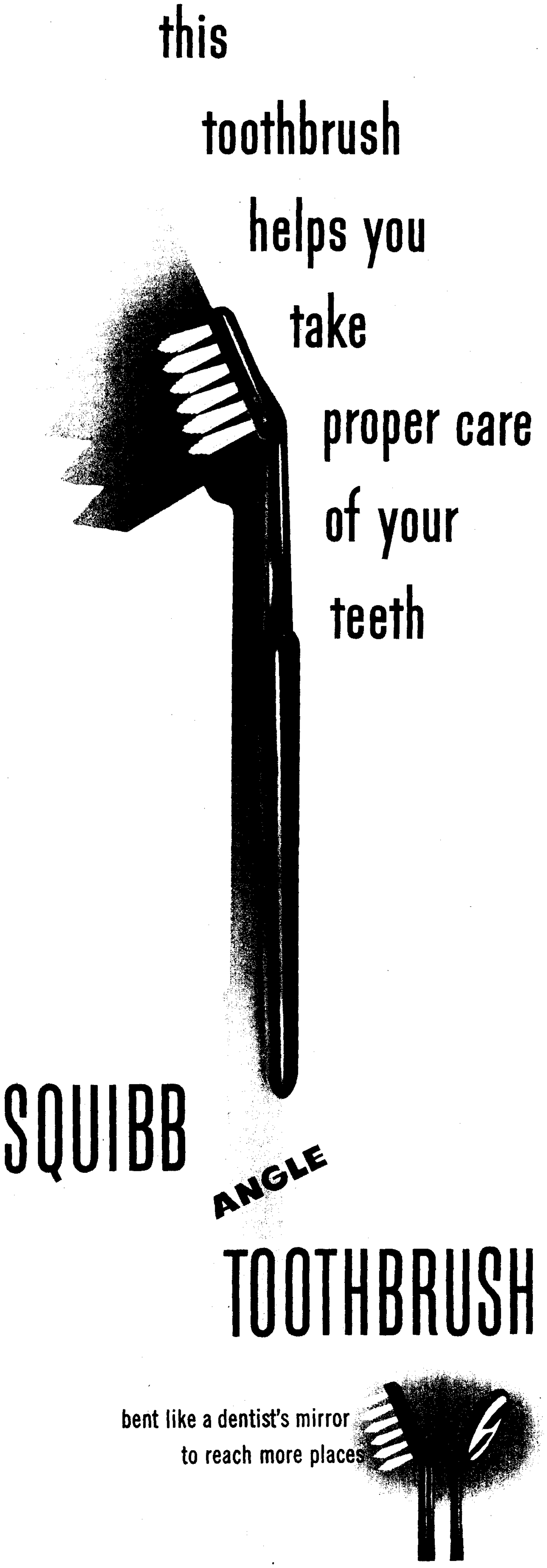
"All right," he said. "Tomorrow night. At half past twelve, as you suggested."

"No. Tonight."

"I said tomorrow," and he rang off.

She said, "Hullo! Hullo!" and jiggled her receiver so that the bell in the switchboard tinkled. Then she hung up. I waited, but she did not dial again. I put down the receiver and left the telephone cupboard to digest what I had heard.

It was, in effect, of considerable im-


this toothbrush helps you take proper care of your teeth

SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

bent like a dentist's mirror to reach more places

portance and it looked as though, all things being equal, I now had twice as good a chance of forcing the truth into the light of day as I had had ten minutes ago.

Freddy Williams. I had almost forgotten him. It was difficult to imagine what he was like from that miniature voice in the earpiece, but one thing was fairly clear. Even if he was ready to help her out of the worst hole in which her kind of widow could find herself, he was no Jonathan to fall a bedazzled slave at her sainted feet. He sounded as if he was accustomed to giving as good as he got.

In the meantime I was elated. I had forced a situation. Charlotte had not doubted for a moment that I had seen Jonathan, and listening to her while she told Freddy Williams about it I had almost believed it myself.

What would she do now? Freddy Williams refused to see her until tomorrow. Would she wait? She had said they ought to do something about it. Was that a vague thought, rising from her anxiety, or had she some plan to counter the danger of Jonathan's imminent arrest?

I would be around at midnight, just in case.

I went down to supper, which had started in the servants' room: kippers, bread and cheese, and cocoa. Compared with the midday meal it was livelier, except of course for Mr. Groves who was dissecting a kipper with characteristic precision and taking no interest in the conversation between Havelock and Hewson, the chauffeur.

I was able to wonder if kipper and cocoa would make me as ill as seemed likely and how Mr. Groves was getting on with his problem. I could see that it was still with him. Twice in the course of one kipper he stopped, with knife and fork idle, to stare unseeingly in front of him. I was impatient. I had not the sort of mind to be content with this method of gradual accumulation of small facts in order to build a big one.

After perhaps ten minutes, the butler wiped his mouth on his napkin and with the air of a man who has made up his mind about something, left the room. Mrs. Marshall watched him go.

"Poor Mr. Groves," she sighed. "He's taken it to heart, I'm afraid. He was very devoted, as a good servant should be."

The others, none of them particularly anxious to be good servants and thus run such risks, agreed with conventional murmurs of approval, got on with their suppers and began to talk about the funeral, which was on Monday. The chauffeur wanted to take bets on the number of cars in the cortege, but Mrs. Marshall was quick to reprove him.

My mind was on Mr. Groves, however; it had no room for anything else.

THE best excuse to leave the table I could devise was to say I was sorry but I wasn't hungry, it must be because I was overtired, and without waiting for Mrs. Marshall's permission I went out after Mr. Groves with the feeling that it was a moment of crisis, and if I could get at him now and somehow make him talk, I would find out what he was up to.

But it was not going to be so easy as that.

The light was on in his pantry and the door was half open. Mr. Groves was brushing his hair at a long narrow mirror fixed to the back of a cupboard door. I stood in the half darkness of the passage between the servants' room and the kitchen, and watched him. He had not much hair, and what there was of it always seemed like the rest of him, to be in a state of utmost orderliness, but he nevertheless brushed it now with slow, smooth strokes until he was satisfied that each hair lay with inescapable exactitude in its proper place. He rubbed the toes of his patent-leather shoes with a yellow duster, straightened his tie, and stood regarding himself critically in the mirror. I was fascinated. This was all part of the decision he had made at the supper table, and I could not guess to what it was leading. If he were going out somewhere, wouldn't he have changed into other clothes?

Then as he looked at himself his mouth began to move as if he were speaking; which in fact he was doing; but without sound. He stopped, adjusted his expression to an even sterner severity and began again. I realized that he was rehearsing.

He raised himself to his full height, he pushed out his narrow chest, threw off the butler and became the man. His silent speech flowed on, his forehead creased into a heavier frown. Suddenly he flung out his right hand, forefinger outstretched and came to the final points in his harangue of accusation. That was it: accusation.

His hand dropped. He was listening to what the other said, the unknown other. . . . He made a gesture with that eloquent hand, a complete dismissal of the answer to his accusation, a brutal dismissal, for he knew the truth and there was no possible denial of it.

Now he was listening again; practicing a series of expressions from contemptuous disbelief, through surprise and doubt, to a final thoughtful, careful consideration in which he put his left hand to his chin and nodded slowly in apparently reluctant agreement with a suggestion which was being made to him. He relaxed his forbidding expression and permitted himself to smile with a slight shrug of his shoulders which said as plainly as words: "Oh well, in that case, of course—"

AT LAST, the rehearsal was at an end. He was satisfied with it. He patted his lapels and closed the cupboard. I went quickly into the empty kitchen and waited for him to leave the pantry.

I knew Mr. Groves' secret, his solution to his problem. He was not going to the police.

No, it was really quite simple.

Mr. Groves was no longer merely Charlotte Inwood's butler; he was also her particular and private blackmailer.

I had a faint feeling of apprehension on Mr. Groves' account on which I could not put a finger, but I had a much larger feeling of pleasure. This was excellent. This was better than an imaginary Jonathan in the bushes, better than jogging Ordinary Smith's speculations, better than all the indirect attacks I could devise. This was tangible and real. She would deal with it, of course, somehow or other, probably by paying up, if with bad grace, for she was rich enough to stand it. Mr. Groves was no fool. He would know exactly how much and how often to turn the screw.

But it would shake her self-confidence to its roots to know, and she would have to go on knowing all the time, that there was yet one more person who knew of her link with Jonathan.

I saw Mr. Groves go slowly up the front stairs. I passed him, as if on my way to my own room. Then, hearing him knock on Charlotte's door, I stopped on the stairs leading to the third floor. Quietly I sat down close in to the carved banisters. They hid me sufficiently from Charlotte's door to see Groves when he came out without being seen by him.

He was with her nearly a quarter of an hour. It seemed an age and all through it I was on tenterhooks lest one of the others come up the stairs so that I would have to leave them at the critical moment.

At last he came out. He closed the door quietly, his face away from me. Then he turned and stood for a moment in the full light of the wall bracket between the bedroom and sitting room. He was contemplating the future. His long teeth showed in a wide grin, a strange, stiff grin, for his face was not made for it. It subsided into a cheerful, slightly more natural smile, and he went downstairs like a man whom fortune has suddenly regarded with favor. Yes, he saw a rosy future.

Poor man, he did not know how short it was to be. This was Friday. In less than four days from now, almost to the hour, Mr. Groves' future turned from rosy to red, and ceased to concern him.

But much was to happen in the interval. . . .

Having observed the butler's satisfaction, I had an urge to see how Charlotte was feeling. The moment he was out of sight, therefore, I went to her, knocking and opening the door at the same time, and asking if there was anything she needed: a hot-water bottle—a glass of water, perhaps?

She was standing at the bedside table with her hand on the telephone. She swung around and dropped her hand. Her eyes were very dark, her mouth drawn, her anger at my interruption colder and more ominous than when she had banged me with the hairbrush.

"I will ring when I want anything," she said. "Will you please keep out of my sight?"

I shut the door hurriedly. I had learned little which I could not have guessed if I had paused to think for a moment. She would be infuriated by this new difficulty, and she would telephone to Freddy Williams again to add another good reason for seeing him as soon as possible.

It was true that she was a strong-minded, selfish and utterly competent person, but it was also true that she could not be happy unless there was a man on the stage with her, to play the scene with her, to stimulate, share and match her emotions. Now, in the same way that she had dragged Jonathan onto the stage in the first act, she required Freddy Williams for the second. That is how I read her at the moment; later, of course, I found that she had even more right than her own nature's demand to bring Freddy into the drama.

Meanwhile she was going to talk to him again on the telephone. I ran downstairs three at a time, but on this occasion found myself balked. Mrs. Marshall had chosen that inconvenient moment to weed out the faded flowers from the big bunch in a bowl on the Elizabeth chest in the hall. The sight of her brought me to a standstill, breathing fast and feeling rather silly.

"Well, well," she said, "I thought we were overtired."

"I feel better," I replied weakly. "I was hoping there was some bread and cheese left over."

"Ask Cook."

I HAD to go belowstairs and eat bread and cheese I did not want, while Charlotte had another argument with Freddy Williams to which I was not able to listen.

But I worked it out that even if he went on saying, "No, tomorrow," there was a likelier chance than ever that she would try to see him tonight. She had had a bad evening, and I could understand her almost physical need to see him.

I finished my bread and cheese and inspected the locking arrangements of the basement door. Two bolts and a lock; the lock could be held back by pushing down a button. The bolts moved easily. I would not be able to leave the house until after Groves had locked up, about half past ten. However, I would still have ample time before Charlotte thought of moving. . . .

At a quarter to twelve I was at the wheel of the Daimler parked up the street from Number 4. The car was far enough away from the house to be unconnected with it, but not too far for me to be able to see if anyone came out.

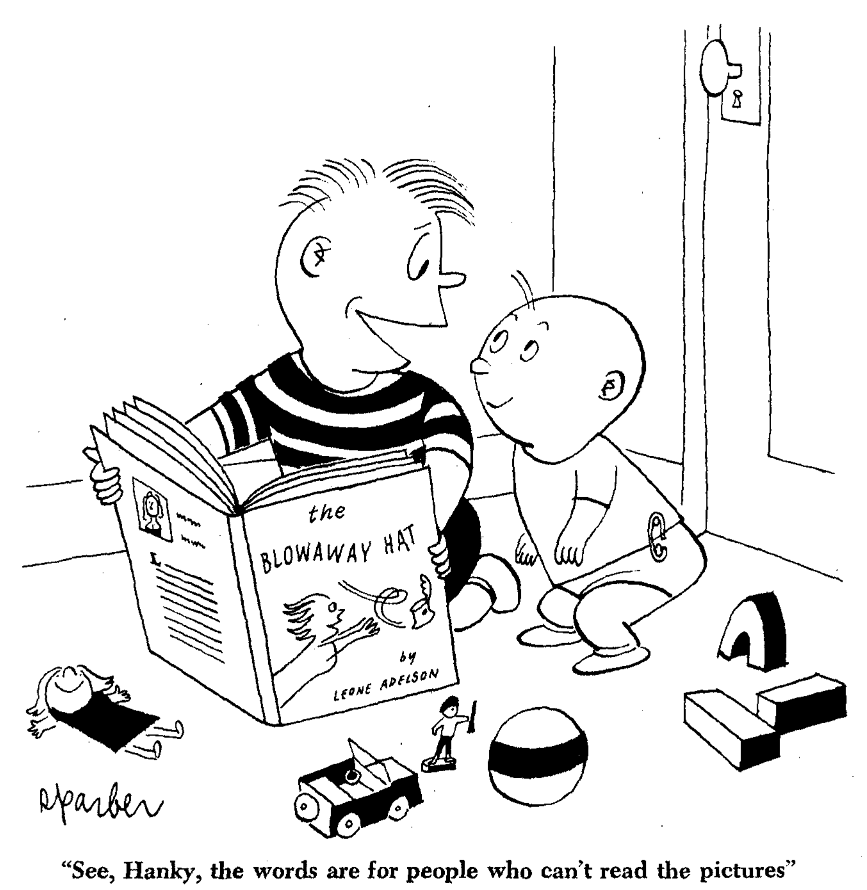
While I waited I loosened and combed my hair, put away the spectacles, and treated my face generously to rouge, powder and lipstick. I spoke a few sentences aloud to get my voice back to normal, and went on waiting.

At ten minutes past twelve I saw Charlotte appear on the pavement in front of the house. She was dressed in black and seemed to be wearing a black scarf over her head and tied under her chin; she made an inconspicuous figure.

She walked away from me toward Fulham Road I let her reach the corner before I started the car and went after her.

(To be continued next week)

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"See, Hanky, the words are for people who can't read the pictures"

COLLIER'S

Absorbine Jr.
kills Athlete's Foot
"Bugs" on contact!
Before
After

This picture, magnified hundreds of times, of the parasitic growth which causes Athlete's Foot was made *before* contact with Absorbine Jr. This growth lives on stale perspiration products and dead skin . . . the real cause of the pain and misery of Athlete's Foot.

This is a picture, same magnification, of the Athlete's Foot organisms, *after* contact with Absorbine Jr. See how this parasitic growth has wilted and died. No longer can it irritate delicate nerve endings and cause that maddening "itchiness" and excruciating pain!

Cracks warn of danger

Warmth and excessive perspiration between your toes invite Athlete's Foot! This common summer condition irritates the tender skin often to the point where it cracks and flakes away in moist shreds. Then the ever-present organisms which are the cause of Athlete's Foot, multiply and attack the raw flesh through the open cracks! Every step is agony!

Drench those cracks

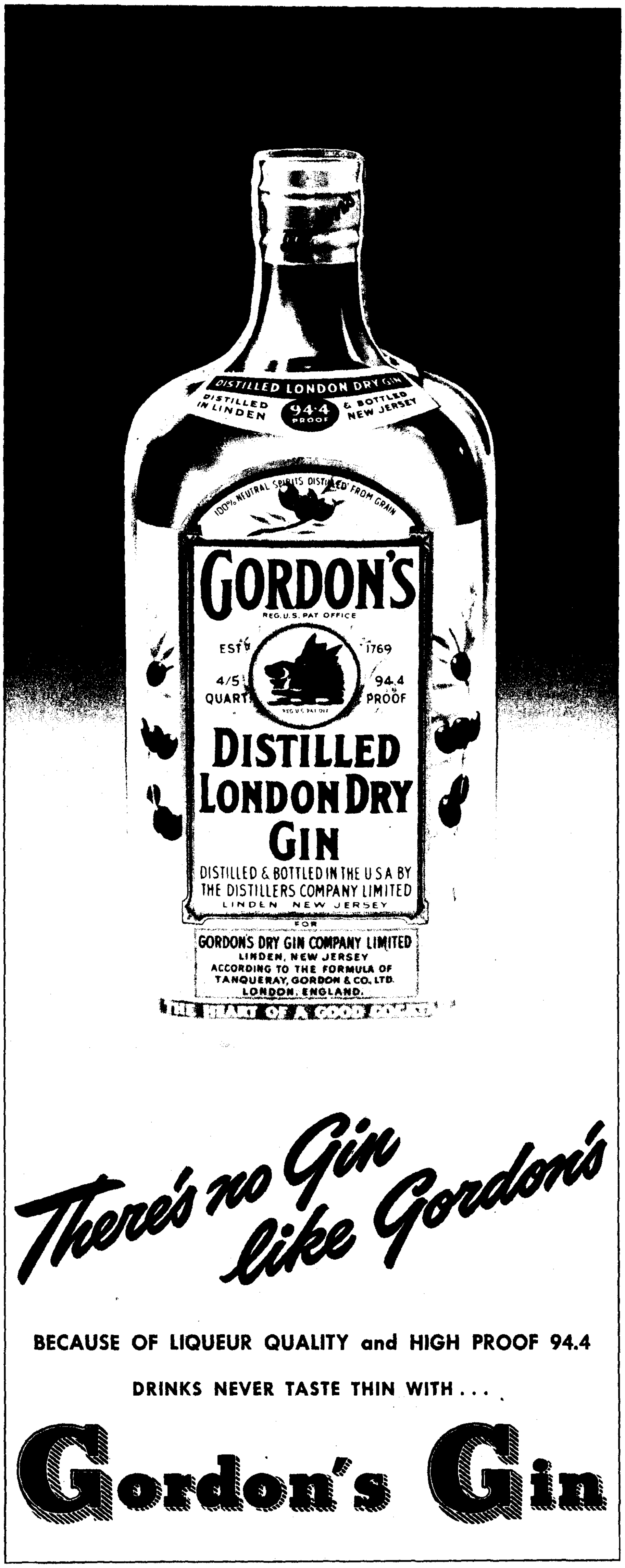
Apply Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning, at the first sign of cracked skin between the toes. It kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact. To guard against re-infection: Don't share towels or bath mats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the organisms. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases consult your physician.

Absorbine Jr. also benefits you four other important ways:
1. It dries the skin between the toes, discouraging future attacks of Athlete's Foot.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
3. It cleanses and helps heal broken tissue.
4. It relieves itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Daily hygiene! You can help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying Absorbine Jr. to your feet *every day!* Cooling and refreshing after bathing. Absorbine Jr. has also been famous for more than 50 years for relieving muscular aches and pains. At all drugstores $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.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There's no Gin like Gordon's
BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF 94.4
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH . . .
Gordon's Gin

Temporarily, GORDON'S GIN is being shipped in the round Victory bottle ... 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

HE CLICKED FOR 50 YEARS

Continued from page 23

the business progressed. Lloyd George was congratulating himself on the success of his idea when Hughes suddenly blurted out another question. President Wilson blew up.

"I thought you told me you had straightened him out?" he said.

The Prime Minister went to Mr. Hughes, slapped him on the shoulder and shook his head slowly. "Mr. Prime Minister," he said, "you won't read, you can't hear, and I don't know what the hell I'm going to do with you!" That, says Harris, made everybody laugh, including Hughes, who got the point.

Later, Harris was allotted five minutes to photograph Lloyd George. They talked for two hours. The reason: They discovered they were both born in Wales.

George Harris came to the United States in 1881 from Dowlais, Wales. He was then nine years old. As a youngster he went to work in a Pittsburgh steel mill and joined an amateur theatrical troupe. One day the troupe visited a local photographer for a group picture. When the man arranged the actors, Harris objected that the picture would look stiff and unreal. The photographer sarcastically suggested that Harris pose them himself if he knew so much about it. Harris did. The picture was a humdinger. The photographer was so impressed he hired Harris to get subjects to pose in more natural positions while the boss clicked the shutter.

Followed the Trail West

In 1889, when Harris was 17, he had learned enough about photography to take a photograph of the Johnstown flood for newspaper publication. Shortly afterward he went to Arkansas and opened a small studio. But everybody was heading west in those days, so he soon pulled up stakes and joined the trek to San Francisco, where he landed a job making news pictures for a studio.

In 1902, when the Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa, was due to erupt, the San Francisco Examiner sent Harris to get pictures. "It didn't really erupt, but it boiled over," he says, "and I got the shots."

When he returned to the Examiner offices he found the editor pacing the floor, mad and disgusted.

"What's the trouble?" Harris asked.

"Trouble! Old Senator Hoar just kicked off. I've sent wires all over the country trying to get a picture of him and I can't even get answers!" He paused and shook a finger at Harris. "Look," he said, "if you want to make some real dough, go out and take pictures of all the famous people you can find and sell 'em to the newspapers."

Harris didn't take the advice immediately, but he remembered it. He went to New York and worked for nearly three years as a photographer on Leslie's Weekly. When he had some capital laid aside he communicated with Mrs. Martha Ewing, a color artist in the San Francisco studios where he had worked. He suggested that they go into partnership in a new studio. With Mrs. Ewing he made a survey of several big cities, including Washington, to decide which promised the most business. One evening at dinner in Chicago, Harris tore a menu in two and gave one half to Mrs. Ewing.

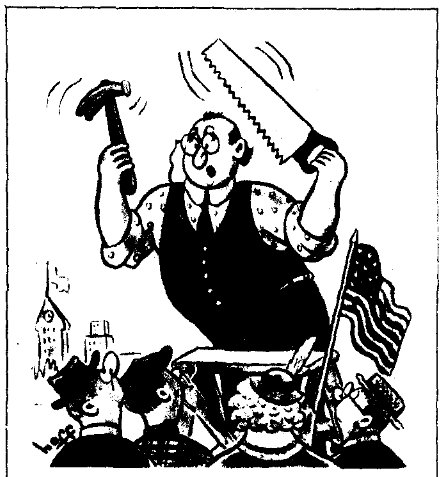
"You write the name of the city you've selected, and I'll do the same," he suggested.

They exchanged halves. Each had written "Washington."

They visited various locations in the capital, counting the number of people who passed given points during the day. They settled upon 1313 F Street as the most likely spot. The studio opened February 17, 1905, and from that day on, wherever there was news in Washington there was Harris.

In 1911, he got a marvelous shot of a Model F Wright airplane about to land on the White House lawn. The pilot, Harry Atwood, had just completed a record 550-mile cross-country trip to receive an Aero Club medal from President Taft. In 1912, the great Jim Thorpe, Indian athletic wonder, thundered down the gridiron to bring Carlisle a 34-20 victory over Georgetown and to give Harris an outstanding football action shot. The stepped-up life of Washington when America entered the first World War was recorded through the Harris lens—war workers jamming the streets, fighting for rooms, houses, meals and transportation just as they would be doing twenty-five years later.

The studio today is a national as well as a Washington institution, with scores of its historic pictures on permanent file at the Smithsonian Institution. Mrs. Ewing lives on a ranch in California and is no longer associated with the business, though she and Harris have pleasant reunions now and again. Many of Harris' pictures flow through his news-photo syndicate, which services some thirty U.S. newspapers and several magazines. His studio rooms are constantly occupied by brides-to-be, newlyweds, Army and Navy officers, doting parents and Sunday-clothed children, congressmen, senators, Cabinet officers, bureaucrats, government clerks and Washington housewives.



". . . And if I'm elected, I promise you houses for veterans!"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

In 1921, Harris broadened his scope to include oil portraits for those who wanted them. He hired a first-class artist named Schlereth, a German, to paint the portraits. Each year Schlereth took a three-month vacation and went to Germany. In 1939 he sailed for the fatherland and Harris has not heard from him since. The portrait work still continues, now performed by a New York artist.

George Harris says, "Photography today has gone beyond me." Old-timers on his staff, however, say that he still makes photos now and then—by daylight—which for artistic effect and workmanship beat most of those taken by artificial light.

George William Harris is 75 years old. Photography itself is only 25 years older. He is wealthy and healthy, but above all he is happy, for he feels that he has done a good job. He will talk about it, but he doesn't brag. He doesn't have to. His pictures, speaking for him, are symbols of the genius of this man who has clicked for 50 years.

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

. . . Since reading Do As You're Told and reading the newspaper accounts of the "flying saucers," I can't help wondering if Mr. Klein could have anything to do with people "seeing" these strange objects.

MRS. EDNA M. HOGAN, Phoenix, Ariz.

GOOD SCOUTS

DEAR EDITOR: Re the Boy Scout cartoon (June 28th): 1. As far as I know there is no first-aid kit that is worn on the back; there is one worn on the belt though. 2. The scout neckerchief is tied at the ends (not loose) with a square knot. 3. What is the object which is worn on the belts next to their knives? 4. I'd hate to be the scout who is wearing his merit badge sash other than on official occasions. 5. It would be a good idea if the scouts also wore shoes.

NORMAN SCHWARZ, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A G.I.'s LAMENT FROM KOREA

DEAR SIRS: We are not as fortunate as some G.I.s stationed in Japan, as we are in Korea, the end of the line. Today, happened upon your May 17th issue and my attention was drawn to your cartoon showing G.I.s like myself spending their leisure time in an Oriental cabaret. This I think deceives the people at home.

We are not allowed to associate with the native women, not allowed to consume their foods or beverages, and it is a very rare fact to see a white woman or even a woman dressed stateside.

If we go to town at all, which by the way is five miles away and is hoofed back and forth, there is nothing to do, not even a Red Cross Club to go to, and all native restaurants and cabarets are "Off Limits."

PFC. ANTHONY J. FEIL, Taejon, Korea

THE SPACE SNAIL

DEAR EDITOR: In your June 7th issue the caption of the cartoon of two men in the interior of a space ship read: "You certainly get a sense of speed when you're going 1,500 miles an hour." Unless I miss the point altogether 150,000 miles an hour would have been more like it.

Even that would be slow. Do I see what might be Mars ahead and a spiral nebula and such as to indicate the space ship as traveling in interstellar space? At 1,500 miles an hour it would take over two years to reach Venus, which is the nearest planet to us when it does come the closest. Mars is nearly twice as far. One more thing: Meteors, foot-loose chunks roving around in space, attain a speed of 50,000 to 180,000 mph. Could you possibly make that ship go a little faster?

BILL LINCOLN, Cullman, Ala.

You got the point, all right, Bill.

HELIOPHELIO

DEAR EDITOR: Messrs. Herrick and Pfeiffer have contributed a fairly useless article in The Sun Tan Myth (July 12th).

The American Medical Association recommends plenty of sunshine for a low blood count such as may be suffered by X-ray technicians and hospital radiologists.

Also, there is nothing more beautiful than a chubby American baby (from 3 to 23) in a beautiful dark coat of tan, racing around a white sand beach.

Five to one Messrs. Herrick and Pfeiffer boast the complexions of a couple of mahogany end tables!

ROBERT L. HAY, Rochester, N. Y.

. . . While a tan makes a man look younger it makes a woman look older. As a specialist in make-up, I have found that the drying effect of the sun emphasizes the pore sizes and leaves a woman's delicate skin with a leathery surface that brings out every tiny line. This in turn is accentuated by using regular make-up. If you insist on cultivating a natural brown skin tone—use less and lighter make-up, preferably a thin liquid lotion of the filmiest consistency. Incidentally, the sun's rays help clear up acne.

RICHARD WILLIS, New York, N. Y.

. . . Every year, shortly after Decoration Day, I start to look and feel like the guest of honor at a cannibal picnic. On July 4th, it has long been a family custom for the relatives to gather round and peel me like a banana. From then on, each year, I zealously store up vitamin D until, come Labor Day, I'm fit as a fiddle and twice as brown, secure in the knowledge that no cold germ can touch me in the coming winter.

This year, I'm tanning as usual, but the old esprit d'epidermis is gone. If I catch pneumonia this winter, blame it on those busybodies, Pfeiffer and Herrick. They had to open their big mouths! In a brown study.

PEGGY MURRAY, New York, N. Y.

THE OLD HA-HA

DEAR EDITOR: Thanks for the editorial One Laugh—$2 (July 12th). I've read the facts of this instance (in which a man was fined for laughing) but your publication has been the first to express an opinion of this flagrant disregard of our unwritten, highly prized right of any American doing what he, or she, wants to do, like breathing, snoring or even (tsk, tsk!) laughing.

I'm glad no one got arrested for crying. It could have happened a couple of times while I was overseas if there was such an ordinance.

M/SGT. JAMES F. KUNZE,
Barksdale Field, La.

. . . One Laugh—$2 missed the point entirely. If you will underscore the quoted words of the police chief "—when there was nothing funny to laugh about—" I believe you will have the crux of the situation.

Our Federal Constitution guarantees every man the right to make an ass of himself but it does not bestow upon him the right to annoy others with his braying.

WILLIAM A. BELL, Decatur, Ga.

PESKY CRITTER

DEAR SIR: After your Hal Newhouser cover (July 19th) I understand why he baffles so many batters. Obviously the batter can't see the ball—or Newhouser for that matter—behind that big foot he sticks up in front of himself before each pitch. He didn't by any chance get that stance from that half-pint photographer I thought I saw giving Hal advice on a proper pitching pose before making the cover down here last spring?

JOE GONZALES, Lakeland, Fla.

It is not unusual for the modest Peskins to give athletic lights instruction in How To. Inepts like Johnny Lujack and Stan Musial think they Know How until the Peskins show up—with their cameras. In this case, Hy Peskin had every qualification to give Newhouser a pitching lesson. At Brooklyn Evening High this one-man gang was manager and member of the baseball, football, track and soccer teams. Climax of his dazzling career was a 7-0 shutout he pitched for the N. Y. Daily Mirror over the Brooklyn Eagle at Ebbets Field.

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KAR-B-OUT
TUNE-UP
RISLONE and KARBOUT

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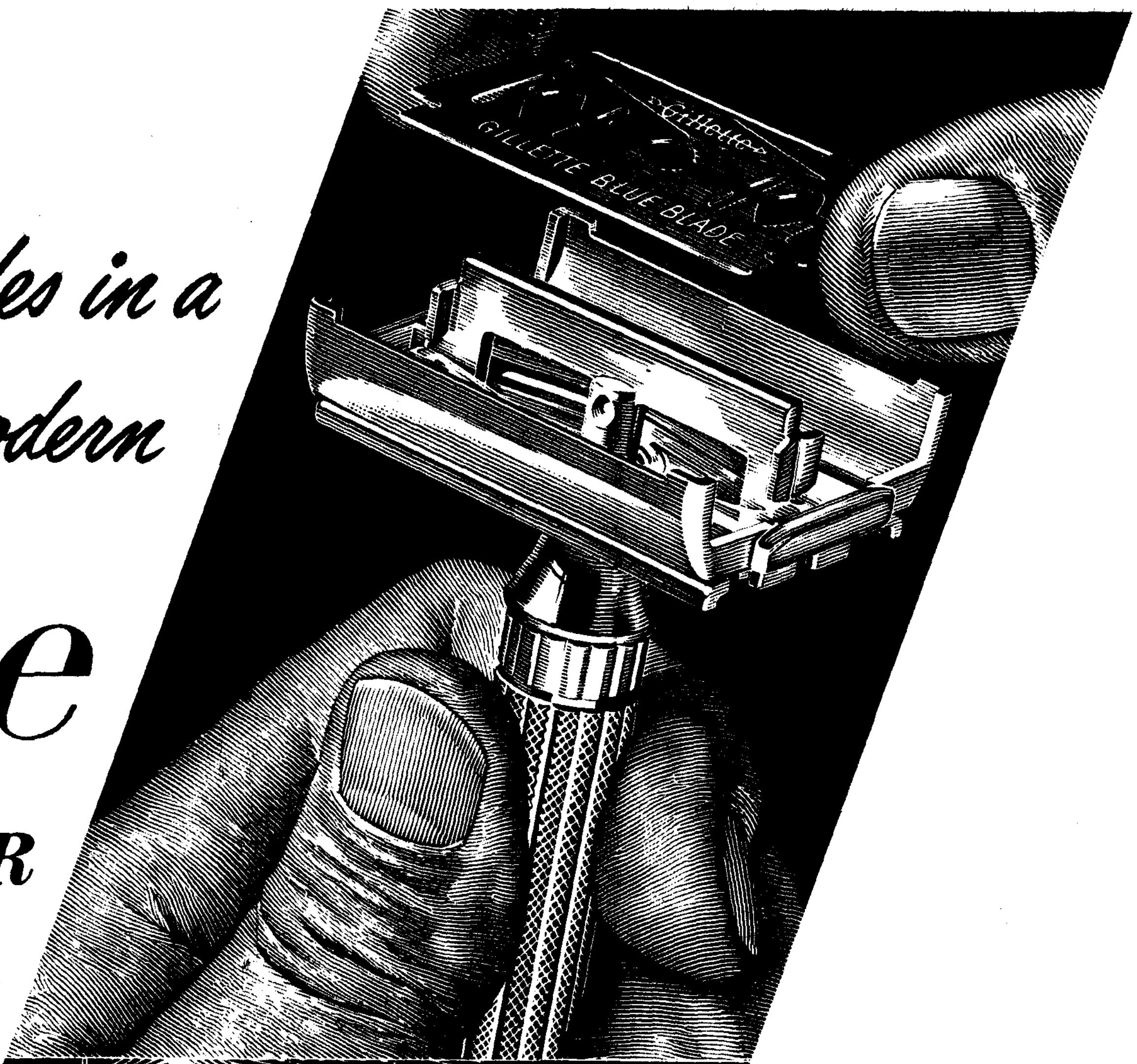
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Enjoy utmost shaving comfort and convenience. Get a superb Gillette Aristocrat or Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor. They're the finest shaving instruments money can buy!

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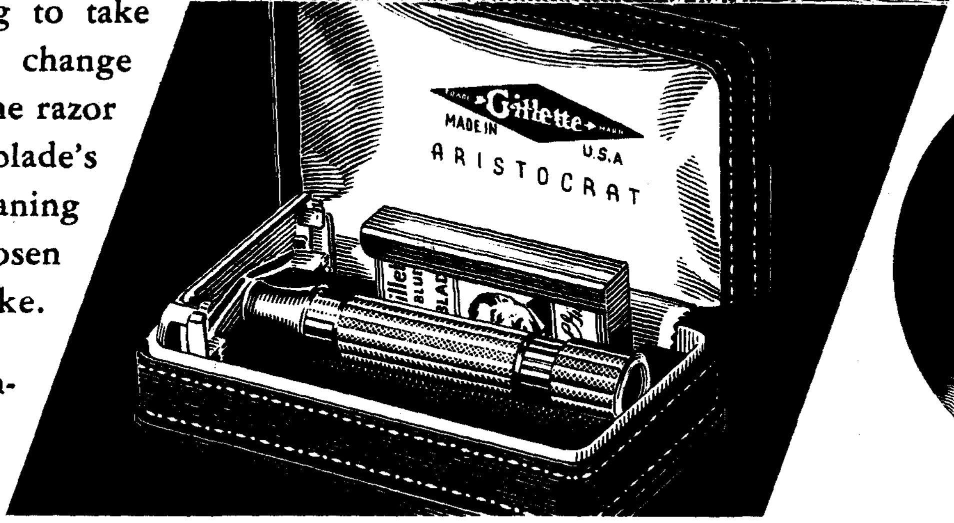
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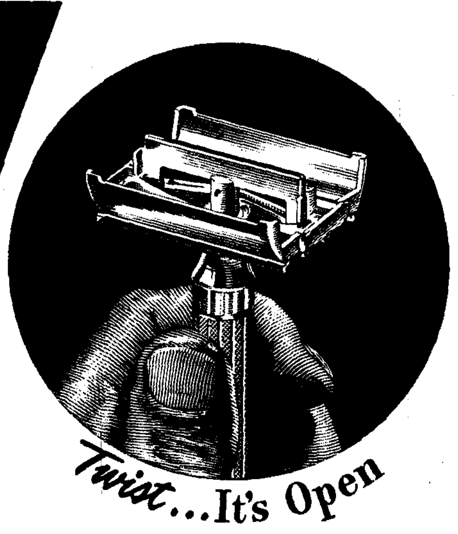
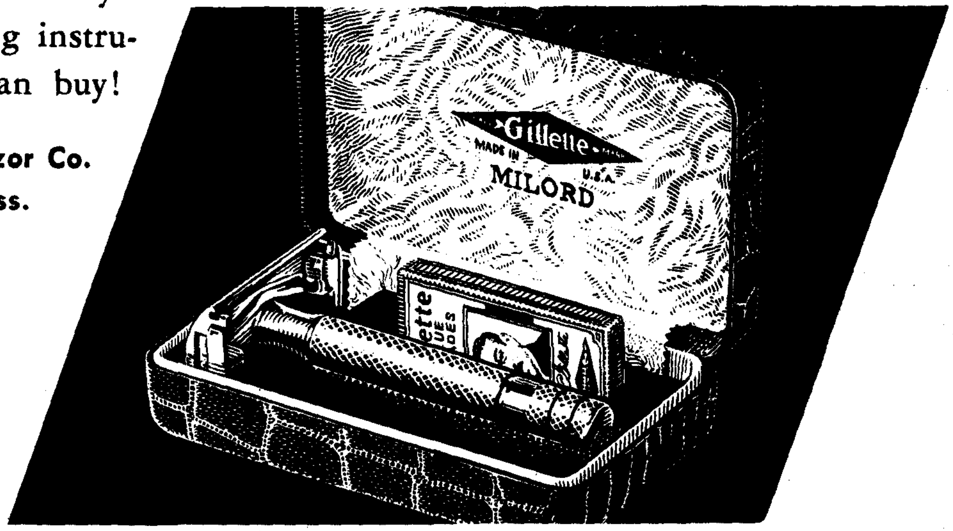

Twist . . . It's Open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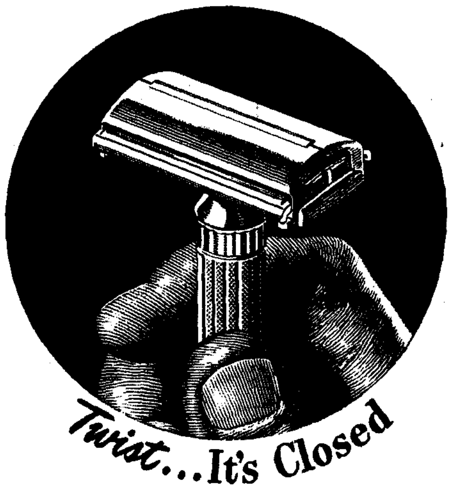
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SMILING GIRL

BY PEGGY MANN

Alice could dream while on her New York week ends, couldn't she?

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

SMILING, she walked up the aisle of the train. She found herself a seat alone, carefully folded her worn, blue coat, placed it beside her, and sat there then, staring out of the window, smiling.

Suddenly Alice no longer. On her way now, into Alicia. There in the train window, palely reflected, Alicia, softly smiling.

"Excuse me—" someone said. "Is this seat taken?"

Alicia jumped, inside. She looked up quickly. A lady was there, a stoutish lady with a little pink chin. And Alicia saw at once that the lady used rouge on her chin, as well as her cheeks, and blue on her eyelids, and black on her lashes, and blond in her hair.

"I asked was anyone sitting here?" the lady said, louder.

Alicia removed her coat to her own lap. The lady sat down and settled herself.

"How far you going?" the lady said.

Alicia was looking out the window. "New York," she answered softly.

"Going in to see the boy friend?"

And Alicia turned. "Why, yes—how did you know?"

The lady patted Alicia on the knee. "Dreamy eyes," she said.

Alicia smiled and looked again out of the window.

A long stretch of empty train stood on the track across the way. The windows stared out bleakly like a row of empty eyes. And suddenly it seemed that behind each window he was there, looking out. But she could not seem to see his face very clearly.

Thinking of him she felt it again, the sweet smile, spreading through her. You stand within yourself, she thought, and look around. And no one knows, oh, no one knows, what you see. Or dream. It was fine to be a private person, with no one prodding your dreams. Fine to live alone in Boston, writing a letter once a week to the family far away. Fine to work at the library, in the stacks, running a finger over the dusty volumes, searching for a book number someone had scrawled on a library slip. There was time to read, working there in the stacks. And time to dream.

"You go to New York often, girlie?" the lady asked.

Alicia was looking out of the window.

"You go to New York often to see this boy friend of yours?" the lady said louder.

Alicia turned. "Just sometimes. Sometimes on a Sunday. Sunday is my day off," she added.

The lady said that was very nice.

"It takes a while to save the money," Alicia said. "When I have enough money saved for the carfare, then I take the trip to New York," Alicia said. "To see him."

"You certainly must be mad in love," the lady said. "I had to talk to you twice before you heard me even."

Alicia smiled.

"Would you like a stick of chewing gum, honey?" the lady said.

"No, thank you," said Alicia, and turned back to look out of the window.

She began to wish the train would start. She liked watching trees and telephone poles flip by, with the train seat shaking slightly, pleasantly, as they sped along.

And then as if her thoughts had a power, the conductor called, "Bo-oard!" and the train was under way.

After a while the lady said, "Where

you going, hon, when you get to New York?"

Alicia, startled, said she did not quite know.

"The Music Hall is nice," the lady said. "They got a swell show there. I seen it twice. Maybe he'll take you to the Music Hall," the lady said. She chewed a while busily on her chewing gum. Then she added, "If he don't have much money, you know, you could go to one of them Chinese places to eat. You get dancing and stage show and everything. And plenty of food."

Alicia said that was a very fine idea. But privately she did not plan on the Music Hall at all. Or a Chinese restaurant either.

A small place, rather. Secluded, and French. With checker-clothed tables, and candles. And piano music coming from the back. They would sit and hold hands, in love. And drink wine. A small bottle of red wine, with wicker weaving around the bottom. She would take the empty bottle home.

And when the place began to crowd, he would say, "Let's go, Alicia." Helping her into her coat he might squeeze her shoulder a little. Sometimes he would do that. Then they would walk outside together into the warm autumn evening air. Autumn and evening. And they would sit on a bench in Washington Square Park while night drifted in. They would sit there together, and talk together, and then stop talking. . . .

"Would you care to look at my magazine?" the lady said.

Alicia jumped a little. "Thank you. I prefer to look at the scenery," she said.

Actually she did not look much at the scenery at all. She had made this trip so many times, Boston to New York and back, that the scenery all looked the same. She had stopped seeing it.

But when, suddenly, the train slowed down beside some stretch of water, and stopped, Alicia saw the scenery again. Directly below was a beach, a sad and rocky little strip, but a beach, with gray-yellow sand and a smooth old twisted tree trunk, skeleton-bleached. Very little waves came slipping over the sand. Ashamed little waves, with a faint mustache of foam.

But Alicia's imagination began to take hold. The beach became long, and white and empty. And the waves rolled in, green and crashing wild. And then, running down the sand, she came. Her hair flying back with the the wind caught in it. And, of course, he was behind her. Running. And caught her. Caught her, and of course, kissed her. Kissed her.

When the train began to move, Alicia looked back as long as she could, and it seemed that she saw herself standing there, with his arms around her.

"What's your boy friend like," the lady said, "if you don't mind me asking?"

"He's—very nice."

"Tall?" the lady said. "Tall and dark, maybe?"

Alicia looked straight ahead, frowning.

"Or maybe blond?" the lady said.

Alicia said, "Excuse me." She got up, holding her coat like a child in her arms, and walked down the aisle toward the cubicle at the end of the car which said: Women.

Women. Looking into the mirror then, bracing her feet in the shaking car, and combing her hair, she saw herself not as a girl at all. But as a woman.

The face staring back at her out of the mirror, plain. A plain girl. A pity. But, remembering him, she smiled, and there in the mirror, smiling, was suddenly—woman.

Always before when she thought of herself, thought of herself in his arms, or walking along on the street beside him, always before she was—girl.

Carefully she combed her hair. She felt tall inside, being woman.

After a while she unlocked the door and went back up the aisle, walking tall. She saw how the men looked up at her. All the eyes of all the men in the car, it seemed, were staring at her. A strange excitement rose within her.

She walked on past where the lady sat, reading her magazine, chewing her gum, and went instead to the end of the aisle where a seat was empty. She folded her coat very carefully, placed it beside her, and turned to the window, smiling.

The smile stayed with her until the train reached the station, then it sank away.

The lady passed by her and bent over. "Have a good time," the lady said.

"Thank you," said Alicia.

"Your fella be at the train to meet you?" the lady said.

"Yes, he will," said Alicia softly.

"I'd like to get a look at him," the lady said, warming a little. But Alicia sat there, saying nothing. The lady shrugged and went away.

When the car stood empty, Alicia rose, and, walking tall, she went down the aisle, out of the train, up the long and crowded ramp into the station.

She went straight to the information booth.

"When does the next train leave for Boston?" she asked.

"Five minutes, miss, track thirty-two."

So Alicia walked over to track thirty-two, down the steep flight of stairs from the station, and into the train.

Smiling, she went up the aisle, walking tall, seeming not to notice the people around her. She found herself a seat alone, folded her coat very carefully, placed it beside her, and sat there staring out of the window, smiling.

And as the train started to move, she began remembering, sweetly remembering. How he had kissed her there at the station. Right in front of thousands of eyes. Kissed her. And the smile spread through her, shivering, delicious, as the train rolled on, out of the tunnel, away from the city.

The conductor came by to collect her ticket, "Have a good time in New York, miss?" the conductor said.

Alicia, startled, looked up at him. She nodded.

"I knew, the way you were smiling," the conductor said. "In to see the boy friend, I'll bet."

"Yes," said Alicia pleasantly.

The conductor winked. He punched her return-trip ticket back to Boston. Then he moved on.

And Alicia sat there all to herself.

But soon she got up and walked down the aisle to the cubicle at the end of the car. She stood staring up at the sign—Women.

Then she went inside, locked the door behind her.

She started to comb her hair. Carefully she combed it, trying hard not to feel the chilliness which was creeping within her, for like the rain on a quick, cold wind, the chilliness carried tears.

She looked into the mirror, looked for Alicia, softly smiling. But the girl in the mirror was Alicia no longer. Only Alice.

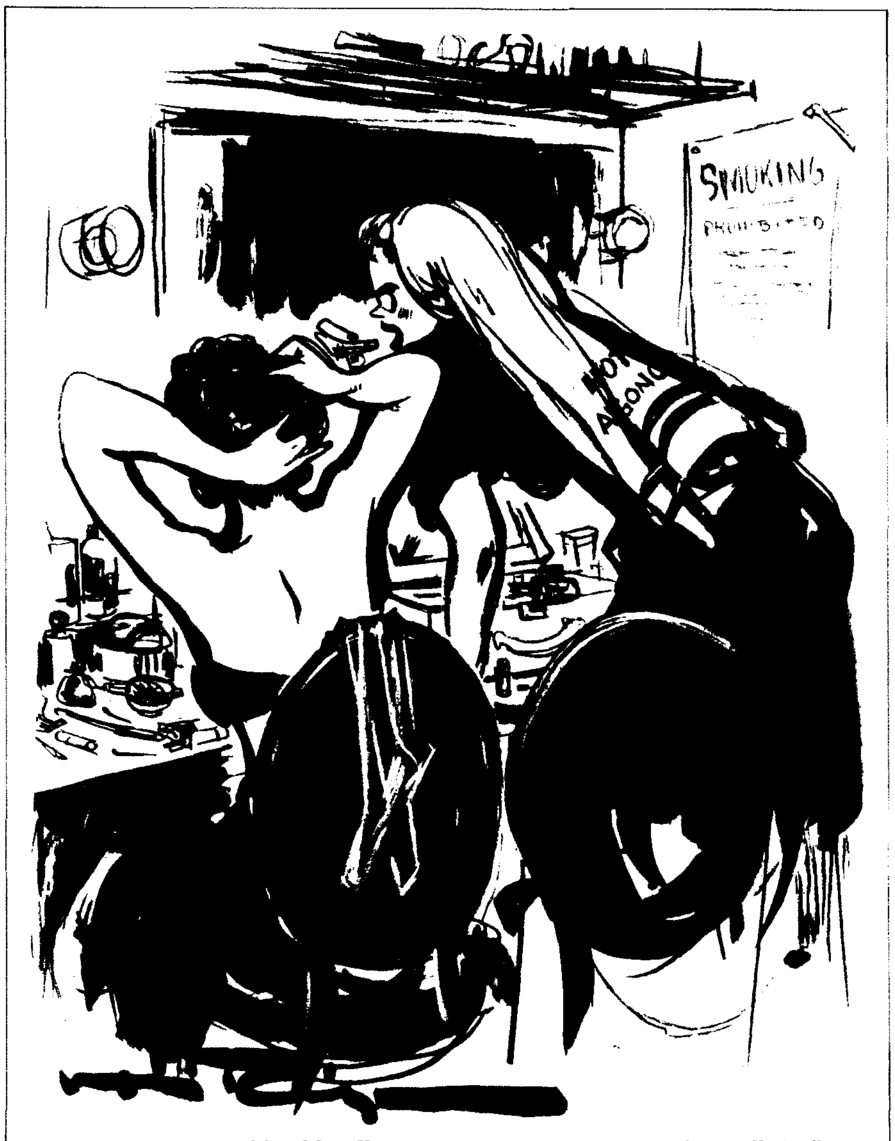
Then, from the girl looking out of the mirror, there came a soft and strangled sob.

"No," said the girl looking out of the mirror. "No," and she began to cry. She cried there for a long time, as the train rolled on, back to Boston; sitting there in the cubicle, softly crying.

But it seemed that the tears, like rain on the wind, cleaned as they fell. And after a while she wiped them away, washed her face in cold drinking water, and dried it on a rough paper towel.

Then Alice unlocked the door, walking tall, she went out among the people who sat in the train.

The End

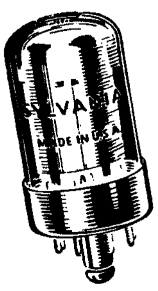


"I wish some feeble old millionaire would take me away from all this"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

SOLID CITIZEN!

He's the fellow who keeps your radio on the beam—your local radio service dealer. His motto is excellent service at a moderate price. Does he live up to it? Well, next time your radio sounds confused, when it begins to deliver two programs at once...give him a call. You'll find that he prefers Sylvania testing equipment and Sylvania radio tubes. They enable him to do the very best job!



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Without Painful Backache

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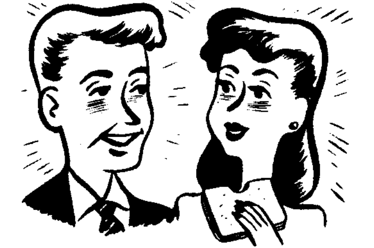

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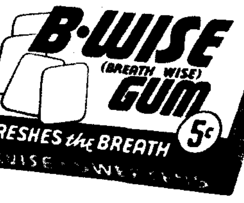

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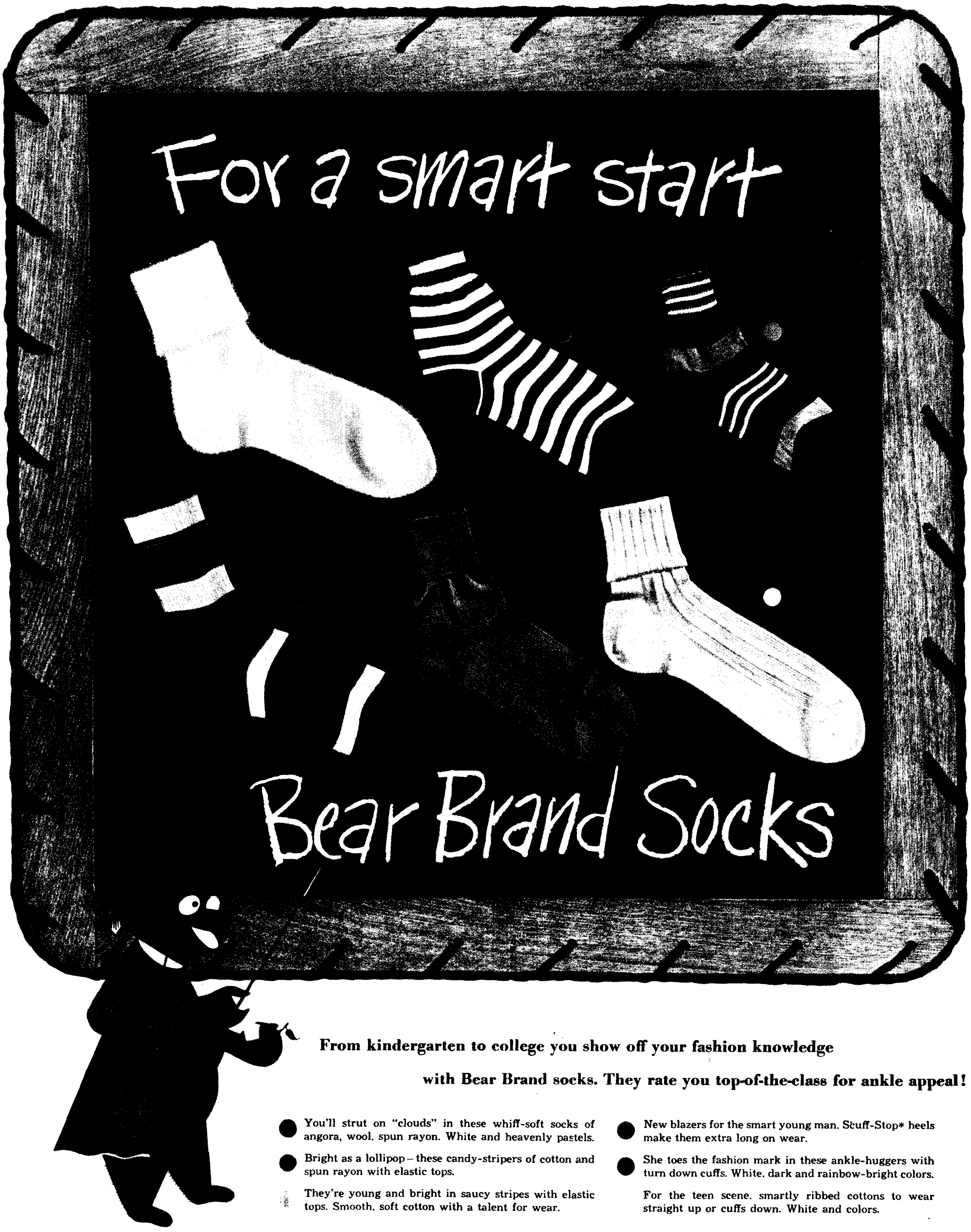

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FEVER

Continued from page 21

not necessary," the young man answered. "We'll do our share. And she's my wife."

The young man wheeled the barrow into the tunnel. He'd noticed, on climbing down from the attic that morning, that both bunks had been occupied during the night. . . .

The young man gave up his night-cap cigarette, for fear the gleam shining through the crack would warn her that she could be seen. He liked to watch her brush the lush hair, and when she moved out of view he waited a little breathlessly until she reappeared in her nightgown. He knew that the old man, kneeling at the bunk facing the wall with eyes tightly closed, never had had the pleasure of watching his wife prepare for bed.

The first night the young man had done the human thing in watching. The second night he told himself he wouldn't. Within a few days it was part of his life, and each night he noticed little things about her he hadn't seen before. She was beauty; he had almost forgotten beauty during the long summer and fall when the gold fever ate up all other emotions.

Her eyes, he'd found, were a deep blue-gray.

DRESDERLEIN'S lost mine was one of a thousand legends in the California gold country. Twenty-seven years ago, he and a young fellow from the city named Walser had spent the summer prospecting together. Walser furnished the grubstake, Dresderlein the experience. On their way out of the mountains that fall, they made the strike—an overhanging outcrop of sandstone, granite below, and between the two a stratum of gravel from an ancient creek bed.

The gravel carried gold, and the fever came on them. They ran out of food and shot a bear for meat. It wasn't until snow fell that they realized they weren't prepared to winter it. They cached their gold, concealed the diggings with tree branches and leaf mold, and started out. In those days there were no roads within forty miles.

What they went through became a story known to everyone in the mountains, for Dresderlein told it often: How they got lost in a blizzard. How they ran out of food. How their matches got wet. How Walser wanted to lie down and die. How Dresderlein kept him going. How Walser finally collapsed.

When Dresderlein stumbled into a ranch house he was raving, a walking skeleton. He was put to bed, and the rancher followed his tracks through the snow up the creek and into the hills to Walser's body. The tracks showed how the two men had wandered in circles.

On recovering, Dresderlein became a pest talking about his experience. It was on his conscience that Walser had died. Nobody blamed him. He left the country. It was six years before he returned to look for his mine. Because of Walser's death, he'd turned to religion.

He found himself allergic to poison oak—he hadn't been previously. He took the allergy as a curse. And he didn't find the mine. With the passing of years it joined the thousand other legends of lost gold.

Ray Brighton had teamed up with Dresderlein for a summer of prospecting partly because of the old man's experience, partly because Dresderlein was down and out. Brighton had stumbled onto the old diggings entirely by accident; from that day he knew what the gold fever could be. A man begrudged the time it took to sleep and eat. The thrill of finding the old rawhide pokes had little to do with their value. Gold was an end in itself. For the first time he felt that he understood Dresderlein. The memory of having made a strike would keep a man going forever. . . .

Ray Brighton didn't have much to say to the girl. Watching her prepare for bed night after night had made her, in a curious and remote way, his wife. He shared the intimacies of the preparations with her. Yet she didn't share them with him. He felt he knew her very well, but she didn't know him at all. She was part of his secret dream world.

For her part, she was reserved. She wasn't a person to make small talk easily, and neither was he. One day when she brought the wheelbarrow into the tunnel to be loaded he noticed that her eyes were on the stub of the cigarette he'd just tossed away.

"Cigarette?" he asked.

She shook her head. "He doesn't approve."

She wheeled the barrow out, and he lighted another cigarette. He saw her silhouette appear against the light of the tunnel mouth as she came in again, stooping under low places of the rock ceiling, trailing the barrow. She delivered it and stood aside, and he handed her the cigarette while he shoveled the barrow full. She gave it back to him, moist from her lips, and took the barrow out. This became a habit, and a secret between them. Ray Brighton didn't feel guilty about fooling the old man; the girl was having a tough enough time of it.

He did, however, come to feel guilty about the touch of her fingers as the cigarette changed hands. He had no business touching her, even that much. The touch would mean nothing to her: it was his own fool fault if it meant something to him. He'd have to quit watching her at night. He'd been away from girls too long. He wished he hadn't worn his gloves out. With gloves, their fingers wouldn't touch.

By the middle of December they had exhausted the reading matter in the cabin (except, of course, that Dresderlein had his Bible). There was nothing to do in the evenings. The young man played solitaire; Dresderlein read his Bible; the girl mended socks and sewed buttons on clothes. One night Brighton asked her if she played gin rummy. Her eyes came alight, and then the lashes lowered and she turned to her husband, timidly hopeful.

Dresderlein's eyes had come up from his Bible. He looked at her steadily. Then he said, "You need some amusement."

Soon she was laughing, squealing with delight as she went down for six and caught Brighton with thirty-eight points in his hand. He hadn't realized that he'd never really seen her smile before. He hadn't known how pretty her mouth was when she was happy, or how her eyes could sparkle.

THAT night broke her reserve. She had a quick mind and was fun to talk to, once he was past her stiffness. Now they knew each other. But Brighton didn't have any foolish thoughts. She wasn't for him. She was company. He'd been lonely. There was no companionship in Dresderlein. The old man had two subjects for conversation; he would talk mining, and, if given the slightest opening, would drift into a religious tirade. Effie was a human being. That was all. Brighton would have liked any human being, right then. . . .

They ran out of salt in January.

It wasn't so bad for a few days, and then food didn't seem to satisfy the appetite. The young man split a willow from the creek, bent the halves into snowshoe frames and strung them with strips of deerhide.

"I'll hike up to the highway in the morning and catch a ride in."

"No," Dresderlein said. "I'll go for the salt. My own blamed fault we run out."

He couldn't be argued out of it. There was no reasoning with him when it came to a matter of proper division of labor, of each doing his rightful share; Brighton had concluded the only reason Dresderlein had married Effie was to keep up his end of the work at the mine.

Dresderlein started off next morning. "I've got to admit he can handle snowshoes better than I can," Brighton said. "He'll make the highway in time for the afternoon bus, and he can ride it back in the morning and be here tomorrow afternoon before dark."

He hadn't had to say that; she knew it as well as he did. He and Effie went to the mine. He mucked the gravel, wheeled it out to the apron, and she sluiced it. In midmorning she came into the tunnel and borrowed his cigarette. As she handed it back he caught her eye and they both smiled self-consciously. She had come into the tunnel to smoke, as if Dresderlein were watching outside.

That afternoon as they put the day's gold in the honey can he thought of the pocket he'd struck while the old man had been away. The can was there behind the stove, containing all the gold, the old man's dream of a lifetime. Dresderlein had left it without a second thought. And he'd left his wife.

They played gin rummy after supper. He couldn't keep his mind on the game. Once as he handed her the deck their hands touched and he looked into her eyes. She seemed almost frightened, and lowered her lashes. He felt like a heel. *She doesn't have to fear me.*

"How about some taffy?" she suggested.

"Brother! Can you make it?"

"Sure; if you'll pull it. I haven't made any because he—well, his teeth."

"Why did you marry him?" It slipped out, and he said quickly, "I'm sorry. It's your business."

She got up and went to the cupboard nailed on the wall. She was stirring the candy on the stove when she said, "You know about me. I wasn't married and I had a baby."

"That's your business, too."

"You were in the Army; you know what it's like. He was on maneuvers when I met him. We wanted to get married but there wasn't a chance. Maybe that sounds silly, these days, but he just couldn't get time off to go to the county seat for a license. He was alerted for overseas and sent back to camp. He got a pass, and we arranged to meet—but we never did. We missed connections, and he went overseas." She paused. "He didn't come back. Maybe I'm what they say I am, but my only regret was that the baby didn't live. I don't know why I'm telling you this. I haven't told anybody else. Even *him.*"

Brighton was laying the cards out for solitaire. He felt he should say something, but didn't know what it would be.

"You asked why I married him," she said. "He was different. And he needed me. A girl with my reputation in a small place, well—I came to hate men. Every man thinking you're easy. He was different. And he needed me. He was worried about you doing most of the work. He had to have a wife to keep up his end."

"But you didn't know how it would be."

She bent over the candy, and he saw she was blushing. He arose and crossed to the stove. She turned her face slowly sidewise, looking up at him, and said, "Oh. You mean the gold? When I married him I didn't know he had any. You two have kept your secret."

He felt she was telling the truth. "You're okay."

"Thanks, Ray. It doesn't matter, but I wanted you to know. Or maybe it does matter."

RAY pulled the taffy. She coiled it on a plate and marked it off in pieces with a knife. When she took it outside to cool, he went out with her and they stood looking at the white stars, saying nothing, while the candy cooled in the snow. Then she brought it in, broke it in pieces, and they ate some of it, laughing at the way it hung to their teeth. Then they grew silent again, and finally he said, "Well, it's time to hit the hay."

"Yes; it's getting that time."

"You'll be worth a good hunk of money by spring. You are, right now."

"I suppose so," she said vaguely.

"Haven't you made any plans?"

She shrugged. "It's just something in a honey can, yet. And he—I don't know what gold means to him. He's spent a lifetime getting it, he's dreamed of it so long. I don't think it means wealth to him. It's a goal in itself."

"He's a funny duck," Brighton agreed absently. "I didn't mean—"

"It's all right. I know he's odd. He gets up in the middle of the night with a

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—Kyle Crichton

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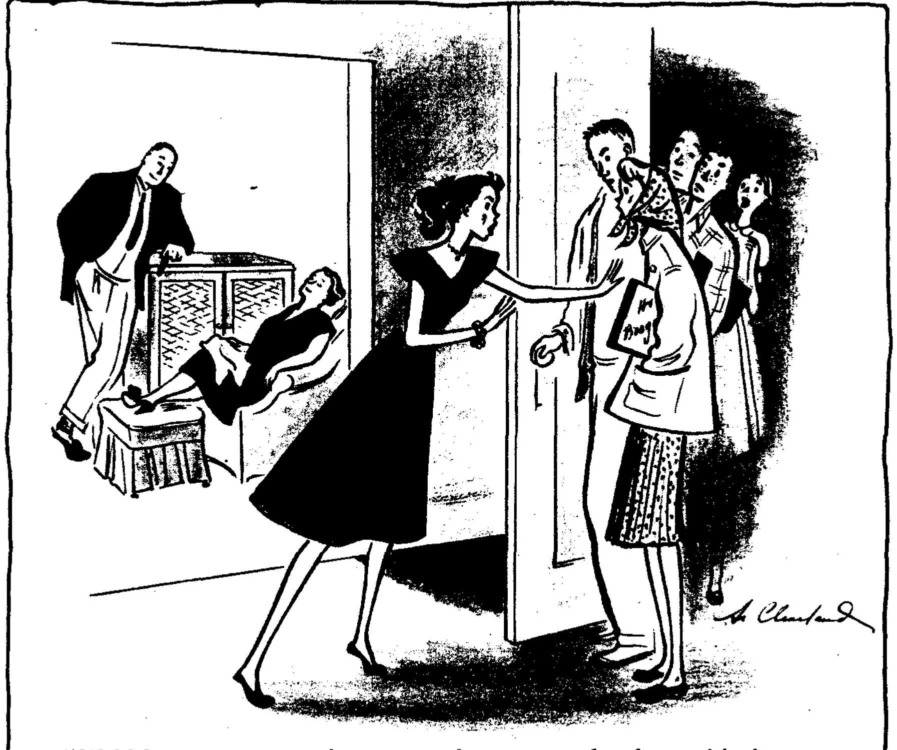
PLATTER PATTER by Anne Cleveland



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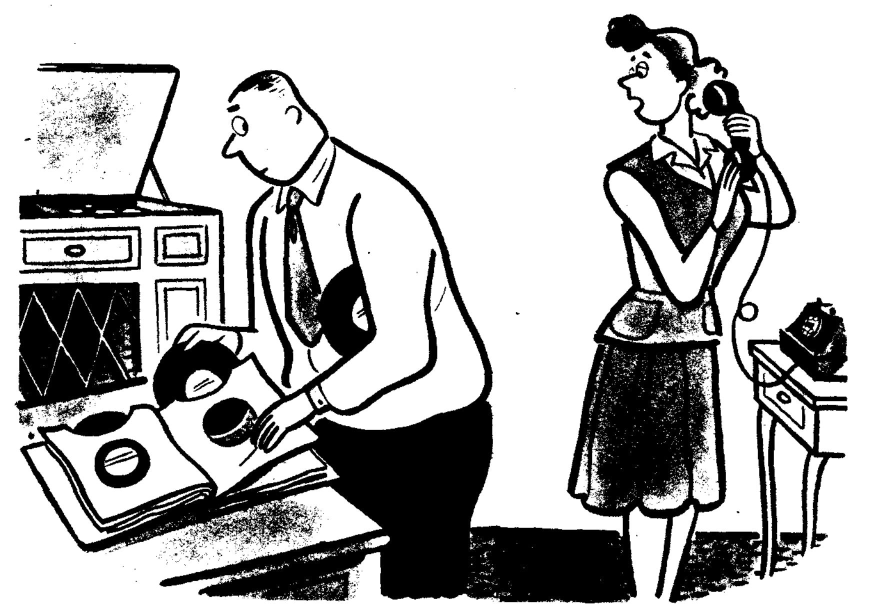


"Mrs. Crandall, down the street, wants you to play the Blue Danube next"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

flashlight and opens the honey can and just sits looking at the gold. The look on his face. The first time, it sort of gave me the creeps."

"I didn't know that; I guess I'm a heavy sleeper. Say," he asked, "do I snore?"

"Sometimes, a little. And you talk in your sleep."

"Do I? What do I say?"

Her eyes lowered. "Oh—just foolish stuff."

He knew, then. "I talk about you."

"I didn't say that."

"You don't have to. I dream about you." He drew a deep breath. "Well, good night."

"Good night."

He sprang up and caught the rim of the ceiling edge. But instead of swinging his legs up and over onto the shelf, he hung there by his hands a long moment, then released one hand and swung slowly around toward her. "Then *he's* heard me talking about you, at night. He must have, if he gets up."

"I suppose so," she agreed. "But what a man says in his sleep doesn't mean anything."

He dropped to the floor, staring at her with such intensity that she moved back a half step. He said with slow certainty, *"He killed Walser!"*

"What do you mean?"

"It adds up. The whole thing makes sense, finally. Why did he bring you here, except for me to fall in love with you? He hasn't touched you. You were bait for the trap. He knew it had to happen, with us marooned here for the winter. He's watched us falling in love. He's heard me talking about you in my sleep. And tonight he left us here together."

"Ray, I—*think* we'd better not talk any more tonight."

"He left you here with me!"

"He can trust me. He left the gold here, too."

He put his hands on her shoulders. "You know how I feel about you. And you feel that way about me."

"Please, Ray," she pleaded. "That's unfair."

"You do!"

"If I do, there's nothing to do about it. Maybe that's why I told you about myself. I didn't want you to have the wrong idea. I'm his wife."

"You've got a piece of paper which says so. You were married to the soldier without the paper. You've never been his wife."

"He trusts me, Ray."

He laughed harshly. "Like hell he does! That's why he married you, because of what people say about you! He wanted a girl who was easy, stranded for the winter in a cabin with a young man. I tell you it's all part of it!"

"Ray, I don't like to hear you talking like this. There's no sense to it. Please."

"There's sense to it if he wants the gold! I know what gold fever is like! And he's been after it all these years. *He's going to kill me, and you too!"*

"Ray, you've no reason—"

"We'll soon find out." He put his arms about her and kissed her. She remained motionless, unresisting, which was more of a rebuke than if she'd struggled; and then with a little half sob she yielded to him and they clung together; and then gently she pushed him away. He reached for the lamp on the table, put his hand over the chimney. The flame gulped and went out. In the darkness the windows showed white against the snow outside.

"Ray, it has to be good night—"

"Be quiet," he said sharply. "What a fool I've been! What a blind fool! Now, do what I tell you. Go over to the end of the room and sit down by the stove. I'll show you how much he needs you, and just why!"

HER silhouette passed the window as she went to the stove. He swung up onto the ceiling shelf. As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, details of the room grew into shape. There was no sound, no sound at all, until suddenly the door burst open and with a cry of rage Dresderlein charged in.

He was holding a flashlight in one hand, a revolver in the other. The beam of light fastened accusingly on the lower bunk built against the left-hand wall. He strode toward the bunk, bellowing with fury, and was almost to it when he stopped, realizing it was empty. The light moved to the other bunk, then back and forth from one to the other.

"Back so soon?" Brighton asked.

The light came upward into the young man's eyes. "You dirty rat!" the old man yelled. "You've got her up there!"

As the revolver came up, Effie cried out. The old man hesitated. The light swung around the room and fastened upon her sitting beside the stove.

Brighton swung down from above and kicked the door shut. He crossed to the table and lighted the lamp. The old man stood spread-legged, his figure slumped, bewilderment in his eyes, the flashlight dangling loosely from one hand, the revolver from the other.

"Did you get the salt?" Brighton asked.

The old man's eyes came up, bewildered. "But—I—"

"But you saw me kissing your wife."

The old man stiffened. "Yes, damn you! You've broken up my home!" The revolver came up.

"That was just to bring you in," Brighton said. "I didn't want you catching pneumonia out there in the snow. I knew you were there. You had to be. You had to be crouching in the brush at the edge of the hollow, watching through the back window. You didn't go to town at all. You never intended to. You were going to kill me—just as you killed Walser."

Dresderlein groped for a chair and sat down. "No," he muttered. "Walser collapsed. I kept on. I was almost gone. I couldn't carry him—"

"I know that side of the story. Let's look at the other. Curious, isn't it, that the two of you wandered in circles *until* he collapsed? And then your tracks went straight to a stream and followed it down. He was from the city. He was depending on you. He followed you in circles. You were stronger. You wore him out, and *then* you followed a stream down. Any man with experience knows he should follow a stream if he's lost. You knew that, while you led him in circles until he fell.

"You wouldn't let yourself think about it. You tried to justify it to yourself. You did a lot of praying. If it wasn't on your conscience, why did it take you six years to start looking for the mine again?"

"Please, Ray," the girl said. The old man was huddled on the chair, mumbling to himself.

"It's about time he looked himself in the eye," Brighton said savagely. "He's been rationalizing lying to himself for twenty-seven years. He tried to hide under religion. It all came to me tonight. I know what gold fever is. It's made me have thoughts that I wouldn't like to admit. By now the fever's burned everything else out of him."

"It was mine," the old man muttered. "I'd spent all those years. I'd found it. And you had only—"

"It came to me suddenly," Brighton said to the girl. "When you told me he got up at night to gloat over his gold. He heard me talking about you in my sleep. He knew we'd fall in love, and that's the sole reason he brought you here. That explained why he married a girl with your reputation. It explained why he hadn't touched you; his conscience wouldn't let him. It explained why he hadn't brought the salt. He knew we'd run out, and he'd insist on going for it and leaving us together. No jury would convict him. More than that, it justified murder in his own mind. And he got the gold."

Suddenly the old man brought the revolver up to his temple. Moving his arm in a rapid arc, Brighton knocked it away. The shot blasted loudly in the single room. The young man put the weapon in his waistband.

"That's no way out," he said. "But there is a way. There's one way to clear yourself and get peace. Confession. Admit the whole thing, if only to yourself. Get it off your chest. That's something good for the soul. It isn't so much telling others as it is facing yourself. You wouldn't let yourself admit you were consciously planning my murder. You arranged the circumstances and refused to think about the inevitable result. You knew I loved your wife, yet you insisted on leaving us together overnight. Yet how did you justify not going to town? You refused to face things. The fever was on you. . . . Effie, get him that notebook and pencil. I think he'll feel better when he gets it all down."

While the old man sat at the table, writing, Effie said to Brighton, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm pulling out, with my share."

"Could you make another pair of snowshoes? I'm going, too."

"Will you want—this?" asked Dresderlein brokenly, indicating the paper.

Brighton looked at the girl, at the pain in her eyes. "I think not," he said. "You keep it."

WHEN they left, late that night, the old man was on his knees praying happily, out from under the burden of his secret at last.

Ray Brighton and the girl pushed awkwardly through the snow on the homemade snowshoes, following the brushed strip indicating the road. An hour later they were on the ridge above the hollow. The lamplight showed yellow in the windows of the cabin below.

"I think he can live with himself a little easier, now," Brighton said.

"I was glad you didn't take his confession, but—why?"

"He's paid quite a price all these years. As long as he's admitted to himself that he as much as murdered Walser, the thing is washed clean so far as I'm concerned. Let him get whatever it is he wants out of the gold—it's already cost so much." They trudged on through the soft, dry snow.

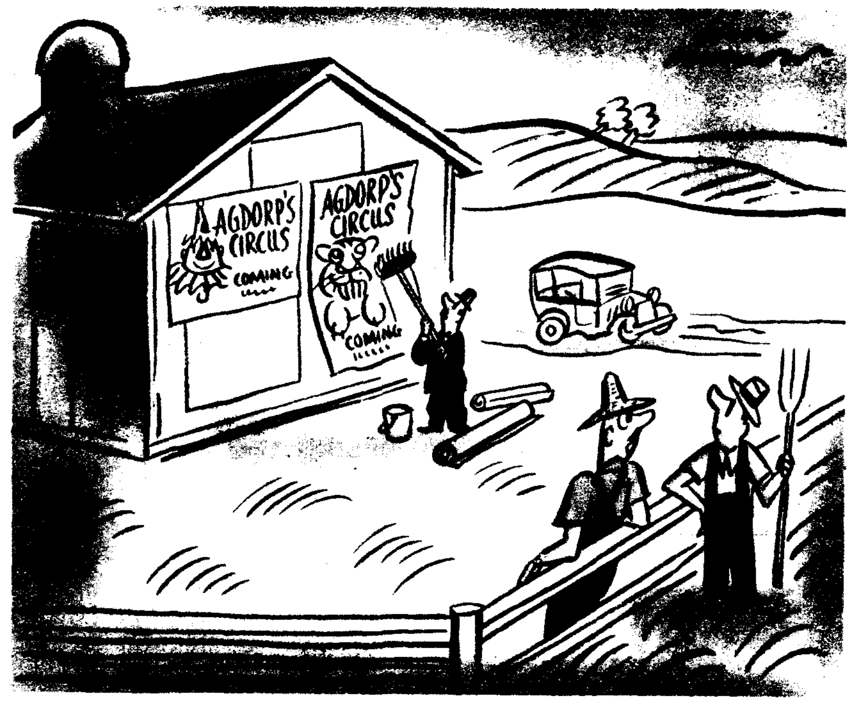
"Are you going to divorce him?"

"Of course." Then her eyes came up. "Do you want me to?"

"You know I do. It will take a year, but I can wait. I'll do that much penance for some of the thoughts *I* had. The gold fever is a terrible thing."

They pushed on together toward the highway.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"The Ice Follies are all right, but for year-round insulation, give me Agdorp's Circus"

JACK MARKOW

How to make

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as served at

The Bellevue-Stratford

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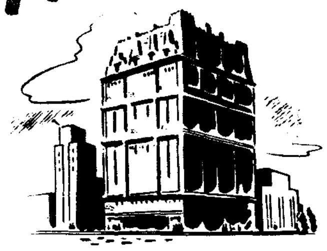

CROQUETTE GLACE A LA BELLEVUE

1 pint vanilla ice cream
½ cup macaroon crumbs
¾ cup Royale Anne black cherries
¼ cup cherry juice, brandy or kirsch

Use your favorite brand of ice cream. Shape into the form of a croquette. Roll in macaroon crumbs or place in serving dish and sprinkle with crumbs. Make a groove across the center of the top. Place a few cherries in the groove and more around the edge of the dish. Pour on cherry juice or liquor. Serves 4.

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Theo. Hamm Brewing Co., St. Paul 1, Minn.

DEMON FROM THE DOLDRUMS

Continued from page 28

to whisper, to moan, and then, as the gale compacts itself around a definite vortex, the infant monster roars with insane glee. The egg has hatched. The whirling devil is loose.

Pushed westward by the trade winds and goaded to fury by the earth's rotation, the monster lurches through the West Indies, weaving and bobbing like a punch-drunk boxer. He smacks an island with his wanton fist, scattering palm trees, houses and people like dry leaves. His eye—that area of low-pressure calm within the maelstrom—sucks up a great mound of green water and sends it thundering ahead, and heaven protect whatever happens to be in the way.

In the past 60 years, during which accurate records of hurricanes have been kept by the Weather Bureau, some 380 of these whirling demons have been spawned in the doldrums and in the secondary hatchery off the coast of Yucatán. Fortunately only about half of the monsters have reached the United States with destructive force.

Where Hurricanes Strike Hardest

Late hurricanes—those which occur in October—come from the Caribbean or the Gulf of Mexico. The most dangerous storms, however, are those which form in the Atlantic doldrums in August or September. These storms swerve northeastward as they drift out of the clutch of the trade winds and meet the prevailing westerlies. Their average pathway cuts through the Florida Keys and hits land again at Pensacola—one of the most heavily hammered cities in the nation.

Some big blows wander vaguely about or may even, on rare occasions, make a complete loop. Cold, high-pressure air masses ward them off. Warm, low-pressure areas attract them.

Despite the vicious speed of its circular wind, the hurricane travels very slowly as a whole. The average forward motion is only 12 miles an hour, whereas the speed of the revolving funnel may rise above 200.

Nobody knows how many thousands of people have been killed due to ignorance of the physical make-up of a hurricane. After the first half of the whirling breeze passes over and the eye arrives, bringing a stifling, windless calm, the people come out of their houses, thinking the hurricane has departed—only to be struck by the second half of the revolving funnel, from the other direction!

Great as is the danger from high wind and flying debris, the hurricane's most deadly weapon is the "storm wave"—that foaming mountain of water which is lifted up under the center of the blow by reduced pressure at the eye. This wave, often referred to erroneously as a "tidal wave" (tidal waves are caused by submarine earthquakes, not wind), races in without warning.

In the Great Hurricane of 1780 which raked the West Indies from end to end, a storm wave swept over the island of Barbados, drowning 50,000 people. In 1900 a wall of hurricane water boiled over the low coast of Texas at Galveston and when it receded 6,000 people were dead.

Fortunately, the big wind always loses its destructive force soon after striking land. It is a sea-born monster and generates its power by feeding on moist ocean atmosphere which it turns into heat to fan the whirling wind. Once robbed of vapor and broken up by land obstructions the hurricane begins to wane and die.

Weird and fearsome things sometimes happen, however, before the monster succumbs. During the last century a tropical cyclone pushed all of the water out of the northern reaches of Florida's Indian River, held the bottom bare for hours while inhabitants scrabbled busily in the mud gathering stranded fish, lost anchors and gear from sunken hulks.

Maxwell Hall, a veteran U.S. weatherman, writes of a hurricane he observed in the Lesser Antilles which drenched the countryside with hot water—a phenomenon which Hall attributed to the terrific temperatures built up at the vortex of the gale.

Buys Ballot, a Dutchman, formulated the rule by which all hurricanes operate. It is called the Law of Storms and is based on the fact that any person standing with his back to the wind in the Northern Hemisphere will find the pressure slightly lower on his left. For this reason all hurricanes north of the equator spin in a counterclockwise direction. You can observe this phenomenon yourself by watching water swirl down the drain or smoke rise from a campfire (they twist counterclockwise).

Another old-time hurricane specialist describes the law in a slightly different way: "Any body moving on the earth's surface is deflected toward the right." The basic force which makes both of these "laws" operate is none other than the rotation of the earth. Since rotational forces in the two hemispheres cancel out at the equator, no hurricane has ever been known to cross over "the line."

The hurricane is a ubiquitous creature, with hatcheries in various parts of the globe—but always within the hot calm zones close to the equator. Carib Indians call the monster *Hurakan,* God of the Great Wind. Filipinos call it *baguio,* Australians *willy-nilly,* Chinese *tai-fung*—the word from which our modern "typhoon" has been derived.

Wherever you find this revolving monster or whatever you choose to call him, he operates in the same way. He is borne over water in the shape of a giant invisible doughnut. The low-pressure center, or eye, is a calm windless hole which varies from 3 to 50 miles across. The rim of the doughnut may be 50 or 400 miles thick, with wind velocities between 75 and 200 miles an hour. The wheeling winds rise 30,000 feet above the earth's surface.

Sitting snugly at home in Chicago or Buffalo—far out of the path of the big breeze—you can't get very excited about a hurricane. But if you were living on a lonely Caribbean island you would know what a Miami woman meant when she said: "Waiting for a hurricane is like sitting in an electric chair for hours, wondering when the current will be turned on."

If your island retreat didn't happen to have a radio, it would pay you to study up on hurricane lore—or you might wake up one morning and find the monster breathing down your neck.

First come the storm swells, powerful oily undulations which roll out swiftly, many miles ahead of the wind. They cross the horizon in long unbroken ridges and strike the beach with ponderous slow-spaced crashes, often in the midst of a calm. Storm swells come every 20 seconds, thus differing from ordinary ocean waves, which break only 5 seconds apart.

After the arrival of the swells the tide begins to overflow its normal limits. Strange flotsam clots the beaches.

The actual coming of the storm is heralded by torn-up scraps of cirrus clouds, which come winging over the horizon at great altitude. A luminous gray haze builds up underneath, grows dark and coppery as it approaches, and the sun turns smoky and red.

This is the hurricane! You are lucky indeed if you can observe it from a snug cellar on a high ridge, safe from the screeching wind and the boiling water.

Fortunately for people who live on the United States coast line, the U.S. Weather Bureau has organized the most perfect hurricane warning defense in the world. Their matter-of-fact promise that "no tropical disturbance of serious proportions will ever reach our coasts without being reported well in advance" has always been fulfilled.

During the hurricane season—June to November—meteorologists send up radio-equipped balloons from strategic islands which bracket the path of any possible storm. These balloons carry delicate instruments which transmit temperatures, pressures and humidities aloft by dot-dash code. When indications of trouble are detected, the word is instantly flashed to a network of weather stations from Brownsville, Texas, to Washington, D.C., by teletype.

If the disturbance is not severe, or if it wanders out to sea, the Bureau wisely confines its public statements to routine "advisories." But if the low-pressure area creeps across the weather map toward the U.S. coast, the trackers instantly spread the alarm. Newspapers and radio stations are given precise information on the intensity, rate of forward motion, and extent of the storm. Citizens who live in its path are urged to take all possible precautions. Storm warnings are hoisted by the Coast Guard. Red Cross units are alerted. Weather planes are dispatched into the storm area—or even into the eye of the monster—to collect data of value to coastal defenders.

Phone Rings and Rings and Rings

And then, just as the harassed weatherman is practically cross-eyed from staring at his isobars and barographs, the telephone begins to ring.

"This is Miss Ida McTwitty," bleats an anxious voice. "I live in Sandcrab Junction and I was wondering if I would have time to take my dog out for an—er—airing, before the storm arrives."

A moment later another befuddled character calls up to inquire if there is any way of tying on the roof of his house so the wind won't blow it away.

From now on, the phone jangles like a fire alarm.

Finally, mercifully, the wind blows the telephone lines down.

Meanwhile, in cities, villages and farmhouses for hundreds of miles around, the populace goes on a wholesale wing-ding. Bars and liquor stores do a sellout business. Flashlights, lamp oil, candles and groceries disappear like magic from shelves and counters. Enterprising salesmen scurry around shantytown peddling "hurricane pills," which, for a dollar a bottle, are guaranteed to produce immunity to any sort of atmospheric disturbance.

Some people fear hurricanes as they would the devil—particularly newcomers who've been filled full of horrendous yarns—but the great bulk of Florida folks really get a kick out of the big breeze. They wouldn't admit it, of course.

But when the radio begins to crackle its warnings, and the red flags with the black centers go up, you don't find Floridians weeping and gnashing their teeth. You find them peeking expectantly through their storm shutters. They've grown used to the old demon from the doldrums. He scares them and sometimes ruins them, but they can't deny he's a great showman. Nobody has ever yet complained that the old hellion put on a dull performance.

THE END

It's time for a dog-to-man talk

THERE's nothing wrong with a dog's life as long as he stays well, but lately I've been feeling lower than a dachshund's knee. My difficulty is worms, and I need your help.

My pals tell me that the fast, reliable way to clean out those critters is to use Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. They're thorough, safe—and sudden death for worms.

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Sergeant's

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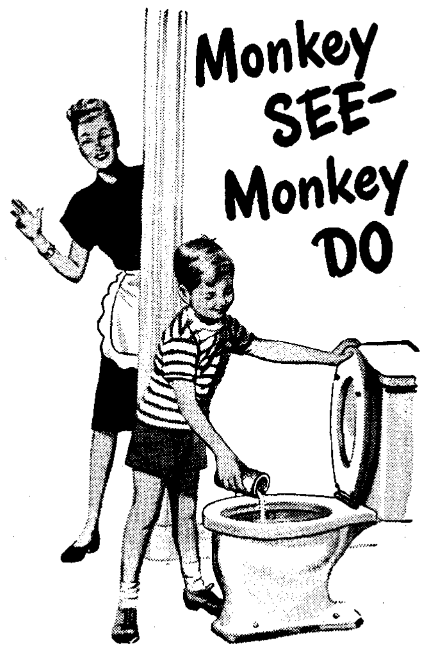

Sonny seems to know already what Mother's known for years. He's getting the toilet bowl clean the quick, easy, sanitary way—with Sani-Flush. A clean toilet bowl simply can't have an odor. Sani-Flush removes stains and film that harbor germs and cause odors. It disinfects—works chemically. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush.

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**Pile Ointment and Suppositories.*

THEY'RE STILL EXPENDABLE

Continued from page 19

of veteran job holders are dissatisfied and don't know what they want to do."

The result has been a long siege of "job hopping" which further weakened the veteran's security in his job. One automobile plant reported recently that out of 14,000 veterans it processed over a two-year period, only 2,300 remained on the pay roll, and 85 per cent of these had been company employees before the war. Last year, industry as a whole counted 1,500,000 veteran "quits"—a turnover rate 2 to 30 per cent higher than among other workers.

Now that new employment is getting harder to find, job hopping is on the wane. But its effects will begin to show as the labor market contracts still further and foot-loose employees find themselves automatically the first to be laid off. When this happens, many a veteran *will* have few special benefits to *fall* back on.

Already 7,500,000 have drawn on the unemployment allowances they're entitled to at the rate of $20 a week for 52 weeks. Over 300,000 veterans have exhausted them altogether, and expirations are now running as high as 40,000 to 50,000 a month.

The million-odd unemployed veterans are about 7 or 8 per cent of the total veteran labor force—not bad at first glance. But it's 2½ times the unemployment ratio *for other workers, and the difference is* costing taxpayers over half a billion dollars a year in extra unemployment benefits.

The nearly 2,000,000 veterans now enrolled in school are working hard, but they haven't begun to earn a living. Since the war, prospects for college graduates have been excellent, and this has encouraged many a veteran to postpone present employment in hope of better jobs later.

Many large corporations who prefer to hire college-trained beginners for executive and managerial jobs have been filling openings that accumulated during the war. These first two years, they've scooped up just about everything that flowed from our fountains of knowledge. But their cups are filling and near to running over—just as graduating classes are beginning to swell with ex-G.I.s.

Employers Demand Experience

As early as last March, the Veterans Administration reported employers were requiring more experience and were "particularly reluctant to hire recent school graduates." Only top honor men or specialists had their pick of jobs last June. Placement bureaus in most colleges and universities reported the rest had to take what they could get, and average or below-average students were beginning to find the pickings pretty slim.

Most of the G.I. students still enrolled in schools will hit a labor market already saturated with college graduates—many with a year or more head start in job experience. Even if good times continue, they'll be lucky if more than half are absorbed within a year after graduation.

Another great pool of potential unemployment is the 750,000 veterans taking on-the-job training in farming and industry. Officially, they're counted among the gainfully employed. Actually, they're still candidates for regular jobs. For not less than three months and not more than two years, the government adds up to $65 a month to the pay of single trainees, $90 to trainees with dependents. The most a trainee, single or married, can collect from both the government and his employer is $175 or $200 respectively.

The idea, of course, is to ease young and inexperienced veterans into a regular job. But the employer is under no legal obligation to keep him on at higher wages, once the government checks stop coming in. The assignment of trainees to employers is in the hands of state, not federal agencies, and their zeal in protecting the trainees' best interests has been uneven at best.

Often they have been used as "cheap labor." Veterans assigned to learn the cleaning and dyeing business have been found still pressing pants after months in "training." On farms, trainees out to learn farm management are often used as mere hired hands.

The Veterans Administration keeps no record of how many trainees finally wind up on the regular pay roll, but research experts doubt that more than half of them do. For the rest, job training has merely postponed unemployment.

The real unemployment, then, hidden and apparent, is not a million-odd but closer to 3,000,000. *How to provide jobs for these men, how to keep the employed veterans working,* that is our readjustment problem. It is, by all odds, the greatest postwar challenge to "free enterprise."

So far, we've been lucky. With business booming and jobs plentiful, there didn't seem much to worry about. There wasn't either—up till a few months ago, when people began talking "recession" so hard it became an obsession. About the same time, veterans' centers all over the country began reporting a growing sense of disillusionment and frustration among veterans, a reopening of old wounds between ex-soldier and civilian.

NEXT WEEK

COLLIER'S

will report on two years of Veterans Administration under General Omar Bradley. How has the great field commander come through the toughest battle of his life? Who is sniping at his leadership? Can politics defeat his aims? Read:

CAN GENERAL BRADLEY WIN THIS ONE?

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

"We go away and the country is a hell of a lot better off without us," gripes one G.I. whose filling station had just gone on the rocks. "When we get back they say nothing is too good for the boys. What they mean is 'Try and get it, sucker.' "

Over at the Veterans Administration, General Bradley, who does not panic easily, admits the very idea of a recession, "mild" or otherwise, scares him to death. In a recession he sees the very palpable danger of throwing down the drain the tears, sweat, and billions we've spent on readjustment, of turning the veterans into "economic DPs," and splitting the country into political factions that could make a shambles of our democracy. "We cannot," he has repeatedly warned, "let the veteran fall victim to economic disaster without risking terrible results."

These words reflect the sinking sensation experienced throughout the Veterans Administration at the very mention of the word "recession." After surveying the precarious position of the veteran in business, industry and agriculture, one of General Bradley's top economic advisers reported: "It would seem politic, especially before the widely anticipated recession sets in, for V.A. to enlist the aid of other interested agencies rather than bear alone the public onus of not having solved the veterans' employment problems."

May Ignore Ideological Labels

Right now, it is performance, not politics, that interests the veteran and the danger is that he may not care too much whether the label reads "democracy" or not—so long as it works. Most veterans grew up during the first depression. About the time they were starting to strike out on their own, the postman left "*Greetings from the President.*" No wonder they griped.

"Many objected to the Army in the first place because they never knew why they were in it," says General Bradley, who ought to know. " 'Defense of Democracy' was simply a political phrase—we had so seldom made it for them an economic expression of life."

Those same men came out of service with very little savings, and generally they spent every cent of it on new clothes and furnishings and the accouterments of civilian life. Since they've been working, high prices have more than kept pace with their earnings. They went in debt to the hilt to buy homes, farms and businesses, often at twice their real value. It's not going to make any sense to them to be asked to go on meeting the payments on these inflated homes, farms and businesses out of reduced income or no income at all.

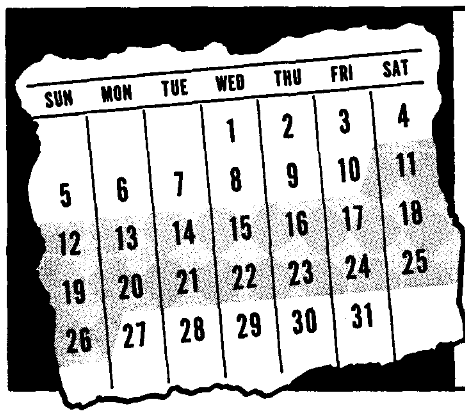
Federal spending is not the way out. Already the V.A. is costing us $9,000,000,000 a year—about the size of the national budget in 1939 and 20 cents of every tax dollar we pay. Even a mild recession would hike this tax bill by several billions.

"We cannot appropriate prosperity for veterans," says General Bradley. "Their welfare and their readjustment is linked directly to the economic welfare of the whole country." Nor would any amount of government benefits bribe the ex-serviceman to take the brunt of unemployment. The maximum we could raise in taxes to dole out among six to eight million veterans could never give them more than bare subsistence. *It could never buy* for them the kind of living they want to earn for themselves—and can if they are given more time without a general economic setback.

Economically, many veterans have found "you can't go home again"—at least not in two short years. So far as integration into the national economy can be measured by facts and figures, these breadwinners for a third of the nation are still on the outside wanting in. Give them time and the continuing chance to try and to fail and to try again, and they'll do all right. So far, they've only gotten one foot through the door. There's going to be hell to pay if the door is suddenly slammed shut.

THE END

"I HAD ONLY 2 WEEKS FOR MY TRIP BUT I SPENT 15 WONDERFUL DAYS IN EUROPE!"



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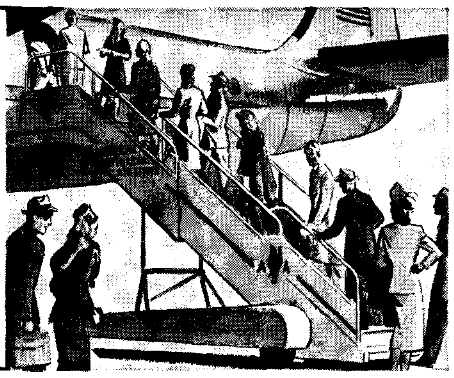

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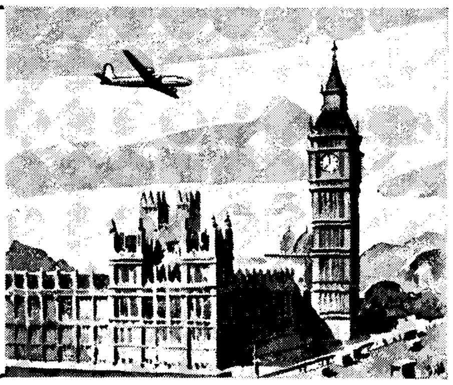

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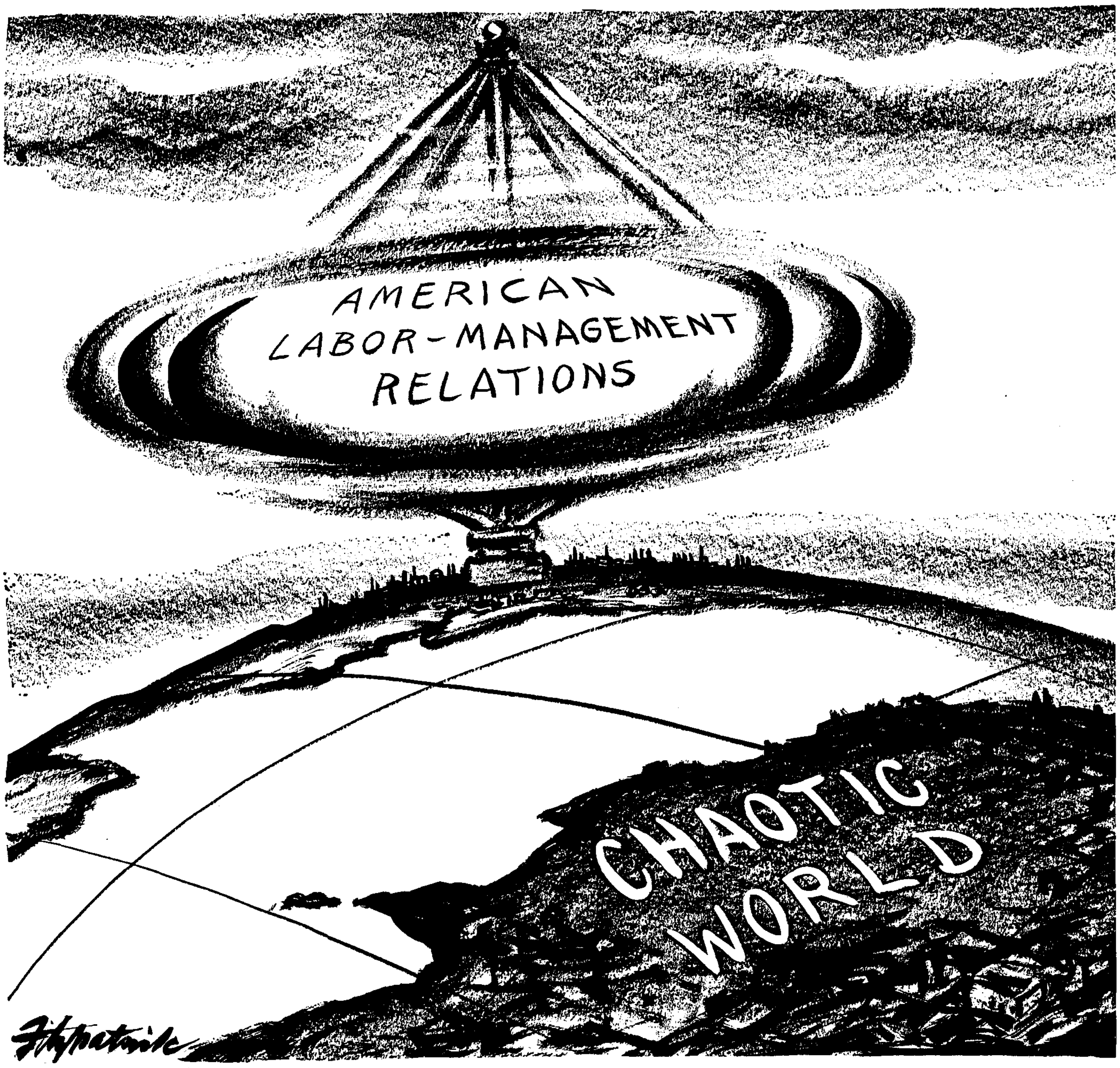


THE VITAL STABILIZER

NO DOUBT about it—a new era in American capital-labor relations began when Congress overrode President Truman's veto of the Taft-Hartley labor bill and thereby made it law. Already you can notice a change in the economic and social weather.

We think it will prove to be a change for the better. What the new law does is to put employers and labor on an equal footing when it comes to bargaining about wages and working conditions, and to cut down some of the powers given to labor leaders by the Wagner Labor Relations Act of 1935—powers which too many of their possessors had taken to abusing.

Now that the atmosphere has been cleared to this extent, how can all of us best adjust to the new era?

Nobody that we know of is suggesting that the labor moguls and their lobbyists and attorneys haven't a perfect right to fight for repeal, revision or court weakening of the Taft-Hartley Act. We're glad, in fact, to see them putting up these fights, while forgetting the wild talk about general strikes and civil wars with which they peppered their conversation before Congress voted on the bill.

That gives a cue to all the rest of us, we think. How about letting the new law have a fair chance to prove that it isn't an overly harsh piece of legislation; and, more important, how about getting rid, as rapidly as possible, of the notion of the class struggle which has been preached in this country for so long?

This idea that there is an irreconcilable conflict between employers and employed has done more than any other one thing, we'd guess, to impede production, foment and prolong needless strikes, and stir up senseless hatreds among Americans.

The worst of it is that it is a false notion. The truth is that the interests of capital and labor are identical at almost all points.

Capital craves profits, true. But capital must have profits if labor is to get better and better pay and working conditions. On the other hand, it is to capital's life-and-death interest to keep labor well paid, so that labor can buy capital's goods.

The class-conflict idea is an ancient Marxian importation from the Europe of 80 years ago. It is now preached most enthusiastically in this country by the Communists. The more enlightened labor leaders realized its falsity and danger long ago, as did the more enlightened employers.

In this new and, we think, healthier industrial climate brought in by the Taft-Hartley Act, let's do ourselves the supreme favor of giving the class-conflict hokum the final boot. We'll never regret it.

LET'S HAVE BRIGHTER BANKS

WE HOPE the banking fraternity will ponder seriously certain goings on at the Franklin Square, Long Island, New York, National Bank.

This institution, which does family banking as distinguished from business banking, recently put in some startling innovations.

The old-time dreary and awesome atmosphere was thrown overboard. In its place, the Franklin Square Bank installed, among other things, a children's department, featuring a lollipop for every child making a deposit; a parking lot outside, for baby carriages; carillon music to cheer up the customers; and a television hookup, for quick check-signature confirmation, between bookkeeper and tellers.

Our reaction is: Why not similar reforms and improvements in family banks everywhere? Why should any bank have a funereal air, plus sour-puss tellers and officials who make you feel as if you were committing some kind of sacrilege in approaching them for a loan?

We aren't bankers, but we have a hunch that that kind of stuff has scared huge amounts of safe and profitable business away from many a U.S. bank, down the generations. Stores don't attract customers by bulldozing them, or movie theaters by making them uncomfortable, or barbershops by pretending that barbering is some kind of mystic art.

We can't see why banks shouldn't humanize themselves, too, and get informal—while, of course, remaining as shrewd as ever in the conduct of their affairs.

TAXES AND THE URGE TO WORK

A MR. E. B. TILTON, president of the Vilter Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, did something sensational the other day. Working on a combination salary and bonus that would have paid him a total of about $36,000 for this year, he suddenly notified the company that he would accept no pay for the last two months of 1947.

His reason: "Additional compensation is no incentive where a large portion of it must be turned over to governmental agencies where most of it will be wasted."

Warming up to the subject, Tilton then went into this dance:

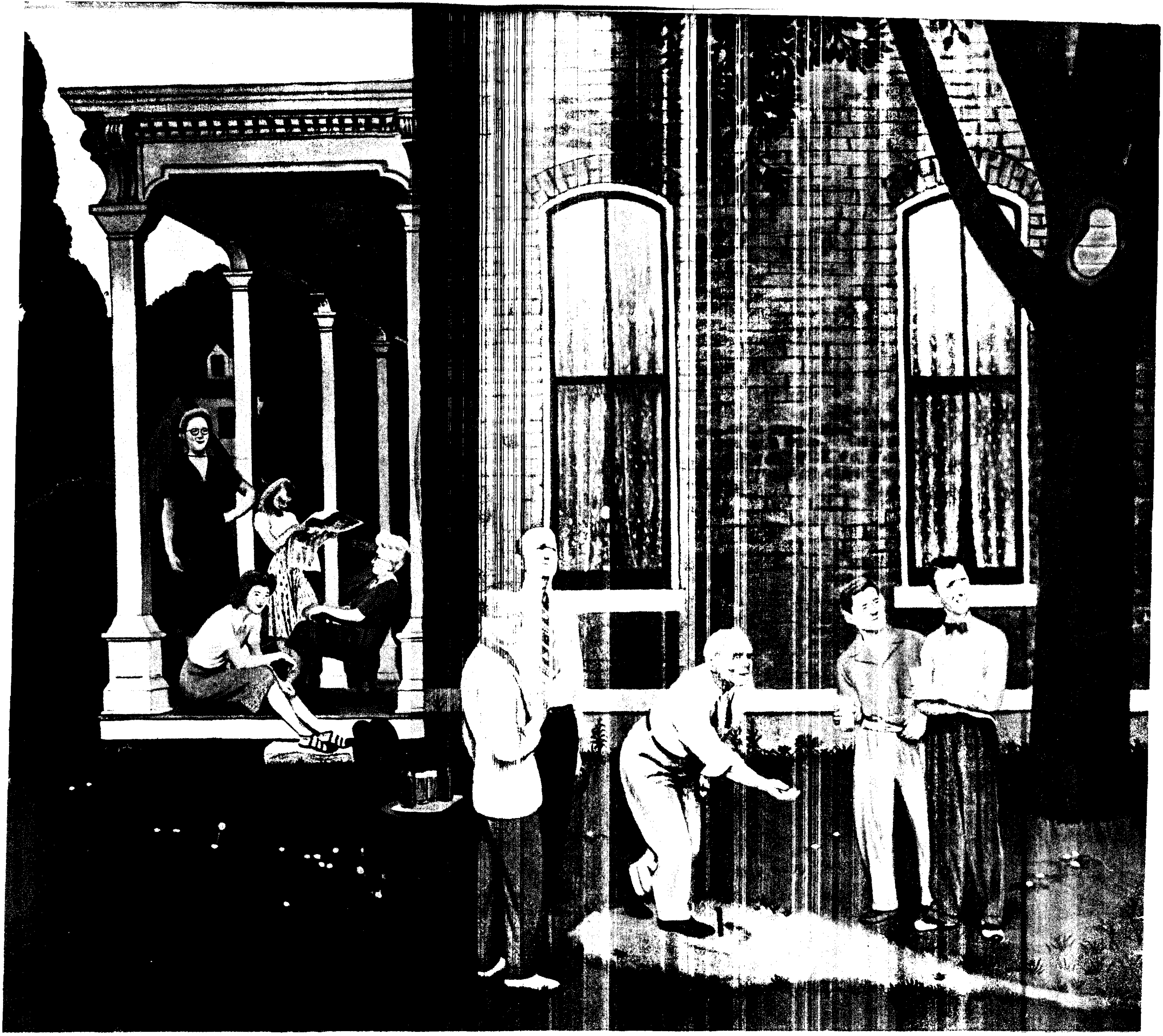
> Too large a portion of the income of American taxpayers is being used for governmental purposes.
>
> For example, under present tax regulations a man with two dependents who earns $5,000 works more than one month each year to support the politicians, loafers and dead beats of the entire world.

We have to have taxes, and we have, alas, to have politicians. Not all politicians are loafers or dead beats, and by no means all government spending is wasteful or unnecessary.

Nevertheless, we think that Mr. Tilton has said something which needed to be said out loud and dramatically.

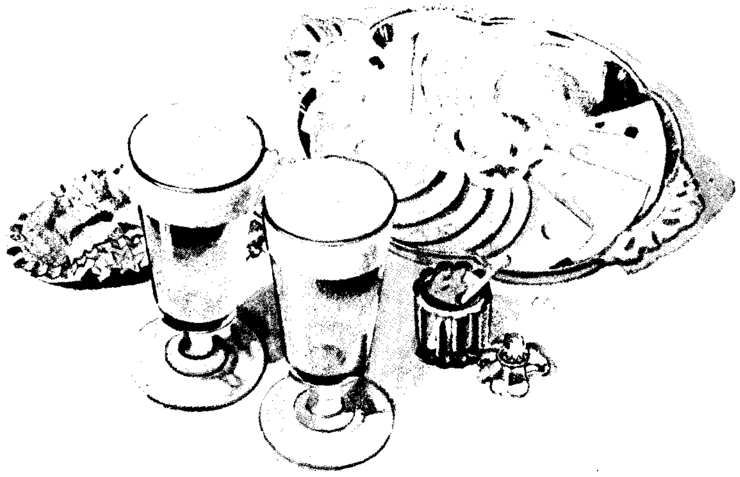
Taxes can go so high that many a man will come to feel that it is useless for him to exert his talents and energies to the utmost. Society loses more when some able man comes to feel that way, than the man himself loses.

In vetoing the recent tax-cut bill, President Truman got off some remarks about how we need, not just piecemeal tax reductions, but an overhauling of our entire tax system. Let us hope that when Congress and the Treasury Department get around to this job they will bear the E. B. Tilton story persistently in mind. Incentive-crippling taxes are just around the corner in this country—if, indeed, they are not already here.



“HORSESHOE PITCHING” by John Falter. Number 7 in the series, “Home Life in America,” by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

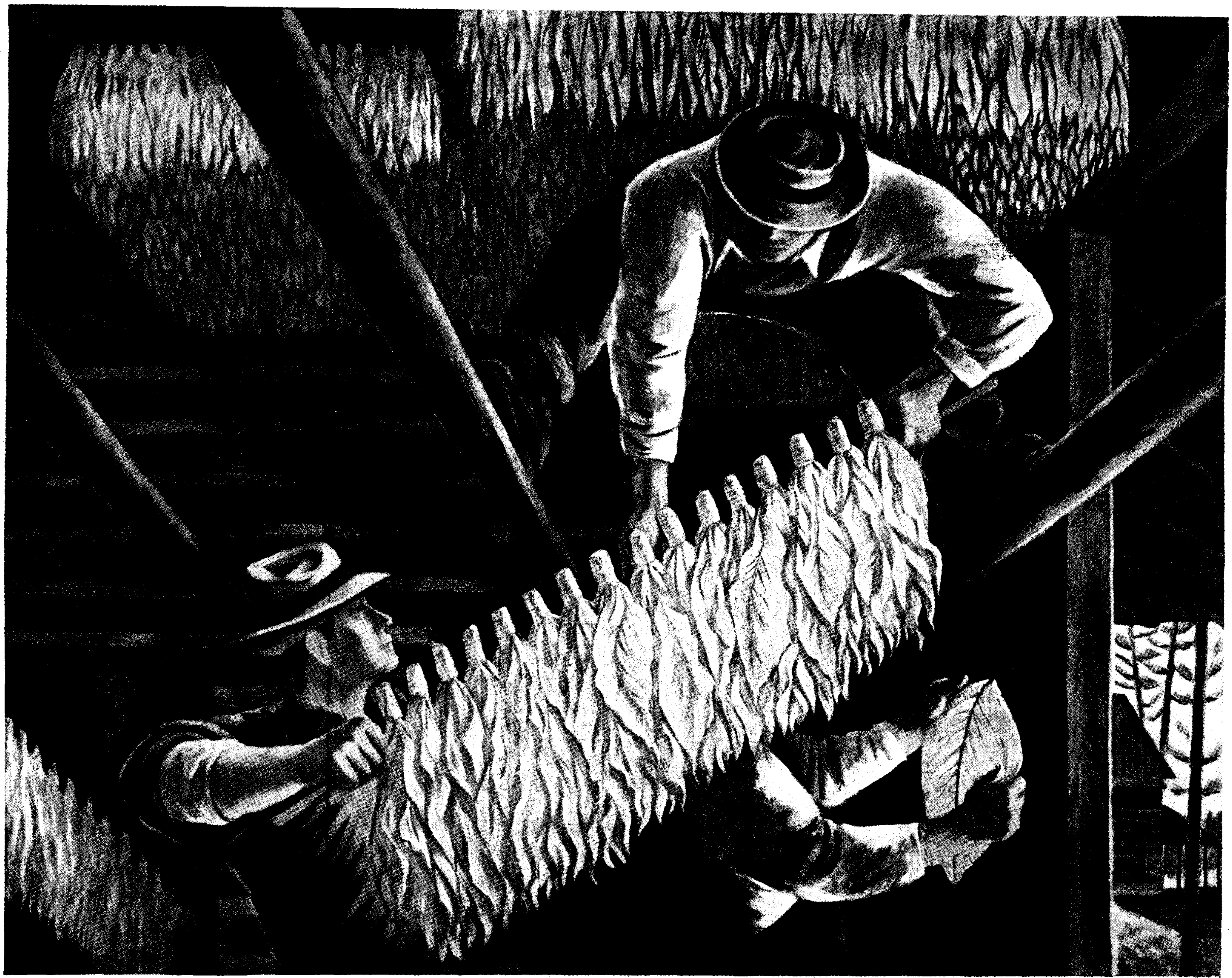


In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more “at home” on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA’S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

United States Brewers Foundation



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"Bright Tobacco," painted by Fletcher Martin

FINE TOBACCO

is what counts in a cigarette

"Year after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy quality leaf—fine, ripe, mellow tobacco."
—*F. L. Evans, 25 years an independent tobacco buyer.*

"For over 19 years, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco—tobacco that's got quality, real quality."
—*J. L. Cummins, 20 years an independent tobacco auctioneer.*

"At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy ripe, mellow tobacco."
—*J. M. Talley, 8 years an independent tobacco warehouseman.*

and Lucky Strike means FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the Draw